THE SATURDAY EVE[illegible] POST

Fo[illegible] [illegible]klin

Volume 201, Number 3

July 21, '28

5c. THE COPY
10c. in Canada

Benito Mussolini–Rob Wagner–George Allan England–James Warner Bellah
Charles Francis Coe–F. Scott Fitzgerald–Maximilian Foster–Donald E. Keyhoe

All Muffets ask is one breakfast!

Muffets ask no ten-day trials! They make their friends with the very first breakfast.

Just *picture* a Muffet—nestling in your cereal dish as if made to order! Crinkly round top butter-nut-browned. Sides the color of whole wheat, yellow-ripe.

For your Muffet *is* whole wheat. Plump, meaty grains, drawn to a lacy ribbon thin as flakes from the fluffiest shortcake. Wound layer upon layer. Baked. Toasted.

Light as a patty shell. Crunchy. Crumbles in your mouth like oven-crisped crackers.

Break it up. Sprinkle it with sugar. Pour on cream. Or add fruit. Here are calories, body-building minerals, bran, easy digestibility —all for health.

And here's the downright pleasure of eating good food!

One Muffet breakfast, and you're devoted to them. Like everyone else who's tried Muffets!

The Quaker Oats Co., Chicago.

Hosiery that immediately bespeaks the gentleman

All the reinforcement is hidden at the toe. The part the world sees is superlatively sheer and webby

No need to sacrifice serviceableness to appearance in hosiery these days—or vice versa.

Holeproof Ex Toe Hosiery has solved one of the banes of a man's wardrobe—how to keep his socks whole without wearing toe muffs on them.

It has achieved durability as well as smartness in hosiery by a revolutionary process of knitting by means of which a special wear-resisting thread is woven over the tip and the top of the toe.

Now no gentleman need be embarrassed to reveal his unshod foot. It will be found

. . . and wears 3 to 4 times longer than ordinary kinds

always to be *bulkless* as well as holeless at the point of wear—the toe. In the place of the heavy, old-time thickness, which only looked serviceable, but failed in practice, it will be slim and trim.

This extra service portion of the stocking is completely hidden. The area it covers is less than an inch square. The foot cannot feel it, the eye can scarcely see it.

Holeproof Ex Toe Hosiery is offered in rich silks, lustrous lisles and combinations of materials—all faultlessly woven—in a wide variety of accepted colors.

Whatever your choice, you may be certain of hosiery that is not only incontestably correct—accepted throughout the world as a fixed and inseparable part of smart grooming by men whose standards are exacting—but that will outlive other hosiery from three to four times.

Select a few pairs today. The price is moderate—35c to $1.50. If you cannot get them at your store, write direct.

Holeproof Ex Toe Hosiery

New York City and London, Canada

DIXIE WEAVE SUITS ARE AS
BREEZY AND STYLISH AS NEWPORT

The porous wool or worsted fabrics keep your body cool; the knowledge that you are in the best of style keeps your mind cool for clear thinking. The economy of Dixie Weave suits is another comfortable angle

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

New York London Chicago

Copyright 1928 Hart Schaffner & Marx

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

George H. Lorimer, First Vice-President

William Boyd, John B. Williams and Walter D. Fuller, Second Vice-Presidents

Philip S. Collins, Treasurer

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1928, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain. Title Registered in U.S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Can.

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Frederick S. Bigelow, A.W. Neall, Thomas B. Costain, Wesley W. Stout, B.Y. Riddell, Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., Los Angeles, Cal., Richmond, Va., Boston, Mass.

Volume 201 | 5c. THE COPY | PHILADELPHIA, PA., JULY 21, 1928 | $2.00 By Subscription (52 issues) | Number 3

SWAG

By CHARLES FRANCIS COE

ILLUSTRATED BY SAUL TEPPER

"We Can Get Chow if You'll Loosen Up on That Ring," He Said. "Ain't You Game to Loan it to Uncle?"

LESS than a month after I ran away from home I was dead broke. That is a rotten feeling—that being broke in a big town and not knowing anybody. I learned a lot from that experience.

When I beat it away from the small town where my father was a general painter and made a sort of halfway living for us, I had big ideas about coming back in a limousine with a driver in uniform and thousand-dollar bills stuck in every pocket I owned. What a jolt I got before I was done with the business! I have to laugh at it all now.

But, as I say, three weeks after I had started out to conquer the city and make myself a fortune, I was as clean as a frog's back. I was feeling very blue and discouraged and just about ready to give up hope.

You know—and this is a fact that few people seem to realize—the way a man feels and looks is what makes him what he is. I used to read advertisements about "the clothes make the man." Well, they don't. But they help an awful lot, and looking backward, I can see how that is.

You very seldom see a silk hat on the piers, or old clothes in banks. Nobody likes to let the world know that things are breaking bad for him. For that reason everybody keeps away from places where they are noticed above other people. If your clothes are bum, you go where everybody else is wearing bum clothes. If they are good, you go among well-dressed people. And well-dressed people are usually the more successful class of people. That's what clothes do.

From sleeping in corners and wearing the same suit I had worn when I ran away, I looked pretty seedy. So I went down into the part of town where good clothes attract more attention than bum ones. That was all natural enough, and that was how and why I met Crab Daniels.

You have got to know Crab. He got his name because he had a way of sticking his elbows out and stretching his fingers and working them both just like a fiddler crab does. He was kind of an actor, Crab was; one of those kids that make you laugh just to look at him and make you like him more and more all the time.

I was sitting on a bench looking out over the river that ran past the town I was in, and Crab came along and saw me. I was only sixteen then, and I guess I kind of ran to elbows and feet. The hair was beginning to grow on my cheeks, but was not stiff enough to start shaving, and I had a pimple on my nose that was very sore and very red. I guess I made Crab kind of laugh to himself too.

He winked at me.

"Hi!" he grinned, and I just naturally grinned back at him. "I never seen you around here before."

"I never been around here before," I said. "An' beyond an' above that, I ain't anxious to stay long."

Crab grinned again. All of a sudden he jerked his elbows out and did that crab act of his. It was the darnedest thing I ever saw. Even with my stomach as empty as my pockets and the tears right close to my eyes, I seemed to forget everything but Crab and the fool thing he was doing.

Finally his legs got to working too, and he slid for about ten feet across the little park where we were. His elbows worked as stiff and fast as a piston, his fingers jerked the funniest way I ever saw, and his knees wabbled him over the ground. I laughed right out loud and turned on the bench so that I could follow him with my eyes.

When I laughed, that tickled Crab. His face twisted into a smile and he straightened up and came back to me. Then he reached up and caught his ear between his finger and thumb and twisted it. Just as he twisted he spit. It looked like he worked by machinery.

I am a sucker to try to tell you about this, because you had to see Crab do it before you understood how funny he was. You must know some people that are just naturally knock-outs for laughs. That was the way with Crab Daniels. The more I laughed, the more it pleased him.

"I'm Crab Daniels," he told me. "I'm goin' to knock 'em off'n the benches some day with a comedy act. I'm just waitin' a chance to get started."

"You're funny, all right," I told him. "That's the first time I've laughed in two weeks. I'm a bum."

"So am I, right now," he grunted. "If steamboats were selling fer a cent apiece, I couldn't buy the echo of a tug whistle."

"Me neither."

He sat down beside me and grinned. Then he made a face that, if I had been dying, I would have laughed at. He twisted the other ear and spit again, then he crossed his legs and pretended that they would not stay that way. He kept struggling with them until he slid off the bench and got them all tangled up. He was the funniest guy I ever knew, and if you go to the theater much now, you know it as well as I do.

Finally a kind of a crowd gathered, and that pleased Crab all the more. Even a cop came over and stood around and grinned at him. Crab acted for about five minutes, and when he sat down again a man threw him a quarter.

When the little crowd saw the fun was over they went away, and the cop winked at us and strolled off toward a cross street.

Then Crab turned to me.

"You had chow today?" he asked.

"Nary a chow. I ain't had reg'lar grub fer two weeks. There's a bakery up here a ways that runs nights and I been goin' up there and carryin' out barrels for bread an' cake. That's the chow I been gettin'."

"Come on," he grunted, "we'll bust this big nickel open and drag a coupla cups of coffee an' some rolls out of it."

Crab was just like that. He had a quarter, so he shared it with me. That was the first time I ever saw him, and from that time on, all through the days when hell was popping around me and things going from bad to worse, what with the police and the crooks both, he never changed. He was about the best friend a man could have.

I went along because the idea of a hot drink set me to shaking. We found a lunch cart and went inside. We ordered coffee and rolls and I sailed into mine for fair. But Crab ate his slower, and a funny look began to come over his face as he ate.

Finally he finished and reached in his pocket for the quarter. While he was fumbling around for it I saw his face twist up something terrible and his shoulders hunched ahead. There were deep wrinkles in his forehead and he groaned like he had pulled the sound right out of his garters.

"Poison!" he gasped, his lips twitching and his shoulders going around in circles. They seemed to move in opposite directions. That sounds phony, of course, but maybe you have seen him on the stage, and if you have, you will know. He was the loosest guy ever built, that Crab Daniels.

"Poison! I thought that grub tasted queer!" he cried out. Then he went into that crab walk of his and slid around the lunch bar with all his bones working in queer directions and his arms sliding back and forth across his stomach.

The guy behind the counter looked at him like he had suddenly gone cuckoo. He was a guy grown fat from eating his own grease and red from breathing his own fires, and he stood there looking at Crab with his mouth half open and some kind of a cooking tool held up in his right hand.

In all my life I never saw a man so surprised. As soon as Crab started that fiddling business I knew he was joking, and I grinned. But the man behind the counter never grinned. He did not look at me; just stood there, that big spoon, or flipper or whatever it was, held in his hand and his eyes popping out at Crab. Pretty soon some hot grease from the spoon ran down his arm and he let a yip out of him that scared both me and Crab half to death.

Crab quit his monkeyshines then and the man ran out from behind the counter and swung the ladle at him and kicked us both out of the lunch bar. When we were outside Crab doubled up again, but this time it was with laughter.

"You will get your neck broke with them goings-on," I told him as we walked away. "Some day somebody will get you right and bust your eye plenty."

"Sure thing!" Crab grinned. "But we was thrown out of there, wasn't we? Sure we was! An' listen here: I know a dump around the corner where we can go an' get ourselves some pie to go with that lunch."

Then he threw back his shoulders and did a crazy cakewalk down the sidewalk till people turned around and looked at him and laughed right out loud.

But Crab didn't care. He just whistled a bit and finally reached in his pocket and tossed the quarter up in the air and we went and got the pie. Even after that we had a nickel left.

With that Crab bought a pack of cigarettes and I smoked for the first time in my life. I want you to know Crab very well, because, as I said, he is a knock-out. A queer guy in lots of ways, and I have seen the time when I could have knocked his block off, but a winner all the way and the best pal a man ever had.

For that reason I am sorry that I smoked some of the cigarettes, because I don't remember much about Crab for the next few hours. I got very sick. Crab kept on doing monkeyshines for me, but even that could not overcome the sickness. We went down to the river again, and in the little park Crab found a bench and folded his old coat up for a pillow and I laid down and passed out.

"I Have to Report All Loans to the Police, Young Feller. If This is Stole, They'll Git Yuh for It"

I remember the cop came along and asked Crab some questions that were hazy to me, and finally Crab did a funny little step and the cop laughed and left us alone, and when I came to it was night and Crab was still sitting there beside me. I liked him always after that.

We hung around a while, and I told Crab I would take him up to the baker shop later on so we could pack in some eats.

I felt better and we went for a little walk. As darkness came on, the boats out on the river showed their running lights, and they looked swell, because the water was like ink and they seemed to pop across it just like they were not really boats at all. It was like a show.

Finally we walked up to the baker shop and started moving barrels out. The baker was a German fellow and he was nice to us. But an idea, Crab said, if it came along too quick, might have fractured his skull.

Crab never was made for work like moving barrels. There was something inside him that just had to laugh all the time, and make others laugh too. After we had moved a few he got to cutting up again. He went in before the ovens where the bread was baking and did his fool crab act for the baker. How that big Dutchman laughed!

At first he thought Crab was nuts, but after a good look, his red face puffed out and his big lips shot forward to let out a guffaw that was a wow. He was almost as funny as Crab.

I figured we were in for both bread and cake after that, but sometimes when they look best, things are worst. Crab, seeing that he was a hit with this Dutchman, put on the biggest act of all. He fiddled around between the big tables where pans of baked bread were on one side and pans of rolled dough on the other. First he was at one end of the table, then at the other. He went between barrels, around tables, over pans. I was busting with laughter myself. Crab was making faces and acting up great.

Then his elbow swung the wrong way and caught against a pan of unbaked dough. Over went the works! Each pan that dropped seemed to drag another one with it. There is nothing rottener than comedy gone wrong. The Dutchman let out a bellow that was not a laugh and started diving at pans before they plopped, dough and all, onto the floor. That made it worse. He was about as quick as a sea turtle ashore and about as useful as a plumber in a jewelry shop.

What Crab had left on the table, he knocked over. Somebody must have dusted off a lot of dough that night. There was dough all over the joint. The Dutchman forgot all about the laugh he had enjoyed. He started after us, swearing and waving a big wooden paddle that he used to slide pans in and out of the oven. Me and Crab faded out of that joint like eels out of a shovel.

We never did stop for the bread or the cake. We beat it on the hotfoot. Outside, we slowed up and Crab looked at me and I looked at him. He started to laugh so loud I had to join him, even if I was sore because we had lost the chow. "We're outa luck now, Crab," I cracked to him. "You an' me do all our sleepin' on an empty stomach."

"Sure," he laughed—"sure we do. But what of it? Wasn't that a laugh? That Dutch guy all tangled up with the big paddle and his bread spread all over the floor?"

"Yeah," I nodded; "but here we are. I used to sleep inside that place after I carried out the barrels. Now we will be sleepin' right out in the big open weather."

"Oh, well"—Crab shrugged, showing just the kind of a guy he was—"what of it? It's summer, ain't it?"

II

THE easiest thing in the world for anybody to get is a habit. I remember, when I was in school, every time I went into a new classroom I just picked out a seat by chance, and then, even if I did not like that seat as well as others in the room, I always went to it afterward. I guess that is why, after we had been chased out of the

(Continued on Page 115)

LINDBERGH, THE MAN

By Donald E. Keyhoe

Aide to Colonel Lindbergh on the United States Tour

WITH a gesture of polite finality, Col. Charles Lindbergh turned away from the clicking cameras that had been focused on him since the moment when he had stepped out of the Spirit of St. Louis.

"Just one more!" an insistent photographer shouted after him, but he had already fallen into step with the chairman of the reception committee, who was leading the way toward the airport office.

"We thought you'd like to rest a few minutes, colonel," the chairman remarked as they neared the building. "And perhaps a drink of cold water will be acceptable after your long flight today. Our people won't mind waiting a little while for you."

Lindbergh smiled, but quickly shook his head. "Thank you very much, but I am ready to go on," he replied. "I am not at all tired and I would rather keep to your schedule."

But as our party neared the line of parade cars his easy smile was suddenly replaced by a dubious look. I followed his glance and saw that the automobile in which he was to ride had been decorated with banks of flowers.

The car presented a very beautiful appearance, but it brought to mind a float that had been prepared for a beauty queen rather than a conveyance for a tousled-haired flyer in a worn leather coat.

Lindbergh hesitated, but apparently realizing the hours of patient work which had been spent in these preparations, he started to enter the car. Just then his eyes rested on a special seat which had been placed in an elevated position on the back. He stopped and turned to the chairman.

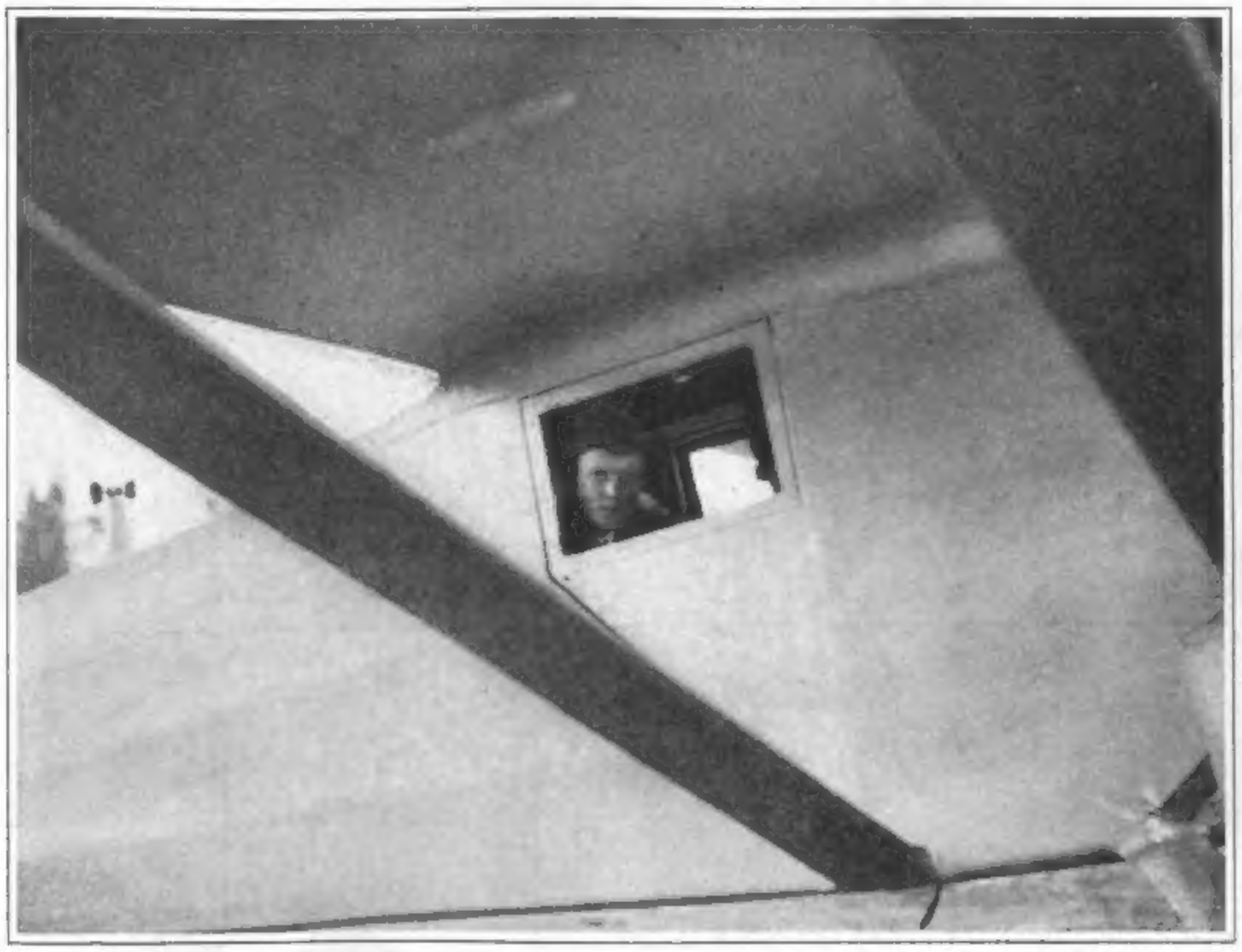
"I am sorry to cause any trouble," he said quietly, "but I'd rather not sit up there."

The chairman stared at him uncomprehendingly for a second. "It is perfectly safe, colonel," he declared earnestly. "We had it tested this morning and I'm sure that it won't fall off."

"I'm not afraid of that," Lindbergh explained rather hastily. "But the back of the car will be comfortable enough, if that's where you want me."

The elevated seat and the flowers around it were quickly removed.

"I knew Slim wouldn't ride on that," whispered Phil Love, our advance-plane pilot, as we waited for the procession to start. "It looked too much like a throne. It will be a long time before anybody will get Slim onto a throne of any kind."



Colonel Lindbergh About to Take Off at the Start of the Tour

On Parade

AS THE parade went on, with the colonel sitting calmly on the unadorned back seat, it came to me that the most advertised young man in the world was perhaps the least understood of all public figures.

This incident, which was not the first or the last of its kind, proved that not even his often-described modesty was fully realized. Much of this was due to his refusal to comment on personal questions and to the natural public desire for intimate details in regard to those very characteristics. The press, eager to supply that desire, interpreted, as best it could, all that was even remotely connected with him. Naturally, these interpretations were extremely varied. The result was that an increasingly curious world wondered at the many unusual and sometimes even contradictory traits possessed by this one remarkable person. Even those who wrote of him sometimes frankly confessed to having only a vague conception of the real man.

"I've met Lindbergh and talked with him at three different interviews," one feature writer told me during the tour. "I've written several thousand words about him, but I still have an uneasy feeling that I don't know what I am talking about." Lindbergh is truly modest, but his common sense relieves this from becoming the painful modesty which is sometimes caused by a secret pride. When he first returned to the United States he was undoubtedly overwhelmed at the ardor and great enthusiasm of his countrymen. More than once he was visibly embarrassed while some tribute was being paid to him.

The Colonel, Center, When a Barnstormer or Gypsy Pilot

A List of Virtues

TO HAVE undergone this very real embarrassment at each ceremony during the months of acclaim that followed would have been agony to a man with such a genuine sense of modesty. Evidently realizing this, he began to accept these repeated laudations quietly and without any indication of uneasiness, yet with a manner of appreciation that was in itself a masterpiece. It was plain that he knew this to be more than the temporary enthusiasm of a crowd, and that this universal applause came from some deeper and more permanent source. Had he considered these tributes as mere flattery, he would have ceased to listen, for no one could be less affected by false praises. False modesty would have been offensive, even intolerable, in the man with whom we lived on that long tour.

But Lindbergh's modesty was so natural that we entirely forgot its existence. A quiet display of this rare quality occurred at one city where a local speaker quoted from the address with which President Coolidge welcomed Colonel Lindbergh back to the United States. In one part of that address the President selected several phrases from military reports in which Army officers had analyzed Lindbergh's character.

The local speaker repeated these descriptive terms slowly and with some hesitation between the words so that the full benefit would be gained: "Intelligent, industrious, energetic, dependable, purposeful, alert, quick, quick of reaction, serious, deliberate, stable, efficient, frank, modest, congenial, a man of good moral habits and regular in all his business transactions."

Thousands of eyes were fixed on Lindbergh during this recital of his virtues, as each spectator waited to see how he would react to such praise. The first time this quotation was made, and it occurred several times during the tour, the colonel had blushed slightly. Now he made no sign, but kept on looking at the corner of the platform. No one could have said that he showed indifference, for his manner was one of quiet attention, nor could anyone have said that he exhibited a trace of conceit. When he himself rose to speak, a minute later, he commenced as though there had been no reference to him in the words that had gone before. "Air commerce in this country is progressing rapidly," he began in a

(Continued on Page 69)

Toward Conquest of Power

By BENITO MUSSOLINI

FINANCE—the proper use and easy flow of capital and the development of the banking structure of a nation—must not be underestimated when there is faced the clear responsibility of building a state or of leading a people out of chaos.

The noisy crash of the great Banca Italiana di Sconto in Italy revealed, as I have said, a deep weakness in our economic structure. After the war it was clear that many banking and industrial enterprises were out of adjustment and must disappear or be succeeded by stronger institutions.

There were struggles between opposing groups of capitalists. These created a cynical attitude among the modern middle class; at the same time it was shown that our capitalistic industrial group resented the evil of having no comprehensive plan. We needed a strong capitalistic tradition, rigorous experience; we found that in the whir of events it was difficult to perceive who was right and who would probably be able to save himself when the pressure came and a test of strength was made. The other nations, who saw deeply into this strange caldron through the cold eyes of their financiers, made dark prophecies as to our economic life.

PHOTO. BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO., INC., N. Y. C.

Signor Facta, Center, the Italian Premier Who Was Permanent Chairman of the Genoa Conference

An Observer at Cannes

THE Italian Government itself did not know how to behave in its money affairs and, not finding anything better, did as is often done in such circumstances—began to print money. That contributed to render the situation, which was already bad and complicated, grotesquely worse.

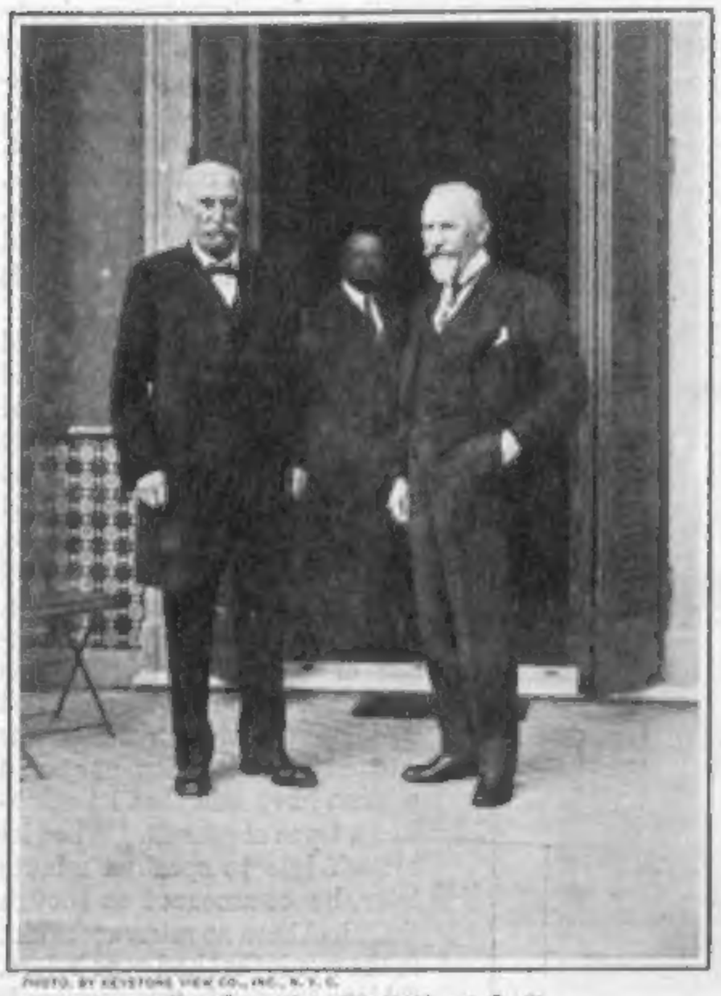


PHOTO. BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO., INC., N. Y. C.

Ex-Premier Giolitti, at Left

In January, 1922, the Inter-allied Conference was held at Cannes, in Southern France. It was a very good junket and it was made more pleasant by the fine hospitality of the French. I went there to serve my newspaper, the Popolo d'Italia. What an excellent occasion it was to distract public opinion from our internal crisis, at least temporarily! We could examine thoroughly, instead of domestic thorns, problems of international character!

At Cannes I wanted to interview the great world politicians—responsible men. I would have liked, with a full survey, to have directed as a better guide Italian public opinion as to the various ingredients which we could find in the pudding of our international situation. The Cannes conference was the overture to the opera of the conference in Genoa. Italy should have selected her own policy. It should have been one which would not betray vital interests arising from our most indispensable historic and political necessities.

At any rate, because of these considerations, I decided to go to Cannes. I collected ten thousand lire for necessary expenses. My brother Arnaldo went to convert them at a money changer's and brought me the equivalent in French money, which amounted to no more than five thousand two hundred francs. Though I had followed the courses of foreign exchange, this little personal experience made a deep impression. It brought me to an angular fact—the Italian currency had lost nearly half its value in comparison to French currency! It was a grave symptom. It was a humiliation. It was a blow to the self-respect of a victorious nation, a vexing weather vane. It showed our progress toward bankruptcy! Up leaped the thought that this situation must be cured by the vital strength of Fascism. It was one of our opportunities; the desperate

PHOTO. FROM KEYSTONE VIEW CO., INC., N. Y. C.

Signor Bonomi, at Left, a Former Premier

developments unfortunately had not compelled to action the government or political parties or parliament itself. The monstrosity of inflation instead gave to everybody a fatuous, inconsistent, artificial sense of prosperity.

The Cannes conference had no importance; it was a preface for Genoa. It was clothed in an atmosphere of indifference. International meetings had followed one another with tiresome regularity here and there in resorts of Europe which appeared as pleasant places to hold meetings.

Two Italys

THE last reunions had lost interest and were, instead of being important, the object of newspaper satire and of mocking couplets in comic reviews. To me, however, the sojourn at Cannes gave means to extract personally, from a direct and realistic examination of peoples and events, deep and well-rooted conclusions.

The Cannes conference had provoked a sudden ministerial crisis in France. Briand, whom I interviewed in these days, resigned without waiting for a vote of the Chamber of Deputies. And I, in an article of January 14, 1922, entitled After Cannes, having given due weight to the numerous sharp interrogation marks of the international situation, concluded:

"The unsolved problems, questionings and challenges could be ranged in line to infinity. It is urgent, instead, to take note of the most important lesson of the French crisis. It is a bitter verification. It will bring the masses of the populations who suffer morally and economically to say in their hearts, 'These gentlemen are either without conscience or they are powerless and flabby. They either have no wish to make peace or they are not able to make it. A Europe in such terrible conditions of spirit and economy as the present frippery must embark on reason or sink. Europe of tomorrow, broken in divisions of impoverished peoples, may become a colony; two other continents are already high up on the horizon of history!'"

To such a plight, disclosed by the wide picture of the European horizon unfolding to my eyes, were to be added our domestic troubles, always growing a little sicker.

I have always spoken as a journalist, as a politician, as a deputy, of the existence of two Italys. One appeared to me freed from servitude. It was noble, proud, loyal, devoutly dedicated by a bloody sacrifice of war, resolved to be always in the first rank to defend the right, the privilege and the great name of the Italian people. On the other side, however, I saw another Italy—dull to any consciousness of nobility and power, indifferent to origin and traditions, serving obscure isms, a slave to apathetic tendencies, cold, egotistic, unable to make a gallantry, dead to sacrifice.

In a thousand hardships, in numerous fights, those two Italys were brought by immutable destiny one against the other; their opposition exploded in bloody forms, typical of the fierce and final struggle between the Fascisti and their enemies. To see in its right light the character of this antithesis, let us examine some of the typical episodes.

In Pistoia, for instance, a brave officer, Lieutenant Federico Florio, who fought valiantly during the war and had followed D'Annunzio in Fiume, was murdered treacherously by an anarchist. It was a crime premeditated to strike down a gallant man. This criminal outrage filled the souls of the Fascisti with complete indignation.

The last words of our martyr were simple and solemn: "I am sorry now I shall not be able to do something else for my country." No more. Then the agony came. I felt that such sacrifices cemented indissolubly the unity of Fascism.

"A formidable cement!" I wrote in my paper. "It binds the Fascisti legions; a sacred and intangible bond keeps close the faithful of the Littorio. It is

During the Strike in Milan Trolleys Were Operated by the Fascisti and There Was No Charge for Rides

PHOTOS, FROM KEYSTONE VIEW CO., INC., N. Y. C.

Fascisti Cleaning the Streets During the Strike

the sacred bond of our dead. They are hundreds. Youths. Mature men. Not a party in Italy, nor any movement in recent Italian history, can be compared to Fascism. Not one ideal has been like the Fascist—consecrated by the blood of so many young souls."

The Roll Call of the Fascisti

"IF FASCISM were not a faith, how did it or could it give stoicism and courage to its legions? Only a faith which has reached the heights, only a faith can suggest those words that came out from the lips of Federico Florio, already bloodless and gray. Those words are a document; they are a testament. They are as simple and as grave as a passage of the Gospel.

"The Fascisti of all Italy must receive and meditate these words—in silence—but unceasingly marching, always more determined—toward the goal. No obstacle will ever stop them."

All of us had full realization of the command and the impulse which came from the dead. When faith leaps out of the hearts of martyrs it carries irresistibly the sure impression of nobility and brands men with the symbol of its eternal greatness.

The groups of the Fascisti, their meetings, their compact parades and their service in patriotism had as ideal leaders our martyrs, invincible knights of the Fascist faith and passion. We called them by name, one by one, with firm and sure voice. At every name the comrades answered "Present!" This was a simple rite; it had all the value and the affirmation of a vow.

Quite an opposite symptom of the two contrasting Italys was manifested plainly enough in the politics displayed by the two senators, Credaro and Salata, who were in border zones, as high commissioners of the government. These two men seemed to ask from the natives who were not of Italian blood a kind of mercy and tolerance for the fact that they themselves were Italians. No exaction of the German-speaking people on the frontier was considered unjustified. Little by little, with that policy we renounced our well-defined rights, sanctified by the example and the blood spilled by volunteer heroes. Already in June, 1921—as I said in the preceding article—without mincing words I had denounced and ridiculed in the presence of all the Chamber of Parliament the work done by Credaro and Salata. Their destructive, eroding work, however, continued. The Fascisti, confronted by successive proofs of such innate and inane weakness, were roused; they accused the two governors with words violent enough. On January 17, 1922, at the meeting held in Triest the Fascisti demanded the recall of Salata and the suppression of the central office for the new provinces. That campaign succeeded in making its own way sometime afterward. In fact, the two senators, Credaro and Salata, were recalled, even though they were replaced by the government. But the consequences of their errors were to be suffered for a weary time. The Black Shirts would have garrisoned quite differently, and with pride and dignity, the sacred limits of the Brenner and the Nevoso.

In that period of bitter charges, counter charges, debates and squabbles, while the European horison was still filled with thunderstorms, came the death of the Pontiff, Benedict XV, Giacomo della Chiesa, of a noble family of Genoa. He passed away January 22, 1922. He had ruled the church in the most stormy period of the war, following Pius X, the kind-hearted patriarch of Venice, who distinguished his pontificate by a strong battle against the fads of political and religious modernism.

There is a saying in our country which is applied to the most extraordinary events to demonstrate that the most complex things can be reduced to very simple terms. The expression is "When a Pope is dead another one is made." There is no comment to make as to that simple affirmation. However, to succeed to the throne of St. Peter, to become the worthy substitute of the Prince of the Apostles, to represent on earth the divinity of Christ, is not quite the same as the weight and value of a conclusion reached by an elective assembly. With the relationship that existed between the state and the church of Italy, one can easily understand how there could be reasons for apprehension, besides serious interest in the results of the conclave. The eyes of all the Catholic world were turned toward Rome. Great vexations stirred all the European chancelleries; secret influences were penetrating deep places; they tried to suppress and overpower one another.

A Difficult Situation

SPECTATORS and diplomats of every country in the world were spellbound by the complexities at the very moment that preparations for the conclave were being made, and all Rome was getting ready for the patient waiting in the Plaza of St. Peter's during the balloting.

Meanwhile in Italy there arose a debate on the political effects of Benedict XV. Various prophecies were made as to his successor; the journalistic row that went on was never surpassed. Many problems of vast consequences were treated with hot and cold superficiality.

However, the fall of the Bonomi ministry, attributed to inefficiency in domestic politics and to the fall of the Banca Italiana di Sconto, was really due to the failure of a commemoration for Pope Benedict XV by the National Parliament.

I had already on various occasions disclosed to the Fascisti, whom I considered and consider always the aristocracy of Italy, that our religious ideal had in itself moral attributes of first importance. I had affirmed the necessity to condemn the unfruitful conception, absurd and artificial, of affected or vicious anticlericalism. That tendency not only kept us in a moral situation of inferiority, compared with other peoples, but also divided the Italians on the religious field into various schools of thought.

I had wanted to show how the problem of the relations between the state and the church in Italy was not to be considered insoluble, and to explain how necessary it was to create, after a calm and impartial objective examination,

(Continued on Page 121)

PHOTO. BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO., INC., N. Y. C.

A Labor Demonstration in Milan

A NIGHT AT THE FAIR

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

"I've Got to Have Them," He Declared. "I'd Rather be Dead Than Go Away to School Without Them"

THE two cities were separated only by a thin well-bridged river; their tails curling over the banks met and mingled, and at the juncture, under the jealous eye of each, lay, every fall, the State Fair. Because of this advantageous position, and because of the agricultural eminence of the state, the fair was one of the most magnificent in America. There were immense exhibits of grain, livestock and farming machinery; there were horse races and automobile races and, lately, aeroplanes that really left the ground; there was a tumultuous Midway with Coney Island thrillers to whirl you through space, and a whining, tinkling hoochie-coochie show. As a compromise between the serious and the trivial, a grand exhibition of fireworks, culminating in a representation of the Battle of Gettysburg, took place in the Grand Concourse every night.

At the late afternoon of a hot September day two boys of fifteen, somewhat replete with food and pop, and fatigued by eight hours of constant motion, issued from the Penny Arcade. The one with dark, handsome, eager eyes was, according to the cosmic inscription in his last year's Ancient History, "Basil Duke Lee, Holly Avenue, St. Paul, Minnesota, United States, North America, Western Hemisphere, the World, the Universe." Though slightly shorter than his companion, he appeared taller, for he projected, so to speak, from short trousers, while Riply Buckner, Jr., had graduated into long ones the week before. This event, so simple and natural, was having a disrupting influence on the intimate friendship between them that had endured for several years.

During that time Basil, the imaginative member of the firm, had been the dominating partner, and the displacement effected by two feet of blue serge filled him with puzzled dismay—in fact, Riply Buckner had become noticeably indifferent to the pleasure of Basil's company in public. His own assumption of long trousers had seemed to promise a liberation from the restraints and inferiorities of boyhood, and the companionship of one who was, in token of his short pants, still a boy was an unwelcome reminder of how recent was his own metamorphosis. He scarcely admitted this to himself, but a certain shortness of temper with Basil, a certain tendency to belittle him with superior laughter, had been in evidence all afternoon. Basil felt the new difference keenly. In August a family conference had decided that even though he was going East to school, he was too small for long trousers. He had countered by growing an inch and a half in a fortnight, which added to his reputation for unreliability, but led him to hope that his mother might be persuaded, after all.

Coming out of the stuffy tent into the glow of sunset, the two boys hesitated, glancing up and down the crowded highway with expressions compounded of a certain ennui and a certain inarticulate yearning. They were unwilling to go home before it became necessary, yet they knew they had temporarily glutted their appetite for sights; they wanted a change in the tone, the motif, of the day. Near them was the parking space, as yet a modest yard; and as they lingered indecisively, their eyes were caught and held by a small car, red in color and slung at that proximity to the ground which indicated both speed of motion and speed of life. It was a Blatz Wildcat, and for the next five years it represented the ambition of several million American boys. Occupying it, in the posture of aloof exhaustion exacted by the sloping seat, was a blond, gay, baby-faced girl.

The two boys stared. She bent upon them a single cool glance and then returned to her avocation of reclining in a Blatz Wildcat and looking haughtily at the sky. The two boys exchanged a glance, but made no move to go. They watched the girl—when they felt that their stares were noticeable they dropped their eyes and gazed at the car.

After several minutes a young man with a very pink face and pink hair, wearing a yellow suit and hat and drawing on yellow gloves, appeared and got into the car. There was a series of frightful explosions; then, with a measured tup-tup-tup from the open cut-out, insolent, percussive and thrilling as a drum, the car and the girl and the young man whom they had recognized as Speed Paxton slid smoothly away.

Basil and Riply turned and strolled back thoughtfully toward the Midway. They knew that Speed Paxton was dimly terrible—the wild and pampered son of a local brewer—but they envied him—to ride off into the sunset in such a chariot, into the very hush and mystery of night, beside him the mystery of that baby-faced girl. It was probably this envy that made them begin to shout when they perceived a tall youth of their own age issuing from a shooting gallery.

"Oh, El! Hey, El! Wait a minute!"

Elwood Leaming turned around and waited. He was the dissipated one among the nice boys of the town—he had drunk beer, he had learned from chauffeurs, he was already thin from too many cigarettes. As they greeted him eagerly, the hard, wise expression of a man of the world met them in his half-closed eyes.

"Hello, Rip. Put it there, Rip. Hello, Basil, old boy. Put it there."

"What you doing, El?" Riply asked.

"Nothing. What are you doing?"

"Nothing."

Elwood Leaming narrowed his eyes still further, seemed to give thought, and then made a decisive clicking sound with his teeth.

"Well, what do you say we pick something up?" he suggested. "I saw some pretty good stuff around here this afternoon."

Riply and Basil drew tense, secret breaths. A year before they had been shocked because Elwood went to the burlesque shows at the Star—now here he was holding the door open to his own speedy life.

The responsibility of his new maturity impelled Riply to appear most eager. "All right with me," he said heartily.

He looked at Basil.

"All right with me," mumbled Basil.

Riply laughed, more from nervousness than from derision. "Maybe you better grow up first, Basil." He looked at Elwood, seeking approval. "You better stick around till you get to be a man."

"Oh, dry up!" retorted Basil. "How long have you had yours? Just a week!"

But he realized that there was a gap separating him from these two, and it was with a sense of tagging them that he walked along beside.

Glancing from right to left with the expression of a keen and experienced frontiersman, Elwood Leaming led the way. Several pairs of strolling girls met his mature glance and smiled encouragingly, but he found them unsatisfactory—too fat, too plain or too hard. All at once their eyes fell upon two who sauntered along a little ahead of them, and they increased their pace, Elwood with confidence, Riply with its nervous counterfeit and Basil suddenly in the grip of wild excitement.

They were abreast of them. Basil's heart was in his throat. He looked away as he heard Elwood's voice.

"Hello, girls! How are you this evening?"

Would they call for the police? Would his mother and Riply's suddenly turn the corner?

"Hello, yourself, kiddo!"

"Where you going, girls?"

"Nowhere."

"Well, let's all go together."

"Well, Wouldn't You Like to Come and Sit in Our Box and Watch the Fireworks?"

Then all of them were standing in a group and Basil was relieved to find that they were only girls his own age, after all. They were pretty, with clear skins and red lips and maturely piled-up hair. One he immediately liked better than the other—her voice was quieter and she was shy. Basil was glad when Elwood walked on with the bolder one, leaving him and Riply to follow with the other, behind.

The first lights of the evening were springing into pale existence; the afternoon crowd had thinned a little, and the lanes, empty of people, were heavy with the rich various smells of pop corn and peanuts, molasses and dust and cooking Wienerwurst and a not-unpleasant overtone of animals and hay. The Ferris wheel, pricked out now in lights, revolved leisurely through the dusk; a few empty cars of the roller coaster rattled overhead. The heat had blown off and there was the crisp stimulating excitement of Northern autumn in the air.

They walked. Basil felt that there was some way of talking to this girl, but he could manage nothing in the key of Elwood Leaming's intense and confidential manner to the girl ahead—as if he had inadvertently discovered a kinship of tastes and of hearts. So to save the progression from absolute silence—for Riply's contribution amounted only to an occasional burst of silly laughter—Basil pretended an interest in the sights they passed and kept up a sort of comment thereon.

"There's the six-legged calf. Have you seen it?"

"No, I haven't."

"There's where the man rides the motorcycle around. Did you go there?"

"No, I didn't."

"Look! They're beginning to fill the balloon. I wonder what time they start the fireworks."

"Have you been to the fireworks?"

"No, I'm going tomorrow night. Have you?"

"Yes, I been every night. My brother works there. He's one of them that helps set them off."

"Oh!"

He wondered if her brother cared that she had been picked up by strangers. He wondered even more if she felt as silly as he. It must be getting late, and he had promised to be home by half-past seven on pain of not being allowed out tomorrow night. He walked up beside Elwood.

"Hey, El," he asked, "where we going?"

Elwood turned to him and winked. "We're going around the Old Mill."

"Oh!"

"Where You Going, Girls?" "Nowhere." "Well, Let's All Go Together"

Basil dropped back again—became aware that in his temporary absence Riply and the girl had linked arms. A twinge of jealousy went through him and he inspected the girl again and with more appreciation, finding her prettier than he had thought. Her eyes, dark and intimate, seemed to have wakened at the growing brilliance of the illuminations overhead; there was the promise of excitement in them now, like the promise of the cooling night.

He considered taking her other arm, but it was too late; she and Riply were laughing together at something—rather, at nothing. She had asked him what he laughed at all the time and he had laughed again for an answer. Then they both laughed hilariously and sporadically together.

Basil looked disgustedly at Riply. "I never heard such a silly laugh in my life," he said indignantly.

"Didn't you?" chuckled Riply Buckner. "Didn't you, little boy?"

He bent double with laughter and the girl joined in. The words "little boy" had fallen on Basil like a jet of cold water. In his excitement he had forgotten something, as a cripple might forget his limp only to discover it when he began to run.

"You think you're so big!" he exclaimed. "Where'd you get the pants? Where'd you get the pants?" He tried to work this up with gusto and was about to add: "They're your father's pants," when he remembered that Riply's father, like his own, was dead.

The couple ahead reached the entrance to the Old Mill and waited for them. It was an off hour, and half a dozen scows bumped in the wooden offing, swayed by the mild tide of the artificial river. Elwood and his girl got into the front seat and he promptly put his arm around her. Basil helped the other girl into the rear seat, but, dispirited, he offered no resistance when Riply wedged in and sat down between.

They floated off, immediately entering upon a long echoing darkness. Somewhere far ahead a group in another boat were singing, their voices now remote and romantic, now nearer and yet more mysterious, as the canal doubled back and the boats passed close to each other with an invisible veil between.

The three boys yelled and called, Basil attempting by his vociferousness and variety to outdo Riply in the girl's eyes, but after a few moments there was no sound except his own voice and the continual bump-bump of the boat against the wooden sides, and he knew without looking that Riply had put his arm about the girl's shoulder.

They slid into a red glow—a stage set of hell, with grinning demons and lurid paper fires—he made out that Elwood and his girl sat cheek to cheek—then again into the darkness, with the gently lapping water and the passing of the singing boat now near, now far away. For a while Basil pretended that he was interested in this other boat, calling to them, commenting on their proximity. Then he discovered that the scow could be rocked and took to this poor amusement until Elwood Leaming turned around indignantly and cried:

"Hey! What are you trying to do?"

They came out finally to the entrance and the two couples broke apart. Basil jumped miserably ashore.

"Give us some more tickets," Riply cried. "We want to go around again."

"Not me," said Basil with elaborate indifference. "I have to go home."

Riply began to laugh in derision and triumph. The girl laughed too.

"Well, so long, little boy," Riply cried hilariously.

"Oh, shut up! So long, Elwood."

"So long, Basil."

The boat was already starting off; arms settled again about the girls' shoulders.

"So long, little boy!"

"So long, you big cow!" Basil cried. "Where'd you get the pants? Where'd you get the pants?"

But the boat had already disappeared into the dark mouth of the tunnel, leaving the echo of Riply's taunting laughter behind.

II

IT IS an ancient tradition that all boys are obsessed with the idea of being grown. This is because they occasionally give voice to their impatience with the restraints of youth, while those great stretches of time when they are more than content to be boys find expression in action and not in words. Sometimes Basil wanted to be just a little bit older, but no more. The question of long pants had not seemed vital to him—he wanted them, but as a costume they had no such romantic significance as, for example, a football suit or an officer's uniform, or even the silk hat and opera cape in which gentlemen burglars were wont to prowl the streets of New York by night.

But when he awoke next morning they were the most important necessity in his life. Without them he was cut off from his contemporaries, laughed at by a boy whom he had hitherto led. The actual fact that last night some chickens had preferred Riply to himself was of no importance in itself, but he was fiercely competitive and he resented being required to fight with one hand tied behind his back. He felt that parallel situations would occur at school, and that was unbearable. He approached his mother at breakfast in a state of wild excitement.

"Why, Basil," she protested in surprise, "I thought when we talked it over you didn't especially care."

"I've got to have them," he declared. "I'd rather be dead than go away to school without them."

"Well, there's no need of being silly."

"It's true—I'd rather be dead. If I can't have long trousers I don't see any use in my going away to school."

(Continued on Page 129)

A TAME STORY

By ROB WAGNER

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"Dan, if You Say That, I'll Scream," Protested Rosie. "We've Had Trouble, and We'll Have More, But They Can't be Alibied by That Old Wheeze"

THE highest-paid scenario writer on the lot tilted back in his chair as he tossed upon the long conference table a soiled and battered manuscript. "There!" he said with a yawn. "Now that you funny faces have agreed upon the final sequence of my film masterpiece, I want to say that the Balloonatic is the snappiest gol-darn story the Filmart Motion Picture Company ever got from the once-distinguished pen of Dan Madden. I have put into it every tried-and-true formula of screen success—a nubbie and virtuous hero, a dirty, dirty heavy, a sweet sun-kissed heroine, a rough, rough fight and big thrill, a chase finish and a chaste clinch!

"Yes, sir," summed up Dan, "the Balloonatic is absolutely sure-fire. But do you think these boneheads would let a low-down author direct it? Not so long as the taxi drivers and steam fitters hold out."

"Seems to me you got off that ancient bellyache in your last magazine article," observed Edwin Montford, the scenario editor, with a grin. "I suppose you know what will happen if somebody sends the boss a marked copy."

"I've done that myself," replied Dan Madden proudly.

"H'm—then don't you think you ought to resign before you get the gate?"

"No," answered Dan calmly, "I'm seeking membership in the Fired from Filmart Club. It seems to be the only literary honor in Hollywood that parallels the French Academy. Furthermore, I'm looking forward to telling one of the industry's sacred cows just what I think of motion pictures. Of course I shall hate to leave you poor addled eggs—these story conferences have been an exciting joy—but I'll be glad to get back to the creative thrill of magazine work. My only regret is that I haven't had a chance to show these birds how a picture should be directed. The waste and inefficiency ——"

Rosie, the black-eyed little stenographer who had been taking notes on the story conference, hung up the receiver of the interrupting phone. "Mr. Madden is wanted in the Front Office!" she announced impressively.

"Well, slaves," exclaimed Dan, rising, "the big cheese evidently has read my devastating diatribe. Now to add insult to injury—the insult magnificent!" Then, as he reached the door, he added: "If in a few moments you note the gentle aroma of cheese enveloping the lot, it will merely be the smearing of His Royal Roquefort all over his palatial office."

As Dan Madden walked briskly across the lot toward the holy of holies, known as the Front Office, he felt a sense of relief and exhilaration that the end of his motion-picture adventure was at hand. Three years before, when the studios made the grand discovery that they must have established writers trained in motion-picture technic, he had been one of the seven or eight eminent authors who had come to Hollywood to revolutionize the making of film dramas. One by one, he had seen the others fold up their typewriters and return to their literary muttons in the East, from which point of vantage they had hurled back anathemas at the vulgar art that had stumped them. But Dan had stuck, in the vain hope that some day he would be granted a chance not only to write his story but to direct it. Recently, however, one of the big studio executives had announced that writers were the least essential functionaries in motion pictures, and so Dan had decided to join the exodus.

"I understand the Great Dragon is eating authors this morning," grinned Dan, as he stood before Miss Edwards in the outer office.

"So I believe, Mr. Madden," replied the boss' secretary with an impish smile. "But I'll have to ask you to wait a minute; there are several courses ahead of you."

There is an old wheeze about striking while the iron is hot, but it doesn't mention the degree of heat; and as Dan sat for an interminable hour cooling his heels, meanwhile trying to appear casual and nonchalant in the presence of the other nervous waiters, his Irish head grew hotter and hotter—dangerously hot. Who the devil was Jerome Trask that he should keep Dan Madden waiting an hour to see him?

He rose and was about to deliver an explosive ultimatum to Miss Edwards when the buzzer sounded. "You're next, Mr. Madden!" smiled the pretty secretary, at the same time pushing a button that automatically opened the door to the inner sanctum. Quickly placing a figurative chip on each shoulder, the outraged writer entered.

"Have a seat, Dan," came a friendly voice from behind a huge flat-topped desk. "I'll be with you in a moment." And turning to some memoranda, Jerome Trask gave quiet and hurried instructions to his personal secretary.

Strangely enough, Dan had never before laid eyes on the elusive head of the Filmart Company, for Trask functioned in the New York office and spent only two months of each year in Hollywood, and then so secluded himself that he was merely a name to most of his employes. No, Dan did not know Trask personally, but he knew his breed—East-side pants pressers, suddenly become impresarios of the greatest art in the world! Then he recalled that Trask wasn't a pants presser; he had been a cornetist in vaudeville—a tooter, by heck! Nor was he at all the cartoonist's idea of a pants-pressing movie maggot. The tall, well-groomed, almost boyish figure talking so quietly to his secretary might have been the editor of a fashion magazine.

"Well, Dan, so you think you can direct a picture?" The question came without warning.

"With one hand tied behind me—in half the time—with half the money! Evidently you read my article."

"Yes," replied Trask with an almost-blushing smile, "you said a lot of bully things. We need criticism from the inside." The first chip fell to the floor. "Furthermore, Dan, I've always thought that writers ought to

make the best directors, but none of them would stay long enough to learn the game. I've been watching your work and I had you in mind as soon as we decided on our new unit, starring Harry Proctor. I'm sure you two will team-up fine on the Balloonatic. I think I'll let you have Henry Burgess, Horton's assistant. You'll need the best of everything on your first picture. Otherwise, you may select your own cast and crew. I'll order the whole power of the organization behind you to put you over."

Dan was dry-mouthed and gulping as the second chip slipped from his shoulder.

"And remember, I expect you to make a fairly rotten picture on your first venture, but if it is a little bit better than rotten, I'll be delighted." Dan rose to go. "In regard to salary—I'll take care of that. I'm sure it will be satisfactory. Will you leave it to me?"

"Gosh, yes!" was all the new director could say as he kicked two chips ahead of him through the doorway.

When Rosita Ortega returned to the stenographic department to type her notes on the final treatment of the Balloonatic, she was unutterably sad. Like all script clerks, Rosita had literary ambitions, and when the eminent authors had first come to the Filmart Studio, she had been thrilled to the tips of her deft and pretty fingers. To the little native Spanish Californian, just to breathe the same air as New York authors, who seemed like remote gods from New Olympus, would no doubt substitute for the college education she had been denied. But after her first excited curiosity had been sated, she had found them very common clay—all but Dan. Perhaps it was his youth—he was only thirty-three—or maybe it was his radiantly joyous spirit, but he was the only one she had typed for who allowed her to keep her ideals of a literary person.

Now he was leaving. Of course the other men of the scenario staff, vaudeville fellows and newspaper chaps, were all right, but Dan Madden gave Rosie the thrill of contacting a real author.

Furthermore, Rosita also liked Dan for himself. In her cat-may-look-at-a-king relationship, she liked his tall, manly figure, his eyes that played between a humorous twinkle and deep-set seriousness, and the straight, almost blond hair that kept falling over his forehead and giving him such a boyish appearance. When she got the thrilling assignment of his personal dictation, she was charmed by the Irish chivalry of his manners. Her only pain was that he probably regarded her as just another stenographer. In other words, from her humble little stool at the foot of the movie throne, Dan loomed higher than the dimpledest hero of the screen. She wondered if she would ever see him again.

"Miss Ortega, Mr. Madden wishes to see you in his office." It was Mrs. Blake, head of Stenographic, who spoke. Red and flustered, Rosie gathered up her notebooks and hurried over to the scenario department.

"Rosie, what has been your picture training?" asked Dan abruptly, as the wide-eyed girl entered his office.

"Why—why, after I graduated from business college, I served two years in the cutting room, then, after being in Stenographic for a year, I script-clerked on several pictures. But I can do any kind of stenographic work—dictation, typing—anything."

"Then I'd like to have you with me, Rosie."

"Why, what do you mean, Mr. Madden? Are you going into independent production?"

"No, I'm going to direct Harry Proctor in the Balloonatic.

"I'll tell you what is the matter with these old-line directors, Rosie," he went on, ignoring her surprise. "They don't realize that pictures have become a highly complex social product of many minds. I'm making no such mistake. Already I've got the executives that are to work with me purring like pussycats. I squared off Charlie Dent, the production manager, by accepting his suggestion to have Spearman do the continuity, which is all right with me, for Spearman has a good sense of comedy."

"But aren't you afraid to go over Mr. Montfort's head?" asked Rosie with eyes popping.

"No—no, I'll square Eddie all right. Then I went to see Bert Enger, my supervisor, and I made him happy by promising to use Charlie Butler on first camera."

"His brother-in-law!" observed Rosie quietly.

"Yes; and then Henry Burgess began eating out of my hand when I agreed to cast Muriel Medford opposite Harry Proctor."

"H'm—Hank Burgess' sweetie! Her first lead! Two new stars and a new director!"

"Yes, I know; but Burgess approves, and he has put over some of the best directors in the game," answered Dan with a slight note of irritation.

Rosie's first enthusiasm was apparently undergoing a disappointing change. Moving uneasily in her chair, she finally asked, "Who wished me on you, Mr. Madden?"

Noting the hurt, Dan's chivalry instantly returned. "Nobody wished you on me, Rosie," he exclaimed. "You're my own little choice."

"I wish you had asked me first," she replied wistfully, "for I know all about this studio politics and I could have helped you."

"You can help me, Rosie—with the script."

The rejoinder was sweetly spoken but crushing in its implication. Well, anyway, she was thrilled to be even a small part of her hero's great adventure.

Saturday night Dan called the crew to his apartment—Burgess, his assistant; Charlie Butler, first camera; Eddie Brent, second camera; Jimmy Sprunk, props; Len Holden, technician; Spearman, continuity writer, and Rosie, script clerk.

"Well, children," he said genially, "it looks like we are getting off to a good start. Our story is certainly a thriller, and Hank has arranged what appears to be a corking schedule." Unfolding the sheet, he went on: "Our first week's shooting is right here on the lot—hotel interiors. This will give us a chance to get well organized while close to the studio. We then jump to Happyton, up near San Francisco, where we will do the hotel exteriors and small-town stuff. We will thus wash-up on about twenty of our characters and cut our salary list in two. Then on March twenty-first we jump over to Sacramento and grab our carnival stuff during the spring fair. Incidentally, the production department is arranging for a

(Continued on Page 55)

Though the Cameras Were Smashed, Apparently the Only Person Hurt Was Rosie, Who Had Been Unable to Leave Her Chair in Time to Avoid the Crash

GRAND CAYMAN

A One-Time Pirate Island, Far at the Back of Beyond, Where it is Always Afternoon — By George Allan England

CHURCH bells were musically pealing out across a gently running sea of luminous sapphire as the Noca cut her way along a tremendous ivory curve of dazzling coral beach. In a hush of golden tropic light she shut off power and dropped her hook, a-splash, opposite Georgetown, on the island of Grand Cayman. A glad moment, that. Long hours we had been anxiously peering for that land o' dreams to lift its verdigris-green foliage out of the sun-drenched sparkling sea. The Caribbean is so tremendous and Cayman so tiny! Cap'n Charley had kept a man at the masthead, spying for the island's low loom.

Commissioner Hutchings

"I thinks I can find it," he had assured me. His engineer had encouragingly added: "He 'most always do. He's great on naviga-*tin'!*" But we had felt reheved when the cap'n had announced: "I see some bords from off it. 'Spects land pretty soon now."

The "bords"—birds had proved good harbingers indeed; and now here we were at last, better-fortuned than another captain I know of who once overshot Cayman by 100 miles and had a regular hide-and-seek game to find it at all. It's only an almost-awash reef hardly seventeen miles long, seven across at its widest point, and nowhere more than fifty feet above sea level. An island where time has for centuries stood still; where something like 4000 people have never seen a steam engine of any kind, a railroad, street car, printing press, telegraph, radio, wireless, elevator, dynamo, electric light, or even a four-story building, a modern cannon, a hayrake, a lawn mower.

When the Boat Comes In

THE things Caymanians have never seen far outclass what they have. A list of such would read like a mail-order catalogue. You ask yourself, "Can such a place be in this modern world?" Yes, indeed it can—it is!

Grand Cayman, so very small and far away, makes a fascinating study of what life must have been in times long past. You can't find it at all on some maps. You've got to look sharp to locate it on any, lost in crystalline seas of lazulite and opalescence where flying fish skitter across gold-yellow Gulf weed, nearly 200 miles west by north from Jamaica. Just a dot of an island at the back of beyond, it's full of the gentlest, kindliest folk and the quaintest out-of-the-world customs you can imagine. An island of flaming sunshine and glowing moon mists, Cayman is musical with an amazing chorus of bird songs; an island blest with fruits, flowers, soft trade winds; an island not merely of *mañana* but of day after tomorrow; an island where it is always afternoon.

Insular officialdom bestirred itself for us, even while people ashore were waving from the toy-house settlement, and while tiny swift-sailing Indian dugouts—gayly painted and with gleaming sails—were cutting the limpid waters all about us in excited greeting. British island though it was, an American flag flickered up a pole. "Our cook's sister, she's an American," explained Cap'n Charley, and tooted his whistle. "Even though chorch is tak-*in'*, we've got a fine crowd out!"

Fine, indeed. The straggle of red-roofed buildings under bamboos, Australian pines and vivid emerald banana, coconut and mango walks, showed a populace stirred by the animation that only an arrival or a departure can produce. So, too, did the landing cove. You see, ships are a real event at an isle where they're seen only semioccasionally. They furnish the one vital thrill.

A Cayman Orchestra Under Full Swing, at a Launching. At Left—The Post Office and Custom House, the Civic Center and Hub of the Downtown Section

The Georgetown Jail is the Walled Enclosure Behind the Two Figures

Long shouts of "Sail ho!" had rung down shore, and conchs had blown over the milky jade and gold-foaming waters from the first moment we had been sighted. And now Grand Cayman was out full force to welcome us.

Hardly had our anchor plunged to white coral and to sponge clusters sixty feet down, but clear-seen through translucent sea like bluing water in a porcelain tub, when with vast pomp and circumstance the quarantine boat came out. She bore an imperial crown at her bow, while astern a blood-red union jack flickered in the dazzling sun. Her dignity might have been greater had her motor not balked. Later I found that her motor nearly always balked.

Never mind; four men, of four distinct hues, stood at big sweeps and brought her alongside. A mahogany-colored gentleman in spotless white linen and with a pith helmet boarded us quite in the grand manner. We might have been an ocean liner instead of just a little remodeled ex-sub-chaser from the Isle of Pines.

Two Steps Forward

"ALL line up an' answer to yo' names!" commanded the mahogany gentleman. We lined up, passengers and crew, white, brown and black, while overhead a fork-tailed frigate bird soared against the incandescent sun. Presently we were rowed ashore over those most gorgeous waters streaked with gold and lavender, with purple and sparkling ultramarine.

The landing place, in a barcadere near gnarled sea-grape trees, was just a nook where long surfs foamed from *crème de menthe* to milk against steps hewed in the overhanging gray dogtooth coral. There we clambered out to confront eager-talking crowds on the rocks, the walls, the blinding-white roadways. After ten years of absence, I once more found myself in that strange land of illusion, that dream island where nothing ever happens, but where all the forms are observed with rigorous punctilio.

Nothing ever happens? I must modify that. Something had happened! True, Georgetown was much the same—post office in the middle, neat little houses and shops stretching along the shore, tall mast which at night, with the hoisting of a ship's lantern, becomes officially a lighthouse. But lo, a brand-new flaming-red filling station, and cars—lots of cars! Some wrecks among them, but not a few fine ones, and all American. Progress, at world's end!

"Yes, sor, we got fifty cars here now," the gas-station man assured me, "an' more com-*in'*. Gas is one-an'-six a gallon. An' we got an ice-cream parlor, too, since you was here."

Proudly he pointed it out. More progress!

Somehow ice cream and autos seem a violation of the unities at Grand Cayman. But cars nevertheless now hum along the winding island roads of sand or dazzling-white coral, roads so narrow that often you can't pass—to the left, of course—without backing to a turn-out. They look incongruous as a toboggan slide down the Acropolis. The bicycles, the tiny donkeys laden with palm-woven baskets or heaped with firewood and bestridden by barefoot lads—these and the scraggy little island horses, rope-harnessed to ramshackle wagons, seem more in harmony with the

picture. But never mind; American ideas are seeping into Cayman, just as to all the islands of the Caribbean. You might as well expect Americanization to skip any place as to think salt water and fresh won't mix.

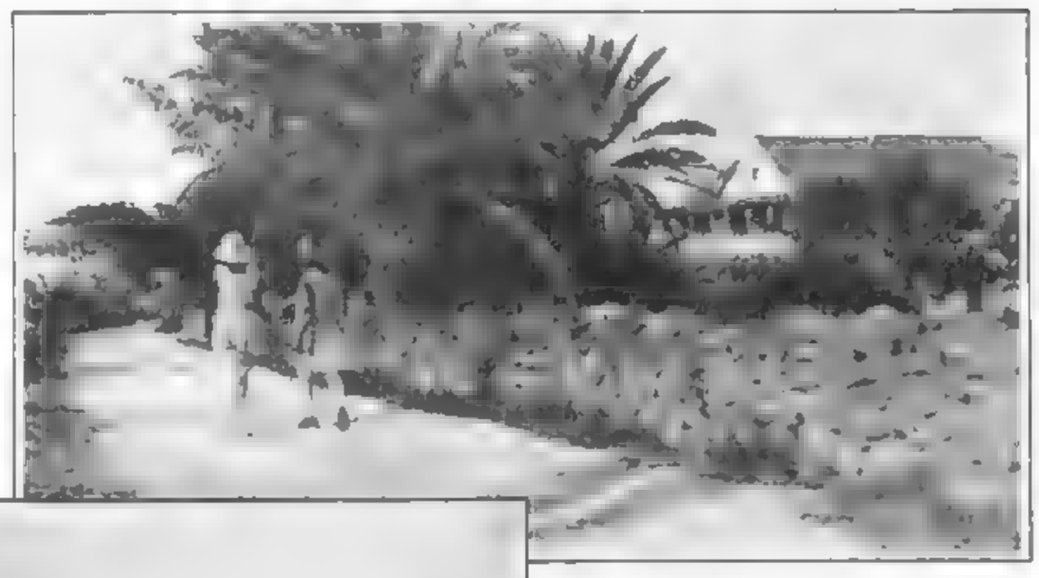
Just a touch of regret you feel, that the Juggernaut of progress, on rubber tires, should invade the world's last nooks and corners. Yet in spite of all the autos and ice cream, Cayman still remains tremendously isolated. You sense it in the immense pure turquoise circle of the Caribbean fronted by tiny settlements forever drowsing in perpetual summer. Sable Island and even far Anticosti have their wireless. The world's news daily reaches them. But there's no cable or wireless at Grand Cayman. Save for the sketchiest kind of now-or-then schooner or motor-ship service, Cayman is wholly cut off, even from the mails.

"New York might all be knocked down by an earthquake or Japan blown up by a volcano, and we wouldn't know it maybe for weeks," I was assured by a missionary who opened welcoming doors to us till we could rent a house. A furnished house, by the way, costs you about two pounds a month or less—if you can find one at all. "We've got no hotel here, and not even a boarding house. Bakery? No, sir. One started, but soon died." Everybody, of whatever color, keeps house. If somebody doesn't take you in, you have to camp under a breadfruit tree. Only, somebody always does take you in. Warm-hearted hospitality is still a Cayman virtue. But as the missionary was saying: "All the rest of the world might get smashed to kingdom come, and we'd go right on, oblivious." It makes you think of the Jules Verne romance in which a little community once got carried away on a comet. If you want to be "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," go to Grand Cayman.

Island Entertainments

STEP ashore there and you find yourself in a primitive English-speaking civilization of perhaps the seventeenth century, back in the remote past before machinery came or banks functioned. Cayman has no bank. It wouldn't know what to do with one. If anybody gets any money—rare contingency—he buys a shop, cows, land or a share in a schooner. Just drawing interest doesn't appeal. And aside from autos and motor-boat engines, the island possesses only three small machines—a tiny ice plant that works some of the time, a little band saw in a shipyard, and a house-lighting plant far from Georgetown. I have seen burned-out electric-light bulbs carefully saved in fishermen's huts as curios! Any historian anxious to study society in the hand-labor stage need only go to Grand Cayman.

Bobbed hair and the lipstick have indeed reached the island, but knickers are still considered rather scandalous; and materially speaking, the place still slumbers. The washing machines are mostly dark in hue and hang their clothes on picket fences or sisal plants to dry. As for vacuum cleaners, those are replaced by the cut coconut shells with which the women polish their really beautiful floors, tinted red with logwood or mangrove dyes and always immaculate.



With a British and Two American Flags, and Nearly All Hands on the Ropes, the Schooner Cannot Fail to Start

Date Palms Nodding Over a Wall Built of Pure White Corals Make a Cayman Picture Worth Remembering. At Left—Hardly Out of the Cradle, Young Cayman Takes to the Sea

And imagine a land without movies—eh? Once a movie tried to start at West Bay, but——

"The boys hove rocks an' corals at the sail-cloth I hung up for a screen," the ex-proprietor mourned to me. "I could ha' run it with carbide lamps, but the people wouldn't make"—let—"me do it, so I had to quit."

Even a modest magic-lantern show has met with opposition. Concerts, dialogues, picnics, schooner launchings and swimming parties are the only communal diversions. But a moonlight party in the surf, with island mermen and mermaids—from babyhood, marvelous swimmers—is a diversion not soon to be forgotten. Moon magic, gleaming beach, reefs over which sea cavalry charges in mad tumbling spumes a-sparkle—how shall mere words tell of your Cayman loveliness?

A shy and charming island girl one day summed up matters:

"All we've ever seen an airyplane is just once. . . . No, sor, I never saw a circus, or any animals at all but horses and cows, cats and dogs and rabbits." The Cayman rabbit, in passing, is a Central American agouti. "We never saw a lion or tiger or an elephant or any of those fancy creatures, giraffes or such. I never saw real ice or snow or skates or a sled or merry-go-round or a fair or a mountain or even a hill. . . . Golf clubs? Oh, no, sor. Nor a river, nor even so much as a brook, or a beauty parlor or a movie. I've never been off the island, but I long to go. Oh, I'd anticipate it grand to travel! We don't see much of anything, only in books. But if I went, I wouldn't know how to act, sor, I'm that green."

Even books are scarce. The Cayman library is but a handful of worn-out volumes in a little dark room, presided over by a soft-spoken, friendly and very British little gentlewoman to whom the great outer world is still a mystery. What a blessing to the Caymanians would be a few discarded books or magazines! Just Grand Cayman, B.W.I., will serve as a sufficient address.

In a Spotless Town

YOU wonder what the little gentlewoman, what the charming young Cayman girl, would think or do if suddenly projected into the Great White Way. Could human reactions be more dramatic?

One's own reactions are not few on stepping back two or three centuries into that queer archaic world, so quiet, quaint and primitive that you rub your eyes and ask "Can such things be?"

Walk with me—well stared at by the village folk—along the road on which Georgetown is strung like beads upon a thread and you shall think yourself on a dream island of seas beyond world's end. A flaring tropical sun holds the sky in its fervent glory. The blinding white glare of the coral road, hot enough to fry an egg on, makes your eyes ache. But you see, none the less, that you're in Spotless Town. Trim whitewashed fences inclose yards of snowy sand, often decorated with pearly hued conch shells and always swept clean. The Cayman women with their little twig brooms sweep not only their yards but also the roadways adjacent. The ever-falling litter of coconut fronds, of banana, almond and breadfruit leaves, must not remain. Everywhere tangles of flowering vines drape the fences. Everywhere blossoms make smashing color contrasts—azaleas, jasmines and oleanders, poinsettias, Jamaica Christmas flowers, Sicilian bells, bougainvilleas, and so many more that just to name them would form a dictionary.

The Dignity of the Law

Date palms nod their graceful feathers, alive with humming bees. Many-colored crotons mass about the simple little houses, for the most part perched on stilts. What cleanliness! The Cayman housewife must be godly indeed. Some of the ancient dwellings would entrance an artist, with their green hand-wrought shutters, their white, yellow or even pink plastered walls and vertical half-timberings. An English air of seclusion dwells about many, sheltered amid tangles of tropic growths in the twisty little lanes that wander through jungly fruit walks back of the town. The commissioner's red-roofed mansion, amid splendid grounds, offers fine hospitality that makes you think of week-end parties in the old country. You find Commissioner Hutchings—ruddy, gray-mustached, jovial and in immaculate white linen—everything that

(Continued on Page 79)

Is She Going to Tip Over? An Anxious Moment

"LE COUP DU SOT"

By James Warner Bellah

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

OLD Hyacinth Nourric, who keeps a rusty fleuret in a corner of his workshop at the Salle d'Armes du Chanticler in Paris as a memento of his bout with Lupo, is generally very careful of his stomach. But the maître is not so young as he was once and stomachs get uppish. It was a fairly bad winter to start with, with a wet early spring. The Baudry Cup one-touch *épée* match topped off the stomach. There was, of course, champagne, but Albor and Hotchkiss hated the stuff, so they had up a bottle of Courvoisier and gave Old Nourric to drink, which reminded him of the army—the old army. Was he or was he not an ancient military of France, to say nothing of Algiers and his cross of chevalier, together with the Médaille Militaire and nine diplomas as a military *maître d'escrime?* So he added three dollops of brandy to the Count d'Alban's preliminary Pol Roger, topped it off with the champagne *d'honneur* and got his feet wet going home to dinner and his bottle of ordinary, of which he consumed twenty-eight, thirty or thirty-one a month according to what month it happened to be.

So his stomach went back on him, and because of that, Murty Williams remained alive and whole.

Murty had no good reason for being in Rome other than that his red-headed sister lived there and that he himself had decided not to be a stockbroker any longer. Accordingly, when he resigned from the staff of Geller, Henshaw and White under strong advice, he accepted the next advice offered, through inertia, and sailed on the Duilio with Tommy Powell.

Twenty-one days later, as he stepped out of the Excelsior, a gentleman in gray striped worsteds and white linen spats, from the points of which immaculate patent-leather tips protruded, touched Murty's arm and bowed from his lean hips.

Then he raised his hat six inches from his sleekly pomaded hair, and holding it above and directly over the spot where that hair was thinning, said:

"You are Mr. Williams, the brother of the Principessa di Refugio Pei Poveri?"

"Yes."

The gentleman replaced his hat.

"Very good. I am Signor Piero Luigi Gelasio di Refugio Pei Poveri. My card."

Murty looked at the card, in the upper center of which there was a six-pointed crown, but some light in the man's eyes caught his and he looked up again quickly.

"No doubt," said the Signor di Refugio Pei Poveri, "you know my cousin the *principe?*"

"Yes. Naturally. He's my brother-in-law."

"Quite so. Now, I must tell you," the other man frowned, "that the prince has forbidden me his residences. He has, in fact, gone so far in his outrageous behavior as to have his servants show me out."

"Is that so?" asked Murty.

"Do you doubt it?"

"I don't know anything about it."

"But if you did you would concur with my cousin in his action?"

"I suppose he knows what he's doing, doesn't he?"

"It is a question," said Di Refugio, "and yet from your tone it appears to be a statement."

"Look here," said Murty. "What's it all about anyway? I don't know you and you don't know me. You stop me and tell me your cousin has thrown you out of his house. What's my act? I mean, what's the answer?"

"Evidently you are not aware of the seriousness of this affair. You wouldn't be—an American."

"No," said Murty. "What with the war debt, jazz, chewing gum and gold teeth, I probably wouldn't have the mentality."

"I trust that is not an attempt at a pleasantry? Let me be more explicit. Three weeks ago my cousin and I had a very grave difference—a blood difference. He has retaliated by refusing to receive me and announcing his refusal to his circle of friends. It has embarrassed me greatly. In fact, the insult to my dignity has been incalculable—the mortification. I have no redress under the Italian code, for cousins may not meet in the usual way, because of their kinship. So I have come to you to determine your attitude in the affair, for you are the prince's nearest male connection not through blood."

"Well, you're barking up the wrong tree," said Murty, "and you'd better run along and sell your papers. My brother-in-law knows what he's about, I dare say, and if he's told you not to hang around any more, he's probably got reasons, and good ones."

Murty Took a Step Forward Just as Tommy Powell Came Through the Entrance and Caught His Arm

"Then you concur with him?"

"Knowing nothing about it, I suppose I do."

"In that case," Di Refugio drew his gloves tightly through the clenched fingers of his left hand and flicked them right and left to Murty's cheeks, leaving a faint pinkish smear across the flesh. Murty raised his hand in astonishment. Four men stopped and drew in their breath sharply. Murty took a step forward just as Tommy Powell came through the entrance and caught his arm. Di Refugio bowed, raised his hat, reset it upon his head and stepped into a cab, which immediately drove off.

The crowd around the entrance thickened quickly and a policeman pushed through. Powell dragged Murty back inside and sat him down.

"Now then, old son, watch your step."

"Watch my step? Watch my step, hell! I'm going to get that guy and break every bone in his cutaway. He comes up to me with a cock-and-bull story and asks for it. And believe thou me, he's going to get it."

"How?" Powell asked sweetly. "What do you know about swords and pistols and coffee, for one? He wants you to call him out. You can't just beat him up. Besides, those fellows can't fight with their fists anyway."

"Well, he'll learn how or I'll learn his way. When you're in Rome do as the ——" Murty got up suddenly.

Fifteen minutes later young Enrico Saggio, with his face drawn into very serious lines, came into the hotel and shook hands with Murty.

"I come, my friend, as quickly as I should from receiving your telephone."

"Good old Hank," said Murty. "This is Tom Powell." Saggio bowed and sat down. "So," he said presently.

"Eet is serious, but not very difficult, as you say. Who cares? What does eet matter? What about eet? You are not Italian and you are not bound by honor. You do not know the sword; so eet can be explained to Di Refugio and eet ends."

"That's what I told him," said Powell.

"If I've got to fight him his way I'll do it. Do you think I'm going to be cheated out of a duel when I've got a perfectly good chance of having one? All my life I'd kick myself."

"Eet would be very better to make one," said Enrico. "For the position of your brother-in-law, of course. But eet is impossible because Di Refugio has made eet to happen in such a way that you mus' challenge him and he tells the weapons. He is very good with the dueling sword and he will tell eet to be swords, no doubt."

"Swords it is. Old Kid d'Artagnan himself. What's the next move?"

Enrico pinched his lower lip together with his thumb and forefinger.

"No, my friend. I must tell you not to do eet. Eet is murder. Ver' dangerous an' you will be seriously hurt. You mus' not."

"Nonsense. Do you mean to say I'm not as good as he is? All you do is wave your sword about, hit his and then stab him."

Enrico smiled. "There is a little more than that to the sword. Eet is a great science."

"Oh, it is," snapped Murty. "I don't like this guy and I'm going to have some fun out of it. I've seen duels in the movies and I guess I can fight one as well as he can. Go tell him he's a cockeyed liar for me, Hank. Call him out, kick him—whatever it is you have to do."

The smile faded slowly from Enrico Saggio's face. He wrapped his topcoat about him and stood up with his heels together.

He was no longer Hank by any stretch of the imagination. Tom and Murty stared at him, their faces suddenly sober. He bowed to them each in turn.

"You do me a ver' great honor, my friend. Eet is a command which I endeavor to carry out mos' carefully. I am sorry, but so be eet." He drew on his gloves. "Your card, please." He bowed solemnly to Tommy Powell. "And you, *signor*. You will ac' as the ozzer gentleman? Ver' good. We mus' be ver' clever, because the law does not allow. Eet is bes', though, as eet is. After all, we are in Italy. Come." He snapped up a boy and sent him for a cab.

Powell and Murty looked at each other as solemnly as two owls. Then Murty nodded, and without another word the other two went out and climbed into a taxi.

In an hour they were back.

"Eet is the *spadaccia*, my friend—the rapier."

At five o'clock that evening Charles Molyneaux drove up to the Excelsior in an embassy car and stalked into the foyer.

"Lucky for you, son," he snapped to Powell. "Pack up pronto and beat it." He took his arm and forced him across the lobby.

"Wait a minute! What's it all about?"

"Where's Murty? If you and he don't get out of Rome in fifteen minutes you'll sleep in the *prigione*. I'd like to horsewhip you both! Luckiest possible chance I got wind of this." He grabbed a boy by the shoulder. "Come along, you."

When they got up to their rooms Murty was reading by the windows.

"Listen," said Molyneaux. "Don't let me underestimate the seriousness of this. It'll play hob with your sister.

This is Italy now, not New York. You've got to go, and go fast, and go now. Here, boy, start packing." He kicked up a trunk lid and pulled a suitcase out to the center of the floor. "The trunks can stay here. You take a suitcase apiece, that's all." He pulled out all the drawers and started dumping them. "I've jeopardized my career on this. Got a car downstairs that'll take you to a garage where you can get a traveling car, then you cut and run for Florence and beat it right through to Ventimiglia without stopping. Pick up a French visa on the way."

He grabbed Murty's coat and vest and threw it around his shoulders; then he slammed on their hats, and with his hands on their wrists, started them downstairs.

"Fine couple of boobs you are. Come on, boy, with those suitcases. Take 'em right out to the car. Who the devil do you think you guys are, anyway, trying to fight a duel in my town? You stay in France till I tell you you can come back. You're fugitives from justice, just the same as if you'd stuck up a bank. You're criminals thugs—gunmen; got it?"

He dashed up to the clerk, showed his seal and arranged to pay the check afterward; then he rushed Tom and Murty out to the immunity of the car and shoved them inside.

"Drive out to Ricardi's," he yelled to the chauffeur, "and go like hell! Now then" -he leaned back and wiped his forehead elaborately—"the situation is this: Half of Rome saw Di Refugio slap you this morning, Murty. Everybody knows he's been trying to have a go at his cousin through a third party. He's a rotten snipe of the first water. The police got wind of it and watched you fellows and his house. They saw Saggio and Powell, here, call. So they put two and two together and got out a suspect warrant, or whatever they call it. Gatti-Strisciante told me about it, hence the pyramids. Here we are." He got out and pulled Tom and Murty after him.

Ten minutes later he had them packed in a limousine.

"I'll keep in touch with you—Hotel Negresco, Nice—and don't come back till I give you the word."

Murty poked his head out of the window. "I don't like you," he yelled, "and I never liked you from the first time I met you!"

"Go to hell," said Molyneaux, "or I'll burn up your trunks—and don't read any more books. The next thing you'll be doing is playing cowboy and shooting up the Promenade des Anglais. You give me a large pain where I don't like to have 'em!"

Tom Powell leaned out just as Molyneaux was climbing back into the embassy car. He applauded loudly for a second; then he cupped his hands and yelled: "Hurray for the troops from Fort Dodge!" And the limousine snorted off.

John Haydn Rollish was to meet his friend Admiral Brent for tea at the Ruhl. The old admiral's arm was stiffened up with neuritis and he hadn't fenced for a week. Rollish himself dropped in every day at Duquesne's *salle d'armes* for an hour or so, but only the youngsters had been there that afternoon—ferocious young men, light on their feet and as clever and quick as sin, but inclined to be deliberately careless for a gesture. Too fatiguing for a man of Rollish's years, who had solved the *épée* problem simply and to his complete satisfaction by the counter six and a beautifully straight arm that could smell an envelope as quickly as a dog scents danger. So he hadn't fenced.

He came into the American bar, nodded to Charley and started to cross to the tea lounge. He was early and he thought for a moment that he might go up the Rue Halévy and have another look at that poignard in Dikansky's window. It was certainly not a cut-down rapier, for the blade, chased with No Me Sachez Sin Rason. No Me Embainez Sin Honor, was not in the least flexible, and dropped from four feet, the point would sink into hardwood far enough to hold the thing upright. If he could get Dikansky to dig up a rapier to match it.

"Ought to buy it, I suppose ——"

"I beg your pardon, sir. You're Mr. Rollish, aren't you?"

He turned and looked into Murty Williams' face.

"Yes," he said, "but — "

"I'm Kenneth Williams' son."

"Of course." John Rollish put his hands on his hips. "Might have known it. Well, how are you, boy?"

"Fine. Have you a moment?"

"I think you'll need more than a moment. I've seen this morning's paper. Sit down, by all means. Is your father coming over?"

"I hope to high heaven he doesn't," Murty grinned.

"H'm, no. I dare say for the present, at least, he's much better off in New York, and so would you be."

"It is a mess, I suppose." Murty brushed his hand across his forehead. "And the papers have made it worse. I've got a letter from my sister that blistered my eyeballs when I read it, and as far as I can see I'm about the yellowest swine in the public's eyes that ever was. It's not pleasant."

"No, should say not. H'm. What do you plan to do?"

Murty frowned. "I'm going to fight him."

"Are you? What do you know about swordsmanship?"

"Not a thing, sir."

"Well, I like your spirit, but I don't think your intelligence is worth a sou. You can't do that sort of thing; it's plain suicide, boy."

"But look at it this way, sir: Here I am in Italy—I mean France at the present—and I've committed myself to the Italian code by calling this fop out. I not only committed myself but I've grievously embarrassed a very good friend—Enrico Saggio, who carried the challenge—by running away. That silly fool Molyneaux packed me off before I knew what was up—made me feel that I was a hammer murderer who had jeopardized the sovereign dignity of the United States in the eyes of Mussolini. Now I'm perfectly safe and I can stay safe by remaining in France, but poor

Hank has to bear the brunt of the whole thing. He takes a challenge in good faith and then his man runs away. It doesn't mean anything to me, but it means a lot to him."

"I see your point." Rollish nodded. "But is it worth getting yourself killed over?"

"Oh, I won't get killed, don't worry. But as long as we're talking about blood I'd give about an Imperial quart not to have had the thing happen. Now that it has happened I'd give the same amount to get it over with, and as long as I feel that way I'm going to fight. I've got to go back to Italy sometime in my life and my sister has to live there, and I can't let Hank down, above all."

"How do I figure in it?"

"Well, I thought," said Murty, "that you might suggest a fencing master to whip me into shape. I've got three days, you see, and I ought to learn a lot in that time."

"Three days!" Rollish burst out laughing.

"Yes, sir. I wired Hank to arrange for Di Refugio to come up to Ventimiglia and we can either fight in France or Italy, or I thought maybe in the hills behind Monaco."

"But, good Lord, you can't learn anything in three days! It's foolishness—the whole thing. You pack up and go back to the States."

Murty shook his head. "When I was ten you gave me a pair of boxing gloves the season we had that place in Cannes, and taught me where the solar plexus was. And when I was fifteen you gave me a pair of foils. I never used the foils, because I didn't like it as much as boxing. If I had, I wouldn't be in this fix now probably. Now I need a fencing master, and I need one badly, for I'm going through with this thing."

Rollish frowned, then he leaned forward and rested his hand on the table top.

"So," he said slowly, "you mean it?"

"I most certainly do."

(Continued on Page 110)

Di Refugio Gasped, Dropped His Own Blade and Slapped a Hand to the Wound

MAY CORN

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY ORISON MACPHERSON

A FEW minutes past nine on the morning following the ten-point drop in Neutrodyne Common, there was a slight commotion in the La Salle Street offices of Riggs, Stringer & Co. The firm—one long a member of the Chicago Board of Trade—was a grain and provision house. Of late, however, the provision business having died on its feet and the wheat, corn, oats and rye markets being temporarily in a state of coma, the customers had switched into stocks; so that now thestocks—Neutroamongthem—having suddenly turned sour, it was the painful, at the same time necessary, duty of Jakes, the gentlemanly manager of the customers' room, to call on them for more margin. Thus, several being unable to produce, and the firm, in turn, having closed them out at the New York opening, there were reasons for the stir.

His eye glued to a crack in the wash-room door, Benny Timlow watched morosely.

A grain trader, his field future options in corn, Riggs, Stringer & Co.'s young specialist had also been stung by the flop in Neutro. He should have known better, of course. Stocks, every grain expert knows, areguesswork—agamble—but the grains—corn in particular—that's different. A trader, if he's hep, can tell what's what in corn—most times, anyway. There's the visible supply, for one thing, and another hunch is the weather in the Argentine. If the weatherin the Argentine's bad you buy. If the weather's good you sell—go short. Simple as pie, a pipe! Then you have charts besides. Chartsshow the trend of the market—all its zigzags too—and all you have to do is to be able to read them. Butstocks—huh! The way those fellers in New York rigged stocks on you, a man was a sucker to play them. Yeah, served him right for getting stung. However, though this was so and Benny, in fact, had got what the customers' room eloquently termed "a sock in the snoot" from Neutro, that wasn't all the story. There was some other rift in the lute, that was sure, and of this there were several evidences.

One evidence was the way Benny lurked behind the wash-room door. Another evidence was the way his eye roamed apprehensively about the crowded room. Over by the street entrance stood a square-set, square-jawed man of determined mien, a stranger in the place, and his eye on him and his look murky, Benny was about to retreat farther behind the wash-room door when the stir outside among the office chair warmers assumed a new proportion. Jakes, it seemed, was having a busy day of it.

The chief victim at the morning's sacrificial altar was a Mr. Diemold, a tall, gangling person habitually attired in a brown derby, striped trousers—the stripe pronounced—spats and a full-skirted, somewhat dusty frock coat, glossy at the seams and elbows. He, too, was a grain specialist. Formerly, however, a well-known figure in the Clark Street retail shoe trade, it was in this respect—the "formerly"—that Mr. Diemold most closely resembled his fellow traders. In fact, taken as a whole, it was astonishing to find among them so many varying occupations, all with the "ex" attached, as, for example, Mr. Twillig, the former South Shore groceryman; Mr. Loper, once head of Loper's All Hot Dairy Lunch; Mr. Getz, late of Getz's Ready To Wear, the well-known fashion bazaar in the Loop. Then, of course, there was Benny Timlow too. Less than a year ago Benny had been filing clerk in a big insurance office on Jackson Street—though let that go. Jakes, the room manager, having broken the morning's dire tidings to Mr. Diemold—that is, the news that Riggs, Stringer & Co. had closed him out—the frock-coated grain expert and former shoe man was putting up what is known in trading circles as a beef—in other words, his voice raised, his arms wildly sawing the air, Mr. Diemold was protesting vehemently.

Putting His Hand Into His Pocket, He Drew Out a Twenty-Dollar Bill. "There! Go Buy Yourself a Fur Coat," Grunted Benny

Much good it did him. The ex-shoe-dealer, however, excited probably by the thought that the "ex" now had been tacked to his trading activities too, seemed to have lost his head; and his voice loud, he had begun to stutter vociferously when the door of one of the private offices at the back opened and a small, lean-faced man, his brows bent inquiringly, emerged into the customers' room. As he did so, behind the wash-room door Benny Timlow gave a grunt. The newcomer was Clint Niblo, at the moment Riggs, Stringer & Co.'s most active room trader.

The term may need a definition. If so, room traders, briefly, are clients whose business warrants commission houses giving them a private room. In passing, Benny Timlow had hoped that sometime the firm would give him a room—though never mind that now. He knew Niblo. He had known him from the time when Niblo, like himself, had merely warmed a chair outside. But though Benny, too, in his trades in corn, had managed to run his original trade—a couple of jobs in May—into a cash account at times amounting to several thousands, what he never had been able to fathom was the reason for Niblo's success. Frankly, he didn't like Niblo. A twenty-minute egg was what Benny thought him. Always seeking tips and hunches from other traders, he never had been known to share with them one of his own tips or hunches. Now, however, his lean face plausibly beguiling, he caught the vociferous Mr. Diemold by the elbow, at the same time giving it a friendly squeeze.

"Say, what's all the row, Dimmy?" he smiled.

Row, indeed. Mr. Diemold's voice now had risen to a pitch high above the other sounds in the customers' room—the hum of other voices, the scrape of chairs, the clack and clatter of the stock tickers grinding out prices at the New York opening. As it neared 9:30 now, in a few minutes, too, the telegraph sounders hooked up to the Board of Trade pits would add their racket to the noise. Feeling, however, the sudden friendly squeeze Niblo gave his elbow, Mr. Diemold's shrill voice broke, and clutching Niblo by the sleeve he began pouring out his woes to the room trader. It was them blamed stocks, said Mr. Diemold. Grain was his specialty and he hadn't never otto fooled with the blamed things—no. Now Jakes had went and solt him out.

Niblo nodded, the nod sympathetic. "Bought Neutro, didn't you?" he inquired.

It was so. It was the same tip Mr. Diemold had given Niblo a week ago—the tip hot—right off'n the griddle. Only the tip, come to find out, was a flop; though that, wailed Mr. Diemold, wasn't the worst of it. Here he was, closed out, left flat, just when he had a chance to play a real pipe, a regular clean-up. Why—

Behind the wash-room door Benny Timlow saw Niblo start abruptly.

"A clean-up," repeated Niblo—"not another?" His voice was alert. There was no sarcasm, either, in his tone. "What's that you're saying, Diemold?"

Mr. Diemold already was saying it. The tip was on corn—May corn. It was a hot tip, too—red-hot, if you could believe Mr. Diemold.

"Yeah, direck f'm headquarters," he averred.

Niblo darted another look at him.

The line of the room trader's lips tightened. His eyes, too, were sharp. "Well?" he encouraged, giving Mr. Diemold's elbow a hurried squeeze. At that stage, though, a subtle change seemed to steal into Mr. Diemold's face. Slyness, a look of calculating guile, loomed in his eye, and leaning back, for a moment he peered at the room trader through narrowed lids. "Say, what's it worth to you?" drawled Mr. Diemold craftily. Behind the wash-room door it now was Benny Timlow's turn to give a start, a jerk.

Mr. Diemold's tip was nothing. The ex-shoe-trader always had some tip. What was most extraordinary, though, was Niblo's eagerness to get it. And gaping, his eyes like grapes, Benny seemed to forget the square-set, square-jawed figure lurking by the street entrance. To hear better, he pushed wide the wash-room door.

Niblo was speaking, his voice hurried, eager. "Sure, Dimmy, sure!" he was saying urgently. "Just slip me your tip and I'll do what's right. I'll tell you what. I'll margin you myself to a coupla jobs of May!"

Mr. Diemold's face fell. "Two?" he snorted. Two jobs—each job a petty thousand bushels—was nothing but a shine trade, a piker's bet.

"Make it four—four jobs," said Niblo hurriedly.

"Well-ll," Mr. Diemold was agreeing grudgingly, when again there was a commotion in the customers' room.

Its source this time was the wash room. All at once saying "Hah!" his tone triumphant, the square-set man, his elbows flying, had burst his way through the crowd, and now, his hand on the knob of the wash-room door, he was

yanking at it violently. Inside, Benny Timlow was yanking at it as strenuously. But only briefly. Benny's powers were no match for the vigor of the sturdy figure outside, and as the door flew open the victor gave another loud and triumphant "Haw!" after which, his look sinister, he added: "So! Then you ain't out o' town like you phoned, was you?"

Benny studied him a moment. "And who are you, bo," he inquired—"the piano installments—what?"

Wrong. This was the radio-installments man. One may as well be brief. The radio place was over in Van Buren Street, and you paid ten dollars down and two a week afterward. The trouble was, though, that Benny hadn't. The two a week was long in arrears—though it may be well to drop a curtain here. Frankly, there was indeed a rift in the young La Salle Street grain specialist's lute. More than a mere rift, it was a gulf, an abyss, and a few minutes later, when he had managed somehow to get rid of the installments man, Benny morosely found himself a seat in the rows of chairs facing the long quotation board. The wheat and corn pits already had opened for the day and May corn was 92¾ bid. Benny sighed as he saw it.

It was do or die now. The flop in Neutro had been a near disaster. Out of his one-time winnings all he had left was barely enough to margin seven or eight jobs in May—ten at the very most.

II

TEN dollars down, two a week afterward. The cozy flat over on the South Side was as snug as it was complete. In one corner stood the radio, housed in a tall, varnished console, and over by the window was Minnie's piano—a baby grand. Minnie loved it. Minnie loved also the six-piece Grand Rapids parlor set and the Axminster rug on which the set stood. And there were the bedroom and dining-room sets, the one in the bedroom Louis Quinze and the dining-room set old Colonial maple—or so the ad in the paper said. "Own Your Own Home," said the ad—though that wasn't all. There was the tight, snappy little roadster, the speed wagon Minnie drove around in daily. A special paint job, its body pale Nile green ticked with red, Minnie hustled it up Michigan Avenue every afternoon to Jackson. Usually Benny was waiting at the corner, and you could see him grin as Minnie, her slim figure tucked into an otter sports coat, her slender head smart in a smart little hat, tooled the roadster up to the curb. A neat little boat, the car. A neat little girl in it too. No wonder Benny was proud. "Well, step on the gas, kid; let's go!"

They'd had it all for a year now. It was since Benny had quit his insurance job; or rather, ever since the job had quit him. In short, having been caught dabbling in the corn pit, Benny had been fired.

Funny, this. A lot of people take a flyer in corn or wheat—bankers, lawyers, business men, and so forth, and some get away with it, making money at the game. If you're a clerk, though—a hireling—and are caught at it, no matter if you've made money or not, out you go. The way Benny got into the game, however, was this: One day late in the year he was hanging over a filing case in the insurance office, his fingers fumbling among the cards, when down in the street a hand organ started in to play, its tune an old-time ditty:

It won't be a stylish marriage,
We can't afford a carriage,
But you'll look neat on the seat
Of a bicycle built for two.

Benny hadn't a bicyle, of course. Neither had Minnie. It's unlikely, in those days, if they could have afforded one. He and Minnie lived in a two-room bunk over on the North Side somewhere and at the moment the hand organ started in to grind out the hackneyed air Benny was thinking, his thoughts moody, of what he'd put over on Minnie when he got her to marry him and go to housekeeping in that crib, their home. The insurance office paid him the princely stipend of thirty-two dollars and fifty cents a week, it seems, and the day before, it seems further, the landlord had hopped the rent an extra ten dollars. That was, of course, enough to make any Benny think, and he was in the midst of it when he heard Birge, the head of the filing department, speak.

"Hey, you!" barked Birge, and Benny gave a jump.

Birge, a big, sour-voiced man, did the hiring and firing. And somehow, in the hiring and firing, you get the idea that the firing was what Birge liked best. It wasn't to Benny that Birge was speaking, but to one of the other clerks—a fellow named Nimmick.

"You, there!" barked Birge, and Benny gave a gulp. Birge's tone was unmistakable. It was the tone he always used when he meant to fire someone. And Benny often had seen men fired. It was a threat that constantly overhung the filing room, the victims usually turning a ghastly white, after which they shambled out silently, though once in a while one wept, begging for another chance. It's nothing, of course, that they didn't get it; only in this case the clerk neither wept, turned white nor even cringed. "You're fired! Go get your time!" barked Birge, and as he said it Nimmick laughed. That wasn't all of it either. Taking a cigarette from his pocket, he lit it and blew the smoke in Birge's face.

"Yeah?" he said.

The office was appalled. Benny gasped with them. He was a little sick, too, his stomach quaking as it always quaked when anyone got sacked, and when Nimmick walked out, still grinning, Benny forgot his own woes for the moment and let sympathy get the better of him. At any rate, watching his chance when Birge wasn't looking he ducked out into the coat room where Nimmick was putting on his hat and coat.

"Joe!" gasped Benny. "Nimmick!"

Pity choked him. Nimmick, he knew, had a wife and child, and Nimmick in all probability was broke. In fact, it was pretty tough—about as tough as they make 'em, Benny figured—and though he himself wasn't what you'd call flush, the rent being due besides, if a coupla bucks would help Nimmick, why

But that was as far as Benny got

"Broke—me?" Nimmick burst into a guffaw. Then, still laughing, he put a hand into his trousers pocket and

(Continued on Page 88)

"And, Yeah, Take it From Me," Averred Mr. Diemold, "May Corn Ain't Only A-Goin' to Hit the Ceilin'; It'll Break Through—Hit the Sky"

GLASSHOUSES FOR STYLE

By William M. O. Edwards

As Told to Brenda Ueland

Llwyn, Llanfyllin. The Cedar of Lebanon is at the Left

FOR forty years I have been boss gardener in active practice here and in England, and for fifteen years before that I was a little apprentice boy and then a hobbledehoy of a young journeyman gardener.

I was born in October, 1862, on the beautiful and ancient estate of the Dugdales. Llwyn was the name of it, and it was near the hamlet of Llanfyllin in North Wales. This is the country of the vale of Llangollen, which Ruskin said had the loveliest rock and glen scenery in the world, and the River Dee runs through there.

My father was head gardener at Llwyn, and so were his father and his grandfather. And that makes us gardeners on the same place for four generations—as far back as the eighteenth century. I have never traced out the genealogy further, but I dare say we were gardeners there when the wild princes of North Wales, who were Celts and Britons, were fighting off Edward I and his Saxon-Norman army.

The Dugdales were one of the great families of North Wales. Their place Llwyn—was about 15,000 acres, and about 1000 acres of that was the park—that is, this 1000 acres was skirted by massive trees, mostly beeches, full of rooks' nests on the very top, though many places had a ten or twelve foot brick wall around the whole park, and this wall would be seven or eight miles long sometimes. Outside of the park would be the tenant farms and the village and the old parish church among mournful yew trees, and all this, too, would be owned by the gentleman of the manor in the ancient feudal way. Primogeniture kept these places whole. A man could not sell off his land piecemeal, because the founder of his family had been granted it by some king—William the Conqueror, perhaps—in return for supplying a certain number of soldiers in time of war. So it would not be wholly his to sell.

With the Queen's Best Wishes

AT LLWYN the parish church was not on the property, but its big square clock and chimes could be seen and heard from a great distance in that placid neighborhood. We could see what time it was from any part of the grounds at Llwyn, because the old church was on a lower level. And sometimes when a game of cricket was to be played, when a kid, I bought a telescope for sixpence, so that I could make no mistake about the time, which to us then was so important. "Llyn," in Welsh, means a lake, but "llwyn" means a grove. All this country was filled with wild flowers, primroses and daffodils, and certainly was pretty.

The Dugdales always called my father "the Oak." I suppose because he was a strong fellow, with thick, wiry chin whiskers framing his weather-beaten face, and partly because the ancient stone cottage in which we lived was under a gigantic oak tree more than 300 years old. I was the first child, and the third initial in my name stands for "Oakson"—the son of the Oak—and so I am christened.

Our cottage was one of the lodge gates. It had leaded casement windows and a stone floor. There was no cellar: only big stone flags on the ground, and that was what crippled my mother at last; for the dampness and coldness will give anyone the rheumatism. This little stone house was entirely under that oak tree and you couldn't see it for the English ivy that covered it. There were five rooms and a back kitchen to it. In those days, you know, we had to fetch water for our tea from a spring half a mile away. People who have water in their houses now, and warm cellars under them, don't appreciate it.

There was no porch—we never had porches in Wales—and in summer my mother would sit out in front knitting, enjoying the tranquil afternoon and the slanting rays of sunlight on the flowers—gillyflowers, pinks, sweet Williams, wallflowers—everything. Even every child in a gardener's family had to have his own flower garden. For four successive afternoons in the summer of 1889 old Queen Victoria came there and sat for a little while with my mother and the two of them talked there like cronies. I must tell that story.

The queen, who had not been to Wales since she was a little princess of thirteen, made a second visit nearly sixty years later—in 1889—and she stayed at Palé, the mansion of Mr. Henry Robertson, a Scotchman and the great engineeer who had built the Great Western Railway. Now when she did that, people were a little grieved and said that it was because she was partial to the Scotch and not to the Welsh. But really it was just because Mr. Robertson had fixed up Palé—it had been the ancient castle of the Lloyds—so that it was comfortable and convenient. Why, you know, in most of those old castles—grand places—there would sometimes be only one bathroom, and maybe none. But Mr. Robertson's place was up-to-date and he had built his own gas plant in the village, so that he had great gas chandeliers and a blaze of light in every room. The queen stayed there three weeks.

The Parish Church, Llanfyllin

You know, our people in Wales always tend to be radical, and there was much talk, even in those days, about not believing in kings and queens and such things. Sometimes they would go as far as to say they were for a republic, even. Well, when they heard the queen was coming, simple country people like my mother had a vague idea she was a tall mighty woman in a gold crown and robes and trimmings as gorgeous as could be.

So my father would tease my mother and say: "Now you better look out—the way you have been talking against kings and queens. Now she is coming herself."

Well, when the queen came, here she was, a little old woman in a plain black dress and bonnet, just like any other little old woman! She used to drive about the countryside in a tiny little chaise drawn by a donkey—a little rubber-tired thing no bigger than an invalid's chair. Sometimes Princess Beatrice would be with her, but more often she would go alone, peacefully and dreamily, over the roads.

I was in America then. My mother was knitting socks for me. One day the little old queen, the great Victoria, came along in her tiny donkey cart—she called on every old woman for miles around—and she got out and sat down with my mother and talked with her for twenty minutes or half an hour. She asked whose socks my mother was knitting and my mother told her they were for a lonely son in America, and Queen Victoria said "Let me knit some in them," and took the socks from mother and knitted in them while they talked. She came there and knitted in those socks and talked to my mother four different days. It was just sentiment, you know. But she won all hearts, I can tell you.

In a Top Hat

OF COURSE, by the time I had heard of it I had the blooming socks worn out and had pitched them out. If I had known it I would have sent them to a museum maybe.

As soon as I could walk, father began teaching me. In summer we would get up at six in the morning and then I'd go out over the place with father, holding onto his hand, and he would set me to work at tiny jobs—weeding, and the like. Then we would come back to breakfast at eight, which would be bacon, tea, bread and jam.

Father's wages were a pound a week—that was only five dollars, but it was sixty years ago—but besides his wages, he had his house and all the milk and vegetables he wanted. At noon we had our dinner—potatoes, vegetables, boiled pork or Welsh mutton, which is very fine, and once a week liver, as a sort of special treat. But the vegetables, you know, were not just turnips and carrots—they were fine enough for a lord—celery, asparagus, New Zealand spinach. We could have broccoli, vegetable marrow, mushrooms, artichokes, melons if we wanted them, for we grew all those things in those days. For tea, at six o'clock in the evening, pickled red cabbage and bread and butter and tea—bedad, that was what father liked!

A pound a week does not seem like much money, but I want to tell you that boss gardeners were important men in those days. He had at least twelve men under him, and often more, and what skill and learning and judgment, what painstaking wisdom, what knowledge of chemistry and biology he had to have, you will see presently. The boss gardener did not dress like a working chap. You will find it hard to believe, but he always wore a top hat and a frock coat—the dress of all professional gentlemen in those days.

When I was working for Mr. W. E. Oakley, the slate-quarry magnate, because he was fond of music and because his country seat was a wild ancient estate in the mountains, far from any hamlet or village, he got up a full silver band of thirty-five pieces, composed of his own workmen—his

grooms and gardeners and footmen—and farm tenants. He made me try a trombone and my brother a cornet. Well, for the first few months we made a terrible noise. It would have made a pig laugh to hear us. But by the next spring we could play a polka pretty well and God Save the Queen, and Mr. Oakley was as proud and pleased as could be.

Whenever he had guests he would send for the band to come and play for them on the pleasance and lawns before his mansion. And that used to make Mr. Rogers, the head gardener, so blooming mad! Because, you see, when we young chaps were away from the greenhouses he had to take off his top hat and frock coat and pitch in himself.

And speaking of the dignity of head gardeners on stately places, one famous gardener, Joseph Paxton, was in 1851 knighted by Queen Victoria, and he became a member of Parliament for many years, remaining always in charge as head gardener at Chatsworth, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire in Derbyshire.

When I was a little lad of three or four father began to teach me the names of the trees. The first tree I learned was the monkey-puzzle tree, or araucaria imbricata, a native of Chile. It was a good one to start a little boy on, first, I suppose, because it looked exactly like a Christmas tree, and second, because it had such sharp and rigid needles that it was the only tree a monkey could not climb.

A Lesson in Tree Culture

"NOW, Willy, remember the name of that tree," father would say, and after I got that in my head for a week, then he would teach me the Latin name, and that would take me a month of Sundays.

Every country boy learned not to carve his initials on a tree. He learned how larches and cedars and all evergreens bleed rosin, which spoils their appearance. And he learned how the sap in all trees is flowing right under the bark, and that is why a person must protect the bark of a tree. You twist a wire around a young tree and you may kill it. It chokes the life out of it—cuts into the running sap.

Llwyn Pool, Llanfyllin

Yes, I learned all that. But then when I was about nine I got a new knife. I couldn't resist a smooth beech tree—they are ghostly gray trees and in a glade of them I used always to fancy that it was moonlight—and while I was carving away I was suddenly confronted by Field Marshal Lord Napier. This was Napier of Magdala, who was one of England's bravest and most dashing soldiers in India. Three times he had received the thanks of Parliament, not only for his generalship and victories but for his wounds and his bravery as a man. He was then about seventy, a tall hale man with side whiskers and a handsome face.

Well, he roared at me like a lion. What was I doing? He was the retired commanding general of the British forces in India and a stern disciplinarian, and so you can imagine how it scared me.

But as soon as he saw how frightened I was he recanted—I can see the look on his face to this day—and he led me to a rustic seat where he explained how wrong it was to disfigure trees that way; how trees are noble lives themselves as much as a man is. Did I like flowers? I could prove that. I had a garden and was proud of it. Then he cut a hazel bush near by and began to make a whistle, showing me how it was done. He said to me that any boy who whistled and loved flowers could not be a bad boy. Then, to make up to me further, he exchanged his own handsome knife for my cheap one, and when he said good-by he whispered that he would not tell my father, the gardener, and he never did.

So I can say with Thackeray: "Hang it, sir, I know a gentleman when I see one, for he immediately puts one at his ease." You know, great people are never stuck up. The more land and blue blood and fame people had in England in those days, the more polite and mild they were. Some will not believe this, but it is the truest thing I have ever discovered.

Lord Napier loved children more than any other man I have ever seen. Whenever he returned from London to his country seat in Wales the first thing he would do would be to send a footman to the school to tell the old schoolmaster to let us all out—about 120 of us. Led by the little village band, we would all march through his park to his mansion. Then, on his lawns and pleasure grounds, we would have games—cricket and football, tug of war, pennies in the grass, Maypole dances. And at the party there would be great ladies—duchesses and marchionesses maybe—who would give us tea and cakes and such things. Lord Napier, throughout the party, would always be carrying some child on his back.

When I was ten I stopped school. The law allowed it then. But the following year a new law was passed which kept children in school until fourteen. Consequently my brother after me was not allowed to do anything so foolish.

As a result he got an education and eventually went through Oxford and is now a clergyman in Wales, and a learned man, while I have always been hard put to it to educate myself and am sorely lacking in it to this day. But at ten, no more school for me! I wanted to be a boss gardener in a top hat and frock coat like my father and the famous Joseph Paxton.

I was put to work on a small place of four acres about two miles away. It was the flower garden I cared for. By a flower garden I mean a part of the garden expressly allotted for the cultivation of flowers, and as such, distinct in character from the pleasure ground, or pleasance. In the latter would be lawns, trees and shrubs, and although flowers of appropriate kinds could be introduced, such a place we would not call a flower garden.

A flower garden should be complete in itself, and we used to think that it ought to have a boundary on one or two sides, so that the eye would be kept to the scene and not allowed to wander beyond to incongruous objects like a field of corn or stables. And the flower garden should be near the house, or if it were not—even if a quarter of a mile away—it should be where it could be seen from the windows.

My first flower garden was forty-five feet square, bounded on one side by the house and on two others by an eight-foot brick wall. It was arranged in bright triangles and stars and diamonds, with about fifty kinds of flowers in it—phlox Drummondi, rock pink, snow-in-summer—most of them low flowers, so that the place would look like a bright carpet, with the right colors growing beside one another. Such carpetlike gardens were very popular in England and we had the most ingenious designs for flower beds and borders, so arranged that the whole summer long there would always be a mass of gay color and no bald patches of brown dirt showing. Then, growing along the garden walls would be tall flowers, such as hollyhocks, gillyflowers, larkspur, Canterbury bells, foxgloves. About the other uses of garden walls I will tell presently.

The Residence of Lord Harlech

A Master Performer With the Scythe

THEN I began to learn about grass. We were so proud of our lawns in the old country—lawns that were as thick and fine and tender as velvet, and that were as strong and tough in texture as a fine rug.

There were no lawn mowers in those days; they came in about 1873. Before that time scythes and sickles were used. Yet the lawns were shorn as tight as they are now. But it took skill in those days. Bedad, that was a work of art!

It had to be done at dawn when the dew was on the grass; you couldn't cut it delicately enough unless it was wet. Since it was every boy's duty to learn to use a scythe, father started me early. But on the hay; no young fellow was trusted to mow a lawn. Father was the boss of the men, and he put me in the middle of the whole crowd and some of those old bucks would show me how to do it. But it took years to learn it. It was not until a chap was an old man that he was a wizard at it. However, now that I am sixty-five I bet I can do it better than any man in America.

Down at Petersburg, Virginia, on the place of the late Mr. William Cameron, the tobacco magnate, where I was boss gardener, there were terrace gardens which had to be mowed with scythes, because they were too steep

Lymore Hall, Montgomery. The Residence of the Lords Herbert of Cherbury After the Destruction of Montgomery Castle by Order of the Parliament, 1646

(Continued on Page 61)

THE DESERT'S DUSTY FACE

Myra Lost Herself in Long Anecdotes of Her Life in Delhi and All the Compliments People Had Paid Her. Her Sweet Forbearing Voice Went On and On

By Dorothy Black

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

UPON the club lawn, on band night, sat a solitary figure. He came a little late and always alone. He sat at a small table placed apart from the others. And if anyone else, not knowing, because old stories die so soon, sat at that table before him, he would get a very bitter and very cold look from the tall man with the lean, handsome face, who would then go off to smoke his pipe in some other isolated spot.

Mothers and daughters and hostesses and others interested in marriageable men would say: "There goes Rob King, managing director of Green & Hawthorne's. He must be worth a mint of money, and what a pity he's so terribly unsociable."

For the legend of the Three Musketeers was almost forgotten in a land where stories soon die to make room for the latest thing. And few there were who remembered that Rob King had been blighted from the first because of the girl who jilted him at home years ago, and because his was the sort of heart that could never get over that sort of thing, and live and love again.

Bunker Green had been gathered to his board of directors in London and Rob King reigned in his stead, with the pay and allowances of a burra sahib. But he would not dine out and he never went to dances and he wasn't much use to a place. And the story of his jilting and his faithfulness having been long forgotten in a country where old stories soon die, his strange behavior was merely put down to liver.

Rob's temper had not improved. He was hard and unsympathetic toward his juniors. His general outlook seemed to be that, having had a hard time as a youngster himself, he would see to it that everyone under him did likewise. His outlook on life became more jaundiced as time went by. Matrimony had claimed his friends one by one, and since Peter Tait's unexpected marriage to Hermione Graves, his best friend's sister, at home, Rob had been all alone. He took a grim and perverted pleasure in the fact that romance had never got the better of him. Now he began to regard his heart as a castle inviolate or a beleaguered city, and his life work that of keeping the besiegers well without. He suspected the most innocent people of designs upon that stronghold. Every woman he met was but a spy from the enemy's country.

After all, was he not a bachelor and known to be comfortably off, with no worse prospects than eventually being gathered to the board of his directors at home? And did not every designing woman who made her way East lay snares for just his kind? What else did they come East for? Nothing!

There sat Rob on the club lawn, in a complete state of siege. The drawbridges were all up and the turrets were all manned, ready to pour the hot lead of sarcasm onto any who ventured near. But no one knew this. All they saw was a good-looking man in a brown suiting, smoking a pipe.

Of late Rob was aware that he had not been feeling well. He was not well. He could not sleep, but lay at night meditating on those who had been carried away in their prime, seeing death, like a grasping hand, feeling for him among the blankets. And he dreamed horrid dreams of the rice trade and saw himself being gathered up with his own paddy on some vast measuring floor and being put into the hopper in some vast devil mill, to be turned out later as Number 1 Rice for Celestial markets.

He went to see a doctor. The doctor merely said "Liver." He also made observations about the size of his spleen and advised him to take a holiday. "A cheerful holiday, with someone you know well," said the doctor. "Don't go mooning off alone. It does a man no good at all, in this country, mooning off alone."

That was the trouble. He did not know anyone anywhere. He was quite refreshingly detached; but when a man wanted to take a holiday it was a bit of a nuisance. He decided eventually to go to Shillong, in Assam, because it stood high and because it meant three days at sea, and he liked the sea.

"Have you got friends there?" asked the doctor.

"Any number," replied Rob stiffly. It was a lie, but a man has his pride.

So his servant packed Rob's suitcases and made some bedding into a roll and took a tin trunk and a straw mat for himself and they boarded the steamship Arankola, bound, with English mails, from Rangoon to Calcutta, all of a Tuesday morning, and so far so good.

The Arankola steamed across the Bay of Bengal in perfect weather, a painted ship upon a painted ocean. All day long the low palm-fringed misty coast of Burma lay to starboard. All day long Rob lay in his long chair and looked at it and thought that, after all, this holiday had been a bit of mistake, as people do who put their holiday off too long. The more he contemplated it, the more distasteful it became to him. He did not know a soul in India. He was bored and going to be worse. And he didn't feel well. But surely there would be some friendly soul in the hotel who would give him a round of golf occasionally. Yes, there must be such a man.

Past Rob's chair came a woman dressed in white. She wore a white hat and white suède shoes with brown strappings, such as are known in the chummeries in Rangoon as corespondents' shoes, though I cannot say why. She looked down at Rob as she passed and gave him a smile.

Hot distaste surged through Rob's breast. One could not even come to sea without being pursued by women. It seemed to him a dreadful thing that the world should be

so full of women, all with nothing to do but pursue men and try to bamboozle one poor mutt to pay their bills for them forever. He picked up his book and did not smile back.

Out of the tail of his eye he saw her lean over the rail some way away. She was slender and tall and she was certainly very smart—the sort of woman he abhorred - with that slick neat look and reddened lips. She must be thirty-seven or eight at least, he surmised, and then felt furious with himself for even surmising. It was a sorry business if a man could not even come to sea without women infesting the place and forcing one to surmise their ages.

Later she passed him again. She was walking with the captain and she paused in the middle of a sentence to throw Rob another smile. He rose and turned his chair so that it now completely faced the sea, and thus defeated her for a little space.

But it was not much good, for when he went into the saloon for luncheon she came and sat opposite him. Although the whole of the rest of the table was empty, she came and sat opposite him, just as he had known she would do. He glanced at her stonily and ordered curry.

She said "Good morning, Mr. Robert King."

Stiffly he arose and bowed to her in the courtly fashion that of old characterized those young men who lived together in Messrs. Green & Hawthorne's Chummery—but which nowadays, in these cheerio times, had rather gone out of date. Then he sat down and devoted himself to his curry.

"You do not," said the lady, "appear overjoyed to see me."

"I belong to the school of thought that holds if a man wishes to make the acquaintance of a lady he will take the initiative," replied Rob, and went on with his curry.

She laughed and said: "Oh, how little you have changed, Rob! It is positively refreshing to meet someone who has remained faithful to type. You were always so dreadfully frightened of being imposed upon by women. You always took your little heart so seriously. And here I find you. . . . Pass me the chutney, like a lamb."

He stared at her, going a little damp about the brow. He delved in his past and tried to find her. He took another look at her, but she meant nothing whatever to him.

"Don't you remember Westcote and our tennis there? When you were engaged to Myra, Rob, and I was her best friend, and used to spend hours looking for balls in the shrubbery so that you'd have plenty of time to kiss her. I was always the soul of tact."

He flushed angrily at her tone, but now he had got her. "Jane Hopwood," he said.

"The very same Jane. And I recognized you, Rob, even before I looked up your name in the table plan."

He muttered apologies. "Oh, don't, Rob! Because it was so like you, and the loveliest thing, after you are thirty-two, is to find something that never changes—something that is not like snow upon the desert's dusty face, lighting a little hour or so, and gone."

He remembered her—Jane Hopwood—a girl he had always detested. But he had to own he would not have known her again. For Jane had been a moon-faced girl with legs of the stovepipe family, given to devastating giggles, with a way of falling over things that was enough to wreck any party.

The only thing that remained of the Jane he remembered was her large, rather blue-gray eyes, under level black brows, fringed with long black lashes. Even in those days he remembered thinking once, "If Jane was thin and a different shape and a different color, she would be quite pretty, with those eyes."

Now Jane was a different shape and thin and a different color. And she was extremely pretty. He could not but own it. Yet within she was the same Jane who of old had brought out everything that was base in his nature. He remembered, like the echo of a memory, how Jane had always come barging in where angels feared to tread. And here she was at it again, riding roughshod over everything a man held sacred and secret and apart.

"I suppose you've heard all about Myra. She married twice. Lost one by death and one by design. She's now looking out for the third, and no doubt she will find him. A determined woman goes all the way."

Did she not dream that such a thing as faithfulness existed—that he could not to this day hear Myra's name spoken without the old stinging regret and all the old agonies flooding his soul?

He hated the way she talked. It was not good taste. He only hoped she would not light-heartedly refer to Myra and all his tragedy before the captain. He did not want his heart taken and kicked all round the deck like a football, to amuse Jane and supply her with small talk. She annoyed him. Twenty years ago no one had been able to bring out everything that was base in his nature so successfully as Jane. He had a suspicion that it was still the same with him.

He was pretty stiff with her all through the meal, and when she tried to talk of Myra he changed the subject, for he wished her to realize there are some hearts where the old wound smarts and the old stories are not forgotten, even in those sunny lands on the wrong side of the Indian Ocean.

The captain did not make his appearance. No doubt, thought Rob, he had summed Jane up pretty successfully with one glance, after the fashion of seafaring men. He must get tired of designing women setting their caps at him.

Jane told him, over coffee, that she was going up to Shillong. He had known that was coming. Ten to one she had found out he was going there and planned accordingly. And now he read her mind like a book. She was arranging to have him look after her on the journey, to share his taxis in Calcutta and Shillong, to make use of him in every possible way—and all on the strength of a childhood acquaintance in which he had never liked her.

He wasn't going to be saddled all his holiday with Jane, and the sooner she disabused herself of that notion, the better.

He said, "What hotel are you staying at?"

"Which are you?" she parried. But he refused to fall into the trap, and she, laughing, saw him refuse and said, "Oh, funny Rob! How little you have changed!"

At teatime she awoke him from his liverish sleep by dragging a table along the deck and anchoring beside him with it and tea for two.

(Continued on Page 48)

She Said: "I Always Liked You, Rob. There Was Always Such a Lot of Real Good Under All the Pomp and the Moss"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

In the United States and Possessions, Five Cents the Copy; $2.00 the Year—52 Issues. Remittances by Postal Money Order, Express Money Order or Check

In Canada and Newfoundland (including Labrador) Ten Cents the Copy; $3.00 the Year—52 Issues—Canadian or U. S. Funds.

In Continental Europe and the British Isles, $4.00 the Year—52 Issues.

In Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Isle of Pines, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador and Uruguay, $10.00 the Year—52 Issues.

In all other Foreign Countries, $15.00 the Year—52 Issues.

Remittances from outside U. S. and Canada by Postal or Express Money Order or by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. Funds.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 21, 1928

Herbert Hoover, Candidate

EIGHT years ago a group of amateur political workers attended the Republican National Convention in Chicago, urging upon the delegates the nomination of Herbert Hoover. On the whole, they represented a fair cross section of the American people. After Wood and Lowden had eliminated each other, the professional politicians nominated Harding. The amateurs' advocacy of Hoover was one of the diversions of the politicians in control of that convention and the naïve supporters of Hoover were voted the prime innocents of convention experience. The original Hooverites were babes in the woods of politics, but they were not visionary, as commonly stigmatized in the lobbies. They spoke from experience; they had seen Herbert Hoover on the job.

Herbert Hoover has been nominated for President. This has come about because millions of Americans, during the past eight years, have also seen him on the job. The political supporters of Hoover did not create public sentiment; they have merely developed and directed existing public sentiment, turning inarticulate into articulate preference. Herbert Hoover is essentially the same man he was eight years ago. But like a tree, he has grown, the roots strike deeper, the trunk is taller and the branches have a wider spread. He is the same man with much more experience.

The manner of man nominated by the Republican Party stands clearly revealed in his personal history and in the record of his practical achievements. Few men in public life stand so clearly delineated. The man in the street is able to judge how Hoover would act in dealing with a problem of his life. A prominent publicist once remarked that Hoover is just a superbly efficient machine. This is untrue, since Hoover is a man of deep heart and broad culture. But so far as the functions of public office are concerned, to be called an efficient machine would not frighten the common man, because this is a machine age and executives must understand it and know how to direct it wisely.

The particular genius of Hoover lies in the discernment and appropriate application of practical methods, whereby workabilities are converted into actualities. The needs of the situation are first measured, the human and material factors are classified and appraised, then the most effective mode of solution is applied. There is nothing new in this; it is merely the modern perfection of the age-old human method; but it is almost revolutionary in the political approach to practical problems.

The method of approach must be suited to the circumstances of the problem. To use a military analogy, some of the problems of modern society need to be faced by a frontal attack, others encompassed by an enveloping movement, others must be outflanked, still others must be reduced by attrition. With a particular problem, one form of attack might fail while another would succeed, just as in war. In his manifold experiences in and with business Hoover has proved himself an exceptional judge of the choice of attack. Hoover is a man not of theory, but of practice. He has little use for hypotheses, but makes diligent use of instruments, human and mechanical. Most of the problems of our age do not need new mathematics or economics; they need the intelligent application of known laws and familiar experiences. Also, they require unremitting effort, and qualities of leadership which Hoover has.

Our material civilization has made uneven progress. Large tasks await the incoming Administration. To insure the desired developments and to complete the needed improvements with the least disturbance, the least waste and the largest retention of individualism, are functions of the incoming Administration. This is the job for which spontaneous sentiment in the Republican Party has held Herbert Hoover best fitted.

Roadside Barbarism

IT MUST be apparent to everyone who studies our roadsides from the seat of his motor car that there are two opposing forces at work upon them—one making for charm and beauty, the other for ugliness and unsightliness. Just now the latter force has the upper hand and many of our roadside vistas are going from bad to worse. The situation is rather discouraging for those who love rural beauty and are compelled to behold the ugly and the tawdry in spite of all they can do to make their own places attractive.

To a population on wheels, roadside views are as important as those from one's front windows; yet we can scarcely boast a single long arterial highway which does not proclaim that, as far as good taste and public decency are concerned, we are still in a state of barbarism. Our main-traveled roads are as good as those anywhere. They are traversed daily by millions of the best and cheapest motor cars in the world. Convenient transportation, cheap, rapid and comfortable, is one of our greatest national blessings, but we have allowed ourselves to be robbed of much of the joy of our highways by permitting their wholesale disfigurement.

The billboard nuisance is ever with us. There has been great rejoicing over a recent decision by the supreme court of the state of Kansas sustaining the statute recently adopted by that commonwealth forbidding billboard advertisement along the highways. One or two other states have passed similar laws; but there appears to be very little in the way of vigorous nation-wide sentiment directed against the defacement of rural scenery. Many thousand miles of our highways are plastered with advertising signs both great and small. The smaller signs are perhaps the more objectionable, from the fact that a score or two are often displayed at the same stand or tacked on trees and add their din of color to that of the noisy billboards. Other public nuisances are littered roadsides and the dismal graveyards of junked motor cars.

If all our states would pass laws similar to the Kansas billboard act, together with supplementary legislation for the control of other roadside nuisances, our highways would be worth billions more to us than they are today.

And yet there are those who would fight tooth and nail against any movement to better existing conditions. There are large elements of our foreign population who seem to be happy in a city slum and wretched in a neat village. There are plenty of native-born, too, who tolerate bad taste more easily than good taste, and can enjoy the country only when it has been tainted by city squalor and slovenliness.

And yet bad taste does not necessarily imply bad morals or lawless behavior. It does not account for the road vermin that are the terror of every well-kept countryside, the cheap marauders who loot every country estate on their line of travel. They begin work in the early spring when the forsythia first breaks into golden flame. They dig up the mountain laurel, break the bloom-laden branches from rhododendrons that are planted too near the highway for their own good, strip the rambler roses and English ivy from sunny walls, steal the summer fruit as it approaches ripeness, and finally end six months of week-end vandalism by hacking down small evergreens and robbing the maples of their scarlet leaves.

These pests are everywhere. The evil of their work will remain uncured until aggressive neighborhood organizations attack it seriously and make a concerted effort to stamp out this vexatious form of petty thievery. Two or three light jail sentences or heavy fines, well advertised, in each locality where such vandalism has become intolerable would virtually put an end to the practice in a season or two. Massachusetts has made a start in this direction, with gratifying results.

We should be content to enjoy flowers and foliage where they grow without feeling any temptation to steal them. We should gratify our color sense not upon glaring signs but rather upon the fresh vegetables, berries and summer fruits which brighten the attractive roadside markets which have become so common. We should take rational pleasure in the roadside panorama like decent Americans rather than like alien slum dwellers out for a week-end raid.

In the very act of reaching out to grasp the beauty of the roadside, we destroy it.

Trusts and Near-Trusts

A TRUST was formed not long since to control what Americans call matches and the English call match sticks. Put together by a Swedish financier, it is a merger of the Swedish Match, the International Match Corporation, Bryant and May and the British Match Corporation. The list of the countries in which it is in effective control of the market reads like the index of a world geography.

Through the International Match Corporation, the trust is believed to have control of matches in Canada and the United States. The trust works both in exporting and in importing states. Effective monopoly is secured in Germany and France by means of ingenious arrangements with the governments. In Italy the state has a sales monopoly on matches, but buys them largely from the trust. Only in Russia and Japan are independent match concerns in possession of substantial shares of the market—in Japan by agreement, in Russia because of lack of agreement. The control of the trust is based upon resources, exceptional manufacturing facilities and universal distribution arrangements.

Foreshadowing probably the formation of an international nitrogen trust was a meeting recently held on a steamer in the Adriatic Sea, attended by the representatives of manufacturers of fixed nitrogen from fifteen countries. The meeting was held under the auspices of the companies controlling fixation of atmospheric nitrogen in Italy, France, Germany, Norway and Great Britain. It is understood that American manufacturers were not represented. Also, Muscle Shoals was not represented. What was transacted is not revealed. The usual propaganda on the universal importance of nitrogenous fertilizer for the future food supply of the world was sent out. Apparently the production programs of each country represented were reported, since this provoked an interesting discussion on the economic limitations of the use of nitrogen in agriculture. Speyer, of the British syndicate, is reported in the European press to have stated that if all the fixed nitrogen announced were really produced this would represent within three years a huge surplus over the present and prospective rate of consumption. If used, such a supply of nitrogen would so exaggerate crop production as to yield a glut of foodstuffs. Doubtless the purpose of the meeting was to organize for maximum consumption on a profitable price level, eliminating competition and reducing expenses of distribution. If it is not a trust, it at least would seem to be an understanding between national interests for the control and exploitation of the international market.

A SUPER-AMERICAN CREDO

By GILBERT SELDES

FOR several years an investigation of the mind of the average American has been conducted by trained scientists, who have applied to this dreary subject the laws of evidence and the methods of verification which are usually associated with laboratory and field work in chemistry or physics or astronomy. Although the research work is not yet complete, ad interim reports have been issued and learned doctors of the subject have read or extemporized speeches before societies gathered—at the nearest speak-easy—to hear them. One of the most noted of their number, who had the brilliant idea of putting his results into the form of fiction, grew so devoted to his subject that his latest discoveries have become his sole topic of dinner-table conversation; others employ staffs of volunteer investigators; the whole thing is on a sound and, presumably, paying basis.

The importance of the subject cannot be overestimated. In the theory—and sometimes even in the practice—of our democracy, the average man dictates policy, elects governors and passes laws. Obviously we ought to know what this average man thinks—or thinks he thinks—believes and feels. As the head of the research section says:

"Deep down in every man there is a body of congenital attitudes, a *corpus* of ineradicable doctrines and ways of thinking, that determines his reactions to his ideational environment as surely as his physical activity is determined by the length of his tibiæ and the capacity of his lungs. These primary attitudes, in fact, constitute the essential man. It is by recognition of them that one arrives at an accurate understanding of his place and function as a member of human society; it is by a shrewd reckoning and balancing of them, one against another, that one forecasts his probable behavior in the face of unaccustomed stimuli."

The New Frankensteins

FOR instance? Well, here are Items 7, 17, 27, 37, 47, 57, 67, 77, 87 and 97 of the 1231 beliefs supposed to be held by the American citizen:

"That Coolidge is a very taciturn man, but that if he ever elected to say anything it would be of world-shaking importance."

"That stagnant water that has turned green is poisonous, and that drinking it means instant death."

"That too many soft foods are ruining the teeth of the race."

"That it is necessary for the state police vigilantly to patrol the Croton water dam to keep the Bolsheviki from throwing prussic acid into it and poisoning the New York water supply."

"That if you walk across the road during a funeral procession someone in your family will shortly die."

"That large dogs are more affectionate than small ones."

"That a doctor knows so much about women that he can no longer fall in love with one of them."

"That something mysterious goes on in the rooms back of chop-suey restaurants."

"That darkies are constantly getting water in their ears from eating watermelon."

"That gingersnaps are made of the sweepings of the floor in the bakery."

These are the things which you, if you are an average American, are supposed to believe; if not these, then a sufficient number of the thousand similar beliefs credited to you by the investigators. Not only do you believe these things, but they are fundamental in making you what you are, affecting your intelligent life as much as the length of your thigh affects your stride. From knowing these things about you, the scientists can judge your "probable behavior in the face of unaccustomed stimuli"—as, for example, what you will do when an earthquake rocks your house, when you hear that a Lindbergh has flown across the Atlantic, and when you meet a Fiji Islander for the first time. What you will do when an epidemic of typhoid breaks out can be predicted if one only knows that you are in the habit of carrying a raw potato in your pocket to ward off rheumatism and believe that many fires are caused by mice playing with matches.

Being scientists, the probers into the American mind have surrounded themselves with safeguards against error. They issue their findings as the credo of the American and have allowed nothing to go into them which is not tenaciously believed by at least a large portion of the American public; further, to isolate the phenomenon of the American mind, as bacteriologists isolate germs, they have assured themselves that no non-American believes any of these things. Because if Slavs and Siamese also entertained the same superstitions, there would be no point in remarking that Americans do. The patient research, the interviews with hundreds of millions of Americans and foreigners, have been undertaken as a labor of love; when you consider that these scientists are dramatic critics, editors, newspapermen, novelists and teachers; that most of them live in New York and see no one—except each other—who knows anything about America or any other country; that these reports on the American mind are mere by-products of their other activities—then you learn to admire these men even more and to wonder how they do it.

Or, possibly, you merely wonder whether they do it—whether it is all accurate and true and significant; whether of the thousands of American beliefs, 90 per cent are really exclusively American; whether 50 per cent are really believed by more than a handful of people; whether it is particularly fair—or even intelligent—to note down the superstitions of half a dozen ignorant farmers and the habits of half a dozen vulgar professional men—even literary critics, maybe—and say, "Americans believe these things." You may wonder what scientific precautions were taken before these analyses of a country's mind were made public. And you are allowed to go on wondering, because no explanation is offered.

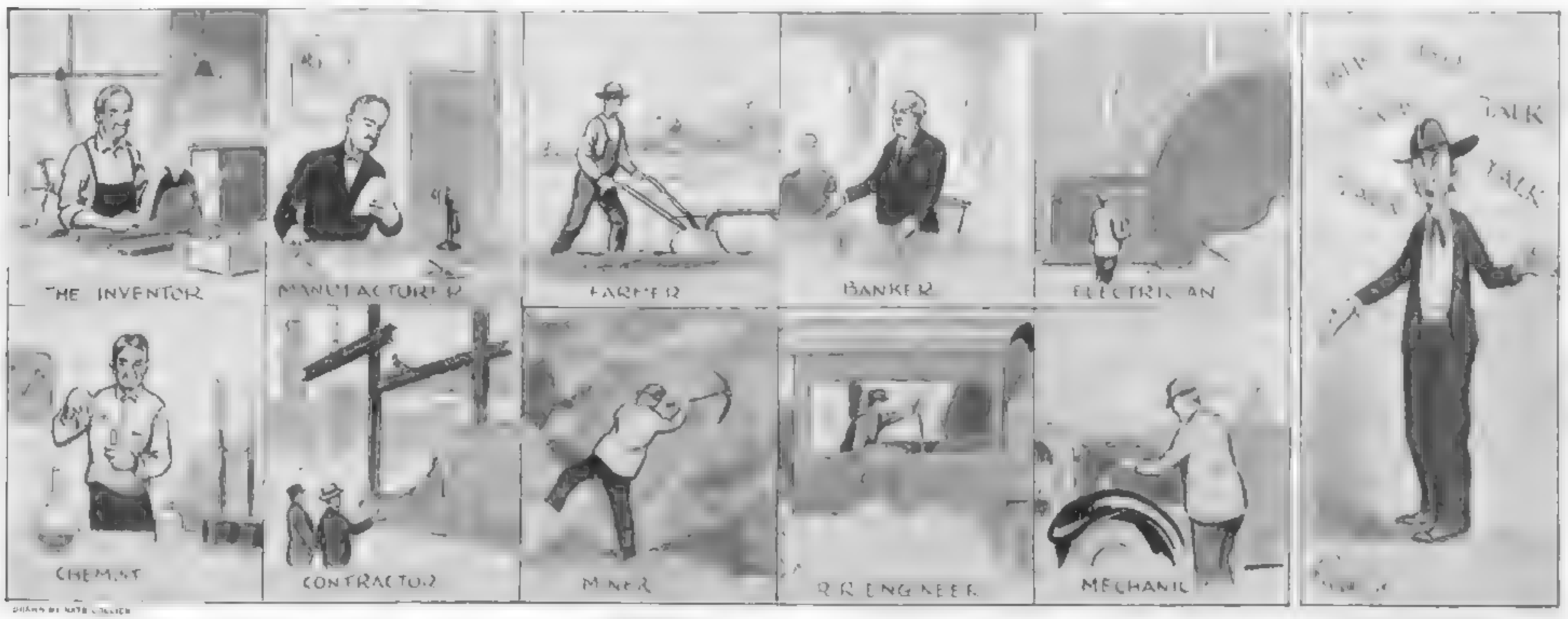
Anxious to turn an honest penny, I once set myself to make up a list of my own, but the raw material was lacking. Nearly everything discreditable to the average American—commonly known as homo Americanus boobiens—has already been circulated. Merely to write down that all Americans are thugs and cheats and wife beaters would hardly do; there has to be a flavor of truth to carry the insinuation. It seemed to me, for a long time, that I could never become a genuine sociologist of the new type.

Their Modesty Restrains Them

THERE is, however, a field untouched. Superior in intelligence and experience to all other Americans, the investigators of the boob mind have so far failed to supply a body of beliefs held by the super-American himself. I submit that this is unfair to the superior people. It is obvious that they are the makers of the next generation. Attacked and ridiculed today, their ideas are influencing the young, and when the young grow up the ideas of the superior few will become the dominating influences in our society. A nation is not made by its average citizens, but by the superior ones; the intelligent men of today, the ones who do not believe that throwing a hat on an empty bed means death, create the society of tomorrow. All the wit, all the intelligence is theirs, and yet they have failed to formulate these things in terms we all can know. We have a right to better acquaintance with our supermen.

Since they have omitted to do it themselves, I have prepared a digest of the super-Americans' beliefs. I have of

(Continued on Page 45)



BABBITTS

INTELLIGENTZIA

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Brigham Young: "Now, Let's See; What Was it the Wives Told Me to Get?"

Fisherman's Idyl

WHERE, wistfully, willows, aware of their winsomeness weep by the banks of the babbeling brook,
Cacophonous caroling comes from the katydids calling the catfish to bite at my hook;
Sit I in somnolent sunlight and, slumbering, dream of the day's piscatorial hope.
Brooding on balefully bustling boobesie, battened to business and that sort of dope.

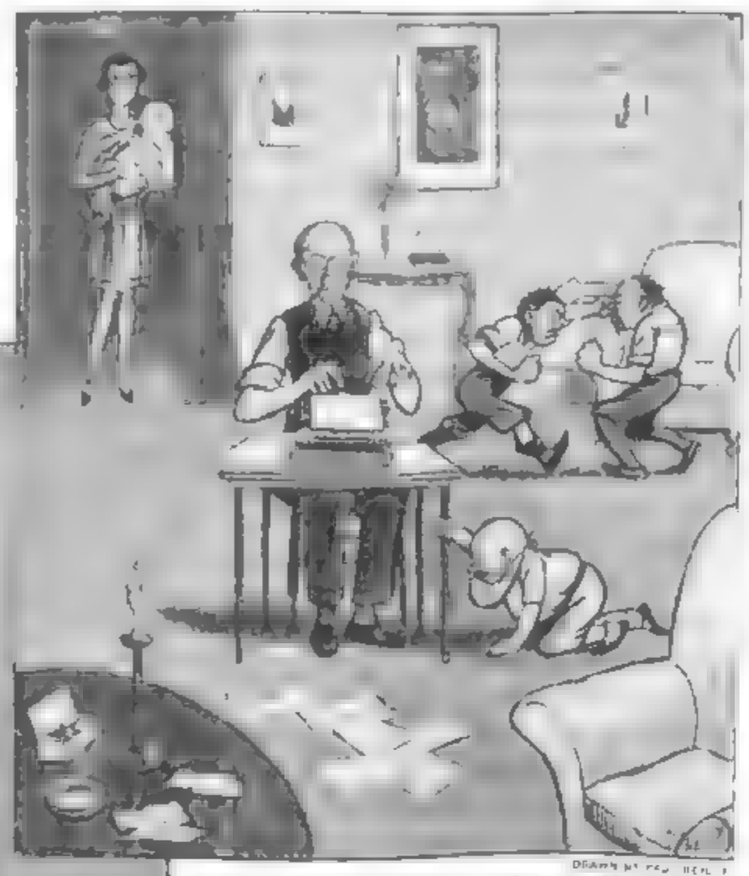
Perch, pike and pick'rel repose in placidity, soon to be pouched where I put what I pluck;
Safe from the whispering water's lucidity, safe in my creel goes my fisherman's luck.
Mine are the minnows that win, oh, with fortitude! Fraught with the sport of the angler's skill,
Bait I and wait I as seated, sedate, I arrive at that state I can dream on at will.

Watch I a whale with a long curly tail that is used for a sail when the whale wants to flee.
Hark! There's a shark or a dogfish's bark in the dew-dappled dark of the miniature sea.
Silver fish, gold fish; the young and the old fish—they swim in the dim of the dangerous deep.
Trolling and casting for each everlasting, I'll catch it, detach it and match it in sleep.

So, ho, for the joys lovely Nature employs when she's free from the cloys of municipal noise;
And, yo, for the violence of undisturbed silence, where one has the trees and the bees for one's toys!
Safe from the masses, I dream of the basses and fish of all classes—alas, is it fate?
While peaceful I slept on, the fishes, adept on all types of deception made off with my bait!

—Carroll Carroll.

Poor Dog: "You Say You Hire That Poodle to Trot Around With You? . . . What's the Idea?"
Rich Dog: "Fleas are Crazy About Him—They Won't Stay on Me a Second While He's Around"



Confession Magazine Writer: "I Write These Sordid Details in the Hope That They Will be a Warning to Other Unmarried Girls. Mary Ellen"

Above the Sidewalks of New York

"YOU look tired, Henry."

"Yes, I am. It was a terrible day at the office. Worst in a month. Just as I got my coat off, Nickolai Nickoloupous, the

(Continued on Page 77)

Small Boy (Below): "Hey, Guy, Look Out! There's a Woodpecker After You"

First Chorus Girl: "Lookit, Mame, Here's That Old Bald-Headed Egg Who's Been Trying to Make Me All Afternoon. Watch Me Wallop Him!"

This new perfection is making Campbell's Beans more the leader than ever!

When you buy beans for your table, you are interested in only one thing—Quality. Which beans taste the best? Which beans are cooked just the way the vast majority of people prefer? Which beans do most other strict housewives serve regularly on their tables?

Campbell's Beans! Their popularity is overwhelming. They far out-sell any other beans on the whole continent!

For years the favorites, Campbell's Beans now go farther into the lead because of their latest perfection. Slow-cooked to a golden brown, the beans are whole, yet deliciously mellow and tender.

Only the pure juices of red-ripe, luscious tomatoes are used in Campbell's famous tomato sauce, which flavors these beans so irresistibly. No beans *could* be higher in Quality than Campbell's! Serve hot or cold.

Slow-cooked

Golden Brown

THE SANDALWOOD FAN

"There's Something That Should be Guarded More Carefully, Mr. Phillipse," He Said, Handing Dick a Folded Sheet of Paper

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

XIV

IF YOU have any reason to think that something is being ribbed up for you, Mr. Phillipse," counseled the Central Office man, "let me get my partner, and we'll both go with you and cover you."

"I think you better do that," accepted Dick. "I have this reason—that the bondsman in the station house told me that I was arrested on that absurd charge so that I might be detained for an hour or so. I take it that I was being detained from my interview with Wong Get; and I can't imagine who, but Wong Get and myself, knew of that appointment."

They went into a cigar store and into booths. While the detective called up his associate, Dick telephoned Wong Get to excuse himself for being tardy.

"I am still expecting you, Mr. Phillipse," said Wong Get. "You will be here within the half hour? No, you have occasioned me no trouble. And you are bringing the thing that we spoke of? Good."

The other detective was waiting in the Subway exit at Eighty-sixth Street and Broadway. They walked to Riverside Drive and to the apartment house wherein Wong Get lived; they discussed methods and precautions, and finally arranged that the detectives were to wait in the public hall outside Wong Get's door, and were to ring the bell at the end of three minutes, when Dick was to come to the door. They debated the policy of taking the superintendent of the house into their confidence, since he might promptly notify the tenant of what was afoot; they decided, however, to enlist his services. They would tell him that it was another tenant that was under surveillance, and ask him to bring his pass-key, so that an immediate entrance might be effected. They spoke to the superintendent accordingly. Upon discovering that they were detectives, he resigned his pass-key readily. They rode up to the tenth floor. The officers retired to a turn in the public stairs while Dick rang the bell.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Phillipse," said Wong Get, opening the door in person. He closed it behind Dick and walked away toward a private hall, requesting Dick to follow. On the left side of this hall were the dining room and a bedroom and bath; on the right side were the kitchen and two bedrooms. Dick saw the slight figure of Wong Get going to the end of the hall, and was pursuing him when intercepted.

"Put them up," said the wheezy voice of Tap-tap Tony.

The one-legged man was in the shadow of the kitchen doorway. Dick stopped dead and put up his hands. He saw the gleam of the pistol, and did not doubt that the murderous-minded cripple would shoot without pause or pity.

"In here," said the cripple, turning about and swinging into the kitchen. A man came from the dining room, struck Dick a pushing blow, and shoved him after Tap-tap Tony. Dick saw the white servant girl. She had been tied, crudely but efficiently, with a length of clothesline. Part of the line was waiting for Dick; he put his hands behind him docilely when commanded. The cord was lashed about his ankles. The robbers had evidently been discussing the bottle of Scotch that stood half emptied on the dresser; they took one of the whisky glasses now, wrapped Dick's handkerchief about it, and thrust it into his mouth.

Dick's eyes were on the white-and-blue kitchen clock, and it seemed that his hope would be realized and that the wallet containing the paper from the bank vault would not be taken from him before help came. Indeed, the one-legged man was in the act of searching him when the bell rang insistently. The ringing was unheeded.

"Bring that Chink in here," called the crippled robber. He found the wallet and the paper, as Wong Get, still looking unperturbed, was marched into the kitchen by the third of the gang.

Dick heard the grating of the key in the lock, and hurrying steps in the foyer. One of the robbers ran from the kitchen and into the private hall. There was a shout out there and a pistol shot.

Tap-tap Tony was instantly erect. He crossed the kitchen in two leaps, swinging along like a great ape, shot through the open window, and rattled up the fire escape. Hard at his heels ran the fellow who had remained with him in the kitchen. The man who had gone into the foyer did not come back.

Wong Get yelled and the detectives arrived. One of them whipped out a pocketknife and cut Dick's fastenings. He wanted to tell them that they had come too late and that they should take after the robbers as the only chance, but he could not get that wretched little glass out of his mouth; it had engaged behind a tooth. He pulled it out at last, when he had already climbed the steep top ladder of the fire escape and was clambering over the parapet to the roof.

The building adjoining on the north was a thirteen-story apartment house; Dick arrived at the parapet in time to see the crippled robber swarming up the last six feet of a rope that hung down from the roof of the taller building. The rascal climbed like a monkey, doing that six feet in two or three seconds, although he had had to climb at least twenty feet of the rope already. One of the detectives fired at him as he swung over onto the roof, but he vanished without giving evidence of having been hit. The other robber had surrendered without attempting to follow his leader, and was now being searched for weapons precedent to being marched to a cell.

"We'll get him coming out," called one of the Central Office men, running to the elevator, which had a landing on the roof. The car was waiting. The other detective followed, hurrying his prisoner along.

He said to Dick, "You'll find this fellow's gun back there, and you might watch that rope."

It was a fortunately taken precaution; the car had hardly sunk from sight, bearing the detectives and the subdued robber, when the head and shoulders of Tap-tap Tony appeared above the parapet of the neighboring roof. He caught the rope, flung himself over the brink and came down through the air like a spider. Dick was awaiting him. While the man's foot was still pawing for a landing place, Dick jammed the captured pistol into his back.

"Keep your hands where they are, you vicious dog," he said. He would have shot the man without a qualm. Like most law-abiding people, Dick's restraints were humanity and conscience, and not any squeamishness.

Dick took a revolver from the man's outside jacket pocket, and then, with a real thrill, found the wallet in his breast pocket. The paper was still in it.

"Got him, have you?" bawled a voice overhead. Dick glanced up and saw a uniformed policeman on the adjoining roof.

"Keep him covered until I get down and up to you!" shouted the policeman. "Don't take any chances with that bird, friend!"

When the policeman was gone, Tap-tap Tony spoke to Dick in the small and repressed voice that Dick had heard on the night that Scissors Lafetra was murdered. "I can tell you something about that paper, sir."

(Continued on Page 28)

"Double-action" Sunbrite

Freshens like Sunlight

CREAMY tiles, polished metal, color in curtains and rugs—your bathroom can be one of the most attractive rooms in the house.

And it's so easy to keep it attractive with "double-action" **Sunbrite!**

With **Sunbrite,** everything is *glistening clean*—free from spots and tell-tale rings. *Fresh and sweet*—with no hint of disagreeable odor. *Sanitary*—the hidden, as well as the surface dirt dissolved.

Because of its "double-action," **Sunbrite** will accomplish all of these results with but one cleansing process. Not only does **Sunbrite** scour and polish. It contains a purifying element which acts like sunlight. Makes everything *extra* clean, without extra effort.

Sunbrite is economical. It does not hurt the hands. Order a supply for your household cleaning—*today*.

Swift & Company

City of Sunbrite Homes are extra clean.

QUICK NAPTHA WHITE SOAP CHIPS FOR DELICATE FABRICS

(Continued from Page 26)

"What can you tell me?" demanded Dick.

"I can tell you what it means—and I can tell you who killed Duane"

"Was he killed?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who killed him?"

"You'll let me go, sir? Let me get to that fire escape, and I'll find an open window. I'll tell you, sir."

"Oh, no," jeered Dick. "I'd rather have you than your lies. You had a nice time, Mr. Tap-tap Tony, hunting me at Blue Point like a rabbit; now you can try a spell of something else. You're going back to Suffolk County, and when they're through with you, you won't trouble honest people again for many a long year. I'm going to spare neither time nor trouble in seeing you get what you have fairly earned, and you'll get it, for you'll have no crooked politician or political judge to save you."

"I realize now that I made a terrible mistake," said Tap-tap Tony tremulously. His eyes were suddenly suffused with tears. "It's what I was told long ago, sir, and wouldn't take warning that those who live by the hammer can expect to die by it. Yes, sir, and I know, too, that no matter how severely I am punished, it will not be more than I have richly deserved."

A strangled sob came from him. He winked hard and dropped one of his hands, which had been at his ears, to his upper breast pocket, where it seemed to grope for something wherewith to wipe away his tears. It fell from there to the jacket pocket from which Dick had taken the pistol.

"Stop your confounded sniveling," grumbled Dick. And then he jumped back, but not in time to avoid a heavy blow in the pit of the stomach. He dodged at the same time, and Tap-tap Tony, who had darted at Dick like a striking snake, went down on his left shoulder for a rolling fall that brought him up against the parapet.

"Don't try that again," said Dick tolerantly. "Stay right where you are now."

The policeman came from the elevator. "Got him, eh?" he called gladly. "Get up out of that, you rat. Do you know how we came to catch this mob at work, sir? There was a citizen downstairs saw them running up the fire escape, and he yelled to me. Well, there was a flat in that house robbed only a month ago by fellows that came down from that roof on a rope ladder; so I figured this was the same kind of job, so I whistled and rapped and ran right in next door and met this bird coming down the stairs."

"He won't climb down onto any more roofs for a while," said Dick.

"I wouldn't be sure of that," said the policeman, bringing out his handcuffs. "He may get bail before nightfall. The way they turn these rats out as fast as we can run them in, makes me think sometimes I need glasses. You'd think you was seeing double, too, if you was to run a man in and see him on your beat again as soon as you get back. There's a pretty thing."

He had taken a short and heavy knife from the prisoner's sleeve.

"Hello," exclaimed Dick, understanding for the first time that Tap-tap Tony had struck him with a weapon. The metal buckle of his belt had been nearly cut through; he slipped a hand inside his shirt and brought it back touched with red.

"Lucky boy," said the policeman. "Another half inch and it would have broke through the stomach wall."

Dick went with him to the street to have the pleasure of seeing the sinister cripple definitely on his way to prison. He was standing among the people who had congregated in the street to await the return of the policeman when somebody tapped his shoulder.

"Hello, Phillipse."

He turned and saw Lowell Zittel.

"I heard you were here, Phillipse, but I didn't expect to find you creating so much excitement. What's been going on up there?"

"There was an attempt at burglary."

"You seem to have a live time of it. Hardly a dull moment. Are you going downtown again today, Phillipse?"

"I don't think I'll bother so late in the day. Why?"

"Let's go somewhere and I'll buy a drink. I want to have a talk with you. There's a good place on Eighty-second Street."

"I must get to the Colonia Trust on Eighty-first Street by five o'clock. I have that paper with me and I want to get rid of it. I've been keeping it downtown, but I have a box in the Colonia up here, too, luckily."

"Before we go, let me illustrate what I have to tell you, Phillipse. Look over there by the Park wall. Do you see that coupé?"

"The fourth in the line—with one man in it? Yes."

"Good. Now we'll walk to the hotel and I'll show you."

They walked over to West End Avenue, turned the corner and stopped short, by Zittel's request. Ten seconds later, the coupé turned the corner after them. It rolled on its way up the Avenue, and Dick could not see that the driver looked at them, but the coincidence was highly suggestive. "There you have it," said Zittel. "He was following."

"Following us? I think so myself."

"Following me. And I know just why he does it too."

They went into the grille of a second-rate hotel whose management still believed in the since exploded economic theory that it paid to serve alcohol to moneyed addicts. Zittel had a rye whisky

"That stuff makes me drunk," said Dick, declining the treat. "I'm funny that way. Well, Zittel, what seems to be troubling you?"

He was curt; he did not care particularly for the salesman's company.

"It's a long story, mate," said Zittel, forcing a facetious note.

"In that event you'd better let me get in two telephone calls that are preying on my mind."

He called Little Amby and told him of the developments.

"Wait for me there," directed the lawyer. "I'm coming right up with a man that I want you to hear. At the hotel grille."

Dick called up Wong Get's apartment and got the Chinaman on the wire. He had no animosity against Wong Get, realizing that what he had done in tolling Dick into the trap had been done under constant threat of death.

"It is gone, Mr. Phillipse," said Wong Get.

"The fan is gone? Do you know who took it?"

"I do not know this. It is gone. I am very sorry for you, Mr. Phillipse, and then a little for myself. But it is not important to me now."

Dick hung up. He lit a cigarette to calm his troubled mind and nodded to Zittel. "Well?"

XV

ZITTEL'S clear brown eyes dwelt steadily on Dick. "Phillipse, you're a friend of mine, aren't you?"

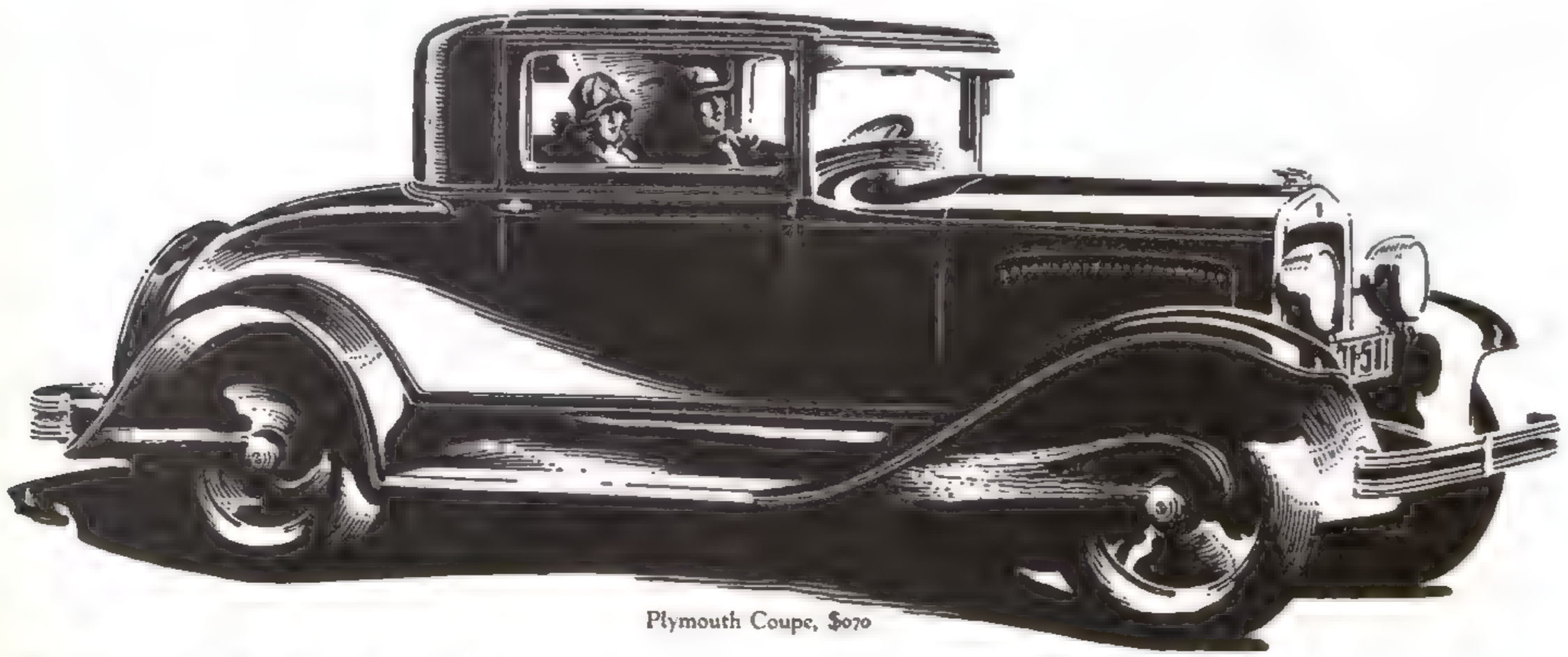
"You can depend on me to do anything I can for you."

"That fellow I showed you in the coupé was a detective." Zittel paused expectantly, but Dick merely nodded and murmured, barely acknowledging receipt of the information and inviting no confidences. A door to the grille was opening and closing under the impulses of a wandering breeze; Zittel jumped up and shut it with an unintended crash. He took a turn up and down, seated himself opposite Dick, and said: "Phillipse, you're a queer sort, but I feel I can trust you. You recall the first night I met you and Florence Duane? I told you that I was a stranger to Garry—and that wasn't so."

(Continued on Page 31)

Dick Advised Nell to Spend a Week or Two at the Seashore With Florence While the House Was Being Put to Rights

SURPASSING ALL PREVIOUS CHRYSLER ACHIEVEMENTS IN THE LOW PRICED FIELD



Plymouth Coupe, $670

CHRYSLER

PLYMOUTH

$670

AND UPWARDS

Plymouth Prices — Coupe, $670; Roadster, $670; 2-door Sedan, $600; Touring, $605; De Luxe Coupe, $720; 4-door Sedan, $725. All prices f. o. b. Detroit. Chrysler dealers are in a position to extend the convenience of time payments.

CHRYSLER PLYMOUTH

THE new Chrysler-built Plymouth is utterly unlike any other automobile at anywhere near its low price and far beyond anything that has gone before in appearance, performance and value.

For the Plymouth, Chrysler engineers have developed entirely new and distinctive body lines. The Plymouth is long, low, swagger in appearance. It contains generous seating accommodations. It is luxuriously upholstered and finely finished.

Chrysler's justly-famed engineering skill has designed an engine and chassis giving performance so far superior that comparison is futile.

00 miles and more an hour with smoothness that is the very essence of velvety action from the new "Silver-Dome" high-compression engine with which you can use any gasoline.

You ride the roughest roads at 25 and 30 miles an hour without the least jar or discomfort.

The Plymouth is the only car at or near its price equipped with light action internal expanding hydraulic four-wheel brakes with moulded brake linings. Weather cannot affect their efficiency.

All these things are given at such an extremely low price—$670 to $725—that this car must justly be considered the most unusual value ever placed upon the market.

See it and test it. We are sure that in the Plymouth you will discover an entirely new kind of performance, appearance and value surpassing any ever previously known in the low price field.

"Monte Carlo" pattern in Karnean Marbled Inlaid (No. 6062). A popular design in *Sealex Linoleum*—alternating tiles of sky blue and cream with rich marble veinings.

LINOLEUM THAT IS REALLY "EASY TO CLEAN"

You can't send your kitchen floor to the cleaners when things are spilled on it. Spots and stains call for hard rubbing and scrubbing. There's no other way to remove them—unless it's a floor of the new *Sealex Linoleum*. Then ordinary household accidents need not worry you.

For in *Sealex Linoleums* the dirt-absorbing pores are (by the new and revolutionary *Sealex Process*) penetrated and sealed against liquids and spilled things. Dirt cannot grind in to rob the floor of its fresh new beauty. Even hot fats, hot fruit juices, full strength ammonia or ink cannot harm this remarkable linoleum.

A damp mop removes them without leaving a tell-tale spot. There's no more back-breaking scrubbing—your floor is almost as easy to clean as glazed tile.

Best of all, this unique stain-proof feature is achieved without sacrifice of either beauty or durability. In fact, *both* are increased. The *Sealex Process* tends to preserve the flexibility of the linoleum and gives added depth and a velvety lustre to the colorful designs.

In addition to a wide variety of richly colored Inlaids, the new *Sealex Linoleums* include two-tone Jaspé, Romanesq, Plain and Battleship. You will find patterns and colorings to suit every type of room and every decorative scheme. All of them are spot-proof. All of them are surprisingly moderate in cost.

When cemented down over deadening felt, such floors give years of comfort, beauty and economical service. Remember the name "Sealex"—it stands for high quality in genuine linoleums.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC., *General Offices:* KEARNY, N. J.
New York Philadelphia Chicago Boston Pittsburgh San Francisco
Minneapolis Kansas City Dallas New Orleans Atlanta Rio de Janeiro

Soil-proof - Spot-proof - Easily cleaned

SEALEX LINOLEUMS

FREE—A new and valuable book on home decoration by the well-known authority, Winnifred Fales. It contains many helpful suggestions on how to adapt inexpensively, the new trend in decoration to your own home. A practical Color Scheme Selector comes with the book. Address Congoleum-Nairn Inc., Kearny, N.J.

Name _____ Address _____

(Continued from Page 28)

"You knew him?" said Dick with awakening interest.

"Very well. I had known him for more than a year. I met him in Chicago in May or April of last year, and I was in touch with him from time to time after that."

"Why did you give us to understand that you didn't know him?"

"You'll comprehend when I tell you some things. I think you know that Garry Duane acted as a betting commissioner at times. I was intimate enough and thought enough of him to give him nine thousand dollars to put on Dempsey at Toledo last year."

"A pleasant beginning for a friendship."

"It mightn't have been. After the fight Duane told me that he had understood he was to use his discretion, and that he had put the money on Willard. Well, I believe people did let him bet their money for them as he judged best, but that wasn't my case and he couldn't have understood it so. I do believe he was the soul of honor, and that if Willard had won I would have collected, but that didn't alter the case, and I wanted my money back. He did the squarest thing he could do then, after pleading that he didn't have the funds; he gave me a note for nine thousand dollars and said he'd pay it off seven hundred and fifty a month. Up to the time of his death he had paid off fifty-five hundred dollars, so that he still owed me thirty-five hundred and interest."

"Why didn't you file your claim against the estate?" Dick asked.

Zittel handed Dick a promissory note. It was made out to Whitman W. Reese for nine thousand dollars and interest; the maker was Garret K. Duane. Noted on its back were payments on account in the total sum of fifty-five hundred dollars, the last payment having been made in May, 1920.

"This isn't indorsed to you. How is this yours?"

"I am the Whitman W. Reese that's named there."

"I see. If I'm to accept this as evidence of debt, Zittel, it will have to be very well supported. I see you didn't put this through a bank. Why not?"

"I had no bank account in that name, and I didn't dare to start one. The debt, so far as I was concerned, was a debt of honor, and if you want to accept it in that way, well and good. You can readily substantiate what I've told you. There must be a record of the different times I called Blue Point and talked to Duane. And if you get Duane's canceled checks—he only had one account—you'll find a check made out for every payment shown on that note. That's proof, isn't it? The checks were made to Cash, because the account was a joint one with Mrs. Duane, and she had to sign the checks, too; and as he said to me, he didn't want his wife to know all his business. Having no bank account, I had to cash the checks around about, and you can look up the people I gave them to and find out."

"I'll certainly investigate before paying you, Zittel. File the claim and I'll have it looked up."

"I can't do it, Phillipse. The fact is that that nine thousand dollars wasn't mine. Now you have the truth. That's why I had to leave Chicago and change my name. I haven't run away from the people I took the money from. I put the cards right on the table and told them the money was gone in a bet on a prize fight, and that I would pay it back. So they agreed to withhold prosecution, and I've been paying them the money as I got it from Duane. All I want is to return these people their money as I have promised, and clear my good name."

"Why don't you assign this claim to them and let them file it and collect directly?"

"Oh, no," said Zittel positively; "that wouldn't do at all."

"Who are these people?"

"I don't see where that's important."

"Only that when you make a claim that's subject to contest, you want to be frank as to the collateral circumstances."

"They are the people I worked for in Chicago."

"As a salesman?"

"Salesman. I collected a big account, and thought I could use the money and put it back in a week."

"And you think these people have put a detective onto you now?"

"I'm sure of it. After Duane's death I let them know that I couldn't pay them any more money for the present, as I wasn't getting it. So they're investigating me to see what money I'm touching, and they'll probably make a demand and a threat. What do they want me to do? A man can't live on bread and water."

"It's been done, Zittel, by people who forgot the difference between *meum* and *tuum*—and not as an advertising stunt either. Well, I'm sorry to hear of your fix, and if I can honor your claim without prejudice to the estate, I'll do so when the time comes. After all, the amount is small. Unless you're in debt otherwise, I don't see why you can't raise thirty-five hundred dollars."

"You mean nine thousand."

"Didn't you pay these people the money you had from Duane?"

"Well, yes; that would make it thirty-five hundred. That's all I'm asking from you. Can't you resume the payments on that note at once?"

"Oh, no—if it were only because the estate has no money."

"I feared that would be your answer. But let me ask you one thing, Phillipse: Don't breathe a word of what I've told you to Florence. We all err somehow, but a man is entitled to a chance to try again, particularly when he has at last met a girl who means something real and vital in his life."

"No, I won't speak to her about it. I would probably have felt obliged to do so if the information had come to me from another quarter."

"Thanks, old man. I'll speak to Florence when the time comes. I realize I can't present that claim against the estate openly until she hears of it, from me or from the Chicago people; but that's no inducement as against her good opinion. I'd only tell her if I thought she was liable to hear it from somebody else. I'm terribly obliged to you for keeping the matter quiet, and I want you to feel that I will do as much for you any time."

"You are very kind," said Dick, with more courtesy than gratitude. "Do you want to leave that note with me?"

"I don't think that would be quite the thing. Don't feel for a moment, Phillipse, that I hesitate to trust you with it, but it is all the evidence of the claim I have, and I shouldn't give it up."

"You'll excuse me, Zittel," said Dick, seeing Little Amby entering in company with his man Cohen. "I have an appointment here, and I'll have to run away."

"Let me do that, rather," said the salesman, jumping up.

Cohen seated himself several tables away. Little Amby, slapping his sharply creased trousers leg with a folded newspaper like a race tout, came directly to Dick.

"You saved the paper anyway," he said, resuming the talk they had had on the wire. "Let me have a look at that mysterious document, will you, Phillipse?" Dick took out his wallet, abstracted the long envelope that contained the potter's verse, and tendered it to the lawyer. Little Amby took out the sheet of paper, unfolded it, folded it again, and said, "What do you know about this man Zittel?"

"Why do you ask?" countered Dick.

"It's one of my principles, Phillipse," said the lawyer, moving to restore the paper to its envelope, "to get well acquainted with everybody connected with a transaction in which I am interested. I don't sit in a game with a stranger, and I don't want one standing about. Ah, here's the man will tell us something about him."

An oldish man—stocky, dark, quietly dressed—was entering. He came to the table when Little Amby beckoned, and sat down. "Cohen!" called Little Amby. The managing clerk came over. Little Amby said, "We'll be here for a half hour or so; you can run down to Fifty-seventh Street and see that man in the Bopp case, and hurry back. I think you'd better ——" He arose, turned his back to Dick and whispered to Cohen. The managing clerk nodded mutely and left the room. Little Amby sat down again, still toying with Dick's envelope, and said to the dark and stocky man: "What did you dig up, Saracena?"

"Quite a little. He sells for Stolnick and Garrabrant, of West Thirty-ninth Street, women's dresses."

"And that," said Little Amby, "is information that no ordinary person can get without looking in the telephone book. You're some sleuth, Saracena."

"You're speaking of Zittel," inferred Dick. "Now I recall Mr. Saracena—he was in a coupé on the west side of Riverside Drive in the Eighties only a short time ago. It was you, was it not, Mr. Saracena? You drove over to West End Avenue ——"

"This gentleman was with Zittel," said Saracena, pleased not more than very little. "Don't take the words out of my mouth. I found out that Zittel was acquainted with Duane, the man who killed himself. He talked to Duane over the wire twice in April, and again on May tenth."

"Where did you get that?" Little Amby looked at Dick to note the effect of this supposed news.

"At the Breckenham, where Zittel lives. My information is that he spends more time sporting around than selling dresses. He's been quite friendly with a little Italian girl who works as a dancing hostess in a place on Columbus Circle, and it seems that Duane must have paid him quite some money, as he cashed three of Duane's checks there. He hasn't been there lately, much. I haven't learned what his business with Duane was, but it probably had something to do with betting, as this Duane is Garry Duane the sporting man. Whatever it was, Duane seems to have wanted to keep it dark from his family; the three times he talked to Zittel on the wire were when the family was away to Lakewood and Duane was supposed to be down there too. I haven't heard yet of any personal conferences."

After Saracena was gone, Dick said, "I knew the substance of this already. Zittel told me himself."

"When?"

"Just now. He told me about his transaction with Garry Duane. It seems that Duane owed him money and hadn't paid it all when he was killed. Zittel wanted the money and had to tell me the story to explain a note Duane had given him. I promised not to repeat it to Mrs. Duane, but I think you ought to know."

The lawyer's black eyes did not leave Dick's face as the latter recounted his talk with Lowell Zittel. As he concluded, Cohen appeared again; Little Amby excused himself and went to his clerk and spoke to him privately. He returned.

"What's Zittel's angle on Mrs. Duane, in your opinion?" he asked. "Just a gold digger, is he?"

"No, I don't think so, Hinkle. I think he's head over heels in love with her; I must give him that much credit I speak from seeing them together."

"And what about her?"

"I'm not so clear there. She invites his attentions, but she is a woman who is very fond of admiration, who must always have a man hanging onto her. And only the type of man that likes to be trampled on by a woman would put up with her. She's so tyrannical and arbitrary—a very pretty woman, though. I do believe she likes him, but whether it is for himself or because he lets her run over him roughshod, is more than I'm psychologist enough to say."

"You don't think he amounts to much."

"I don't like him, and I don't know why," said Dick, frowning thoughtfully. "He's always been pleasant to me, outside of an occasional pert remark, but I feel there is something effeminate about him; he impresses me as a man who might get hysterical, and I don't fancy that sort. Just a mean animal prejudice of mine, Hinkle, and no fair criticism of Zittel. Lord, when I look back at the fine people I've cordially disliked, and at the good-for-nothings that I've cottoned to on sight and never stopped liking, I don't offer my instincts as evidence against anybody but myself."

"So the situation now is that we have the paper and the other side has the fan," said Little Amby, handing the envelope to Dick. "It is true that for a few minutes they—meaning the people we're up against, whoever they are—they had both the paper and fan, but I don't think we'll have cause to regret that. I don't believe that Tap-tap was steering that job; he passed the fan to somebody. Unless Wong Get was standing in with him."

"I don't believe he was. He impressed me very well—as a capable person who had affairs of his own to attend to. I think we can take his story at its face value—that he was jumped by this gang and compelled to lead me on. There is no doubt as to where the gang got its information; Huey Gow, the gambler, was eavesdropping. Nobody else knew of the appointment."

"Yes, they did. The police knew; I knew; Zittel knew. I understood you to say that there was a print of that fan that served the same purpose as the fan."

"Yes—in China. So Wong Get said."

"China's not exactly convenient to the Subway, but it's not as far off as it used to be."

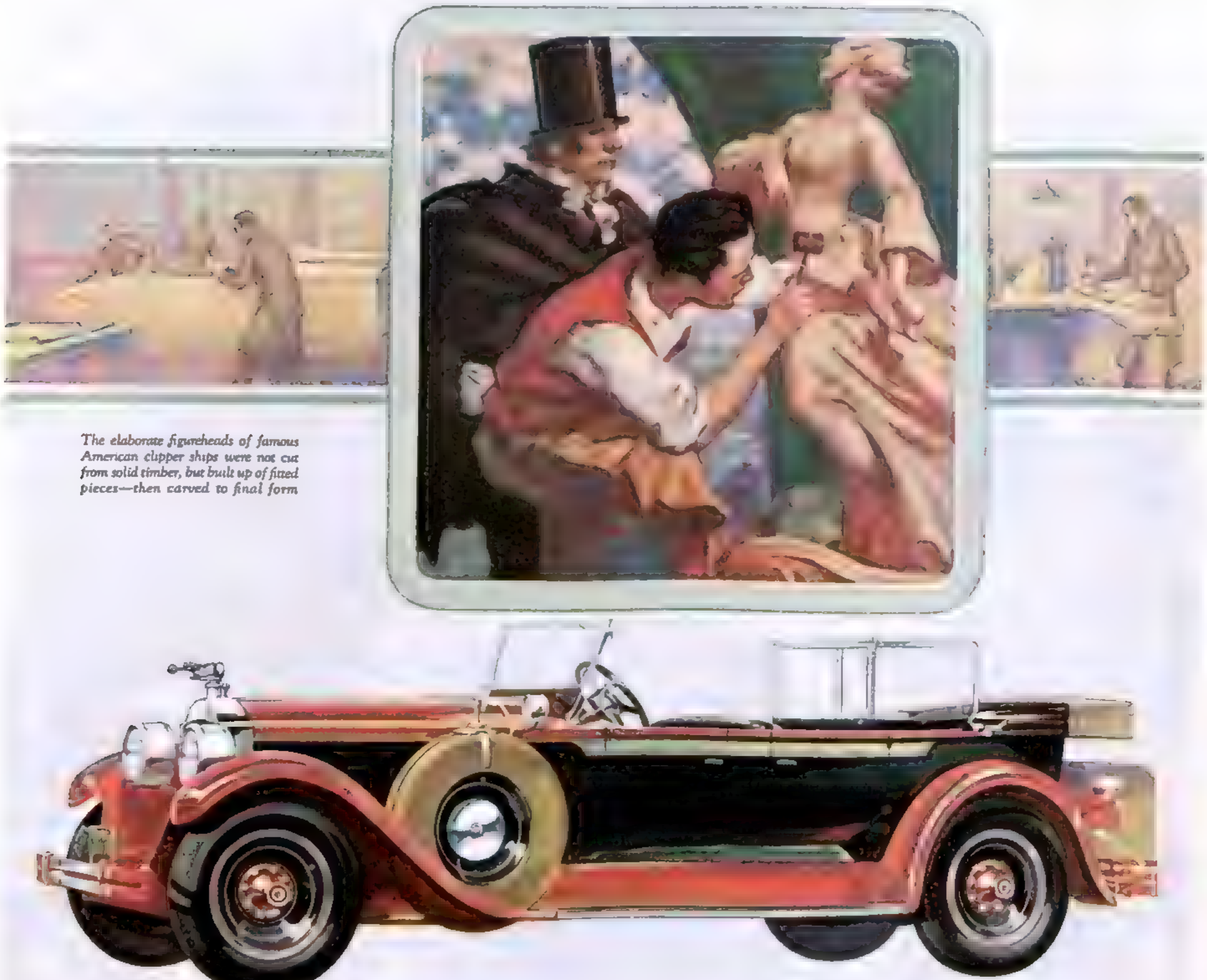
"I have had it in mind to ask you—did Scissors ever tell you what he was up to that night when he took the fan? I don't think he told us. If he did, we didn't listen, because we were all intent on hearing what had happened to Garry."

"Not at all," said Little Amby significantly. "No, Scissors admitted frankly everything that he was sure I knew, and he gave me a ghost story for the rest. But I have a pretty fair idea of what he was about, because I know what he was. He was a gunman, a killer. He didn't have brains enough for any other branch of the business. His specialty was getting doped up and emptying his gun into somebody for a hundred dollars or so. You can take it that he was there to kill."

"Is it possible that two different killers were pursuing Garry Duane that night?"

"They were probably working together. That's the more approved method—to send several. You would think that the first man to arrive on the scene would wait for Scissors, but he may have been full of dope too. On the other hand, it is hard to believe that Scissors would squeal on a fellow worker, because he would be just as guilty of murder as the boy that fired the shot. Those fellows know the law where it touches on their business. And it doesn't look like a bought job; only one shot was fired. A gunman empties

(Continued on Page 64)



The elaborate figureheads of famous American clipper ships were not cut from solid timber, but built up of fitted pieces—then carved to final form

PACKARD'S characteristic lines have set the standard for an entire school of automobile design.

First an achievement of independent, creative designing, then refined and developed through the years, Packard lines—though frequently imitated—have never been surpassed in grace and distinction.

This is not accident. The continued refinement of Packard lines, while retaining all their familiar and distinctive characteristics, is today the object of as careful thought and study as was their original conception.

When improvements are contemplated, Packard artisans construct from the drawings a full-sized body of fine wood. Under the eyes of the designers it is then reshaped until each line and curve is artistically correct, each panel, door and window properly proportioned—the whole a perfect model for a new interpretation of Packard beauty.

It is such faithful consecration to an ideal—typical of every phase of Packard design and manufacture—that has established Packard beauty and distinction as supreme among all fine cars.

Packard cars are priced from $2275 to $4550. Individual custom models from $3875 to $8725, at Detroit

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

THE DARK SECTOR

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

Gifford Had Become Sleek, Handsome, Perfectly Tanded, Perfectly Healthy and, to the Casual Observer, Entirely Charming, With Scarcely Any Spirituality at All

AS THE big car drew near to the port of Digby, Gifford roused himself. "What time does our boat shove off, doctor?"

"As soon as we roll aboard her. That should be at about four of what promises to be this lovely morning. I have chartered a cargo boat for a special trip."

"Splendid! This is the one great adventure of my life. When I shot down two enemy planes one morning about three years—I mean ten years ago, I thought I had hit a high mark. Two of them! But compared to this it was a dull stage business."

"What you did about ten days ago was not so bad," Doctor McIntyre said dryly. "You could have parachuted safely to earth from that plane and left your drunken pilot to shift for himself. The time you lost in bundling him out all clear cost you your chance of making a safe landing. I shall never quite understand why you weren't a mass of dislocations and internal injuries, failing to be killed outright."

"I must have fainted in the air, fully expecting to be killed, so that I struck entirely relaxed—and you say the ground was spongy."

"Yes, a fairly dry but spongy marsh. What you have just suggested is interesting. Having no hope of living when you jumped, you let go everything. In fact, you were probably already in a state of suspended animation when you struck. You were in a catalepsy, limp as a man just killed, and the ground being like a cushion, the violence of the shock was minimized. But your deep subconscious mind declined to be driven out."

"No doubt the parachute helped a little," Gifford said.

"The phenomena of falls are curious," said Doctor McIntyre. "A man may tilt back too far in his chair and go over and be killed. A child may tumble off a fire escape on the third story of a tenement, land in a paved court, be brought to the hospital and walk out none the worse a couple of days later. Total relaxation explains it in part, and the rest remains unexplained."

"I appear," said Gifford, "to have been a ward of Providence."

"That is one reason why I insisted on your immediate return," Doctor McIntyre told him. "These last two escapes were entirely too providential to warrant your risking the solidarity of your home. I should say from the tenor of her talk to me that your wife is no flighty sentimentalist. She made it entirely clear that she wanted her husband, sane or insane, plus his memory or minus it, and that she wanted him at once. Her final words were convincing."

"What were they?"

"She said: 'The old darling will soon come back where he belongs when I get my arms round him. Don't worry. I know how to brush the cobwebs away.'"

For the thousandth-and-odd time it seemed to Gifford that his heart was trying to jump out of him as he had jumped out of the plane.

He contained his emotion enough to observe: "That sounds a little as if she had brushed them out before."

"The same idea struck me. You may have had brief lapses of memory that nobody but your wife particularly noticed. Everybody has them, in various degrees. But I have an intuition—call it a hunch, since it has no scientific basis—that your wife is apt to succeed. In purely mental disorders a good wife is worth the whole faculty of medicine."

Day was breaking over Acadia as they came down on Digby, though it was not yet four o'clock. The pale blue sky held the soft remoteness of infinity and the still waters of the bay were satiny and opalescent, like the matrix of a pearl shell. The sturdy little cargo boat chartered by Doctor McIntyre was ready to receive the car and cast off as soon as it was taken aboard. Gifford found that he had been lacking in appreciation of the miracle wrought for him, that was yet no miracle at all. Who would not rejoice, he asked himself, to be thus transformed from drink-ridden good-for-nothing, fugitive from a threatened institution to a rich man, honored and respected, with a happy home, lovely wife and children? What price memory for such a benefaction?

"Don't you think she may feel instinctively my mental remoteness, doctor?" he asked as they shoved off.

"She will feel it enough to try with all her force to bring you back," Doctor McIntyre answered, "and I'm hoping that she may succeed before so very long. The alchemy of love is potent. It's the strongest force in heaven or earth, if there is anything at all in metaphysics. That's why it would be entirely wrong not to give it every chance to work."

The little boat plowed a clean furrow through the smooth green pasture of the sea. The sun rose, and with it a light breeze sprang out of the north when the bright rays brushed the shirred waters with rose and gold. Fishing boats and small steamers and here and there a sailing vessel moved over the sea on their various missions.

The cook of their little transport served them with breakfast—coffee and eggs and bacon and fried flounders. Gifford ate hungrily. He seemed always to be hungry, and commented on this fact as a matter of surprise.

"Another sign of splendid health," Doctor McIntyre told him, smiling. "That is one of the two factors tremendously in your favor."

"And the other?" Gifford asked.

"The fact that you have fallen in love with your wife."

Again the burning blush. "I feel as if I were a rank fraud, all the same, doctor—a shameful, shameless one.

Actually, I am not the Gifford Derring of today. I am that man not long after an accident on the polo field, seven years ago."

"Well, what of it?" Doctor McIntyre retorted. "That's when she fell in love with you and married you."

There was, Gifford perceived, no danger of his breaking down the argument of this wise counselor. He was glad of that. But he had a moment of panic when, after their arrival on the mainland, when they were a little distance on the Maine highway, Doctor McIntyre said:

"Gifford, when we get to Camden I am going to leave you at your gates, without driving in, and go on to the Inn. I find it better that you should not appear to have been brought home in charge of a retired alienist. It must appear that you slipped away from the hospital in a state of temporary amnesia, but that you presently recovered your rationality and went home. You are too important a man to have it bruited round that you are *non compos mentis*."

"Isn't that apt to happen anyhow, since I haven't the slightest knowledge of my affairs?" Gifford asked.

"You had better take your wife and children and sail for Europe. Your business associates can be told what is not hard to believe that your accident has left you unfit to discuss business matters at all. Tomorrow I shall call and issue my professional orders. Tell any reporters who may be about that you are quite well again, but prefer not to discuss your case. Better not refuse to see them, but merely state what I have said. The nine days' wonder of your recovery should not last longer than that—in these modern days of hurry, not so long. You came to dazed and wandered off, then came back to rationality and hastened home. That's all there is about it."

This advice Gifford felt to be sound, though at first he was dismayed at the prospect of losing his mentor just when he felt that he might need prompting the most. He perceived also that Doctor McIntyre had withheld a part—perhaps the most important part—of his reason for leaving Gifford at the gates of his estate. The doctor would consider it of vital importance that Drusil should not believe her husband in need of a guardian.

They sped rapidly over the road and in due time the Camden Hills appeared blue with distance, ahead. Gifford hoped that his heart was sound organically. He was glad also that he had not much farther to go. The nervous strain was beginning to tell on even his splendid strength. The ordeal ahead was of a sort that his mind was totally unable to anticipate, and the character of the force necessary to be summoned could not be determined.

Does one need to buckle on a defensive armor to meet the contact of a thrilling joy? Must one rally courage to meet the passionate embraces of an adoring wife who, stranger though she may be, still is already loved? Does a man need to brace himself against the welcoming clamors of his little children, these already dear to him in his imaginings?

Gifford felt his situation to be at the same time joyous and terrible, rapturous and appalling, one of a sweetness fraught with dread. His hands trembled as they rested on his knees. A fine perspiration spread over him. His mouth was dry, his throat seemed glued together. He could not remember having ever felt the same fearful anticipatory strain of nerves—not even when waiting to take the high air on his first aero combat.

Doctor McIntyre was watching him narrowly. He asked then in a voice like the crack of a whip: "Gifford, would you like a drink of brandy out of my flask?"

Gifford turned slowly and stared at him, a frown drawing a straight deep crease down the middle of his forehead.

"No, thanks," he answered coldly; "I don't happen to be that particular sort of a coward."

"Would you want it if you were?"

Gifford shook his head. "Not even then—so you see it's really no credit to me. Look here, I believe you are putting me through a test."

"I thought I should like to know just how far back your lapse of memory goes," Doctor McIntyre said; "or, to put it differently, just where it begins. Even assuming that you have no special craving, Gifford, I think you are the bravest man I ever met."

"Thanks, doctor. It takes all I've got to play for so high a stake."

There appeared presently on the right of the road ahead the low granite wall inclosing a beautiful estate. Inside was a majestic sweep of lawn, ornamental shade trees in all stages of growth, and some old-timers, stately elms and splendid white oaks that had escaped the shipwright's ax. A beautiful house, long, low, Norman in its architecture, rested gracefully on an eminence to dominate Penobscot Bay. Doctor McIntyre recognized the property from the description of it given him by Drusil.

"Gifford, there is your home. And there is a little knot of men about the gate. They have every salient of the genus reporter. When Ba'tiste stops the car, get out and say to me merely, 'Thanks for the lift. Sorry you don't feel like coming in, but I quite understand.' Don't say 'doctor.' I shall see you tomorrow. God bless you, my boy."

He wrung Gifford's hand, then told Ba'tiste to stop for a moment at the gates. Gifford did not try to speak. The knot of men loitering about the gates, sitting on the low granite wall, roused a sudden hot resentment in him. It acted as a stimulant, a strong instantaneous tonic. What lay immediately ahead was apt to be hard enough without this interruption, this distraction. It was as if he were required to submit to a curious questionnaire at the steps of the church on his wedding day. Any embarrassment that he might have felt was swept away in anger and disgust at this intrusion on his sacred privacy of mind.

Gifford realized also that he must not lose his temper, appear to be put off his poise. His front must be impregnable, present an equanimity that would offer no handle for distortion. As the necessity for composure was now impressed upon him he felt his ebbing forces rally, array themselves with stability and with perfect form.

Then, when the crucial moment came, the ordeal, like so very many that are hardest in anticipation, resolved

(Continued on Page 99)

Drusil Turned Again and Looked at Him Perplexedly. "Giff, Do You Know That You are Exactly as You Were at the Time of Our Marriage!"

Regular health examinations and simple preventive treatments are now an established part of many school programs.

BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.

This business of guarding health

Few forces have done more to advance the world's civilization than Medical Science. The practicing physician, the medical college, and the institution of research have contributed immeasurably to the welfare and happiness of humanity.

The physician's responsibility is heavy. In America, for example, he has under his care the health of 118,000,000 people — 40,000,000 of them, growing boys and girls.

Your physician needs your coöperation

Fortunately for these future citizens—fortunately for your children—the physician is equipped for this responsibility as never before.

By virtue of the advances of medical science, and the quality of the medicinal preparations at his command, he is now able, with your coöperation, to check and often prevent many dangerous illnesses which were once an inevitable risk of childhood and adolescence.

Grown-ups, too, are protected by the fortress of Preventive Medicine. But children reap the greatest benefits, for children are more sensitive to infectious disease than adults.

And more and more parents are learning to value the "ahead-of-time" protection now everywhere available.

Intelligent mothers welcome regular health examinations of their children at home and at school, followed by such simple preventive treatment as their physicians consider advisable.

The increased responsibility of the maker of medicines

With the steady advance of medical science has come a corresponding increase in the responsibility of the maker of medicines.

The growth of Parke, Davis & Company from a small beginning in the compounding room of a chemist's shop 62 years ago, to our present position as a world-known institution, is the result of our response to this greater obligation.

And we could never have grown so solidly if we had not served the medical profession well—if our guiding thought had not always been to provide physicians with the purest drugs, with the most dependable medicines, that scientific skill and care could devise.

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

A PERSONAL NOTE

Parke, Davis & Company make a number of special products for your daily home use—with the same exacting care which marks the manufacture of Parke-Davis medicines. If you will ask your druggist about them, he will tell you that each needs no further recommendation than the simple statement: It is a Parke-Davis product.

SOME ATTIC ADVENTURES

By BOYDEN SPARKES

PHOTO BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

The Interior of the U. S. Dirigible Los Angeles Shows That the Crew Enjoy the Same Pleasures in the Air as Do Their Mates Aboard Ship

THERE are about 20,000 amateur radio telegraphers in the United States. In all the rest of the world there are about 5000. Although restrictions in other countries are a factor, this disproportion is evidence that the regal leisure of Americans, a manifestation of our economic progress, is not being entirely wasted. There are other thousands, uncounted, who reach out into infinity for further boundaries to be defined by telescopes. In fact, there are some amateurs in every field of science, encountering, perhaps within the barrel of a microscope, things more interesting to themselves than anything they would be likely to observe in a velvet-draped night club or in a plush chair at a motion-picture theater.

But the men who have attached themselves to radio in rôles more active than that of listeners have for their playground the whole field of physics, and, as toys, such natural phenomena as electricity, magnetism, heat, light and sound, as well as that master puzzle of philosophers—the secret of matter.

Last year the radio division of the Department of Commerce examined and passed about 5600 applicants for amateur operators' licenses, and there will be more than that number of aspirants this year. Yet, no farther into the past than 1914, there were fewer than 1000 amateurs in the country. Those pioneers were men and boys who were thrilled when they could transmit and receive over a radius of thirty miles. In an automobile they could have ridden beyond range of their apparatus within half an hour. Today there are thousands of them who are able to communicate with others at the ends of the earth—some in places that could not be reached, without airplanes, in less than six weeks. Vacuum-tube transmission, developed during the war and astoundingly superior to the old spark-gap transmitter, is responsible for this change.

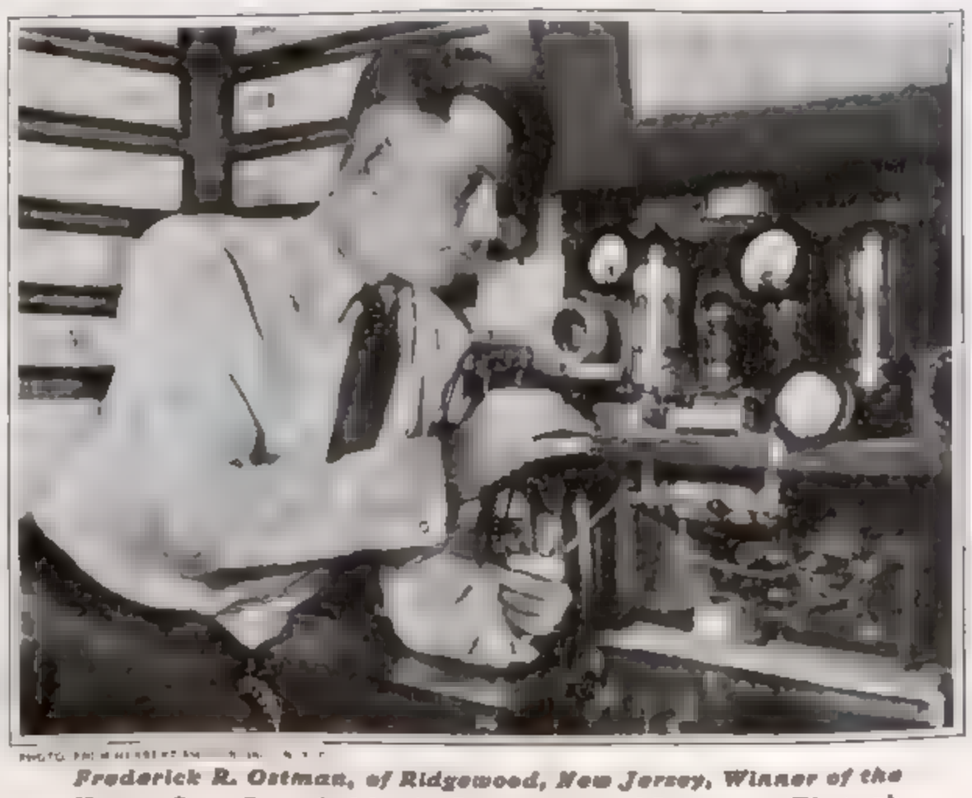
Some of those early amateurs had better equipment than was in use by the United States Navy. There was no regulation governing this means of communication, and the ocean of air that envelops the earth was as lawless as any frontier known to mankind. In those times some of the amateurs used to splash about in space with their spark-gap transmitters, like so many boys frolicking in a mill pond. One who used to interfere with the wireless messages of the Navy on occasions was David Sarnoff, who is now vice president of the Radio Corporation of America. H. P. Maxim, son of the machine-gun inventor, was another of those pioneers.

Amateurs on the Air

THE first law on the subject was passed by Congress in 1912, and that made one kilowatt the maximum power that might be used in amateur transmitters, which were held to be a nuisance in the regulations of that time if their wave length passed above 200 meters. With the passage of that law, the Navy and commercial wireless organizations predicted, happily, that the annoying amateurs would no longer be able to work out of their back yards. Distance—DX—in those days was rated by the amateurs as anything more than twenty miles. Gradually they began to master the technic of working below that 200-meter wave band, but, even in 1914, the average range of amateur stations was less than fifty miles. There was no broadcasting, of course, and the relatively few amateurs of the time sent their signals out into an element that was as little crowded as the Atlantic in the century after Columbus' voyages.

In the year the World War began, the "ham" radio operators of the country and existing local clubs were organized as the American Radio Relay League with headquarters at Hartford, Connecticut. It happened then because one of them perceived a way in which their previously aimless threads of activity on the air could be woven into a fabric of genuine service for the free transmission of messages.

The newly developed vacuum tubes were held as closely guarded treasure at the laboratories where they were produced, except for a few that were placed in the hands of favored persons. Every amateur was ravenous for some of the strange electricity valves. In the gossip that circulated among them, there was an occasional scrap of information as to possible sources of the cherished glass tubes. Maxim, in Hartford, desired to obtain some from another amateur in Springfield, Massachusetts, but Mr. Maxim's legally crippled set would not transmit signals that could be intercepted in Springfield, and the idea occurred to him to send his message, with a request for relaying it, to another amateur at Enfield, Connecticut, about midway. The message was delivered and the tube transaction was completed. After that, the daring idea occurred to him and some of his fellows in Hartford, the capital of Connecticut, of trying to relay a message by a sort of radio bucket brigade to the capital of New York—Albany. When that had been done ambitions soared.



Frederick R. Ostman, of Ridgewood, New Jersey, Winner of the Hoover Cup, Awarded by the Department of Commerce Through Secretary Hoover to the Best All-Around Amateur Station

In Emergency

DURING the next few years amateurs, in painstakingly organized links, passed messages on through the air, as Pony Express riders in an earlier day had relayed mail across the plains, across the continent and back in a total elapsed time of an hour and a half, which would compare favorably with the service given by the telegraph companies. There were then about 8000 licensed amateurs in the country, and all of them, a few months later, had to take down their antennæ, dismantle and seal their apparatus. America had entered the war. Overnight 3500 of those amateurs became exceedingly valuable recruits. Just how valuable they were may be measured by the statement of one of them, Kenneth B. Warner, secretary of the American Radio Relay League, who became a radio instructor.

"In six months," he said recently, "we could transform a selected man of the draft into a radio telegrapher of a lesser grade than prime; but the radio amateurs, on the other hand, merely had to be introduced to the government apparatus. Without them our wartime service of communications on land and sea would have been sadly deficient."

Gleeful amateurs love to recall how they finally impressed one navy four-striper, who was skeptical as to the importance of their rôle in the development of radio, and their value to the Government in wartime. This captain was in command of a vital naval communications work. His office was a remote control room, in the capital, into which were carried wires from all the transatlantic commercial wireless stations, including those powerful German enterprises that had been seized when war began.

At the end of the war there was introduced into Congress a bill that would have given the Navy absolute control of radio. A government monopoly was indicated. Amateurs who were not in service believed that the passage of the bill meant the end of amateur activity on the air. In desperation they sent out appeals to all licensed amateurs, addressed with this prefix: "To any member of the family of." In that way substitute aid was enlisted, in the families of those men who were in service, for a scheme to release an avalanche of protest on Washington. How much weight this had may not be measured now, but in recalling the situation the amateurs dramatize it.

The Navy captain, they say, in his office there in the nerve center of naval wireless, acknowledged that the plan for naval control of wireless had been defeated and then expressed emphatically his disbelief in the value of amateurs. Reminded that his own staff was composed largely of amateurs, he questioned the statement.

(Continued on Page 39)

8 "Firsts" in automotive history that emphasize Mobiloil Quality

First successful automobile engine lubricating oil — used by George B. Selden in his first car. 1877.

First automobile oil supplied in different grades to meet the varying needs of different types of engines. 1905.

First Lubrication Chart. The publication of the Mobiloil Chart made each dealer and motorist an expert in selecting the correct oil for any make or model of car. 1906.

First to provide for special summer and winter lubricating requirements. The Mobiloil Chart pioneered also in showing which cars should use lighter oil in winter. 1906.

First oil to obtain universal approval of the automotive industry. 182 makers of automobiles and motor trucks approve the recommendations for their engines in the Mobiloil Chart.

First in aviation. The list of aviators who have depended upon Mobiloil quality in historic flights includes Col. Lindbergh, the U. S. Army Round-the-World fliers, Arthur Goebel, the U. S. Army Hawaiian fliers and many others whose feats you read about in your newspapers.

First in popularity. Mobiloil is asked for by more motorists than any three other oils combined.

First in distribution. Mobiloil is the only oil sold in every state in the Union and in every foreign country where motor cars are used. You are always sure with

The World's Quality Oil

Mobiloil

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Look for the red Gargoyle trade-mark on the Mobiloil container

*

Fair retail price—30¢ a quart from bulk, except "B" and "BB" which are 35¢ a quart. (Prices higher in Southwest and Far West.)

Blueprint sketch of the Goodyear-equipped elevator installation in the concentrating plant of the Smuggler Union Mining Co., Telluride, Col., with inset photograph of the plant.

Copyright 1928, The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

The Smuggler Union — and the G. T. M.

For the gold there is in it, they crush rhodonite ore, one of the world's hardest, cuttingest and most abrasive rocks, in the concentrating plant of the Smuggler Union Mining Company, at Telluride, Colorado. And for the economy there is in it, they handle the ore on elevator belting specified by the G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man.

They were getting about a year's service from their belts on elevator duty when the G. T. M. first called on them. To get longer service, to cut down the belt cost per ton, and to insure dependable, trouble-free belt performance, he applied the Goodyear Analysis Plan.

The G. T. M. made an accurate survey of all the mathematical factors involved, computing center-to-center distance, pulley dimensions, load, speed, number and spacing of buckets. He also took into consideration with the plant officials such plant conditions as the abrasive nature of the ore, the fact that it comes wet from the regrinding mill, that it is of normal temperature.

He recommended a Goodyear Elevator Belt, 66 feet long, 20 inches wide, 6-ply, with 1, 8-inch bucket side and 1, 16-inch pulley cover. It was installed January 8, 1924, and it stood up to continuous 24-hour-a-day duty on that job until June 18, 1926 *—practically two-and-a-half years' service against the ordinary belt's single year!*

"It reduced our cost at least 50%, if not more," writes Mr. Chapp E. Wood, the Mill Superintendent. Mr. Wood adds: "We find that Goodyear Elevator Belting gives us from two to three times the service of other belts under parallel conditions."

It stands to reason that a belt specified and built to its job has a better chance to do more work and better work, at lower cost, than a belt bought as just so much belting. This is the logic of the Goodyear Analysis Plan as applied by the G. T. M. to a single unit or an entire plant. It proves out in actual practice because the principle is right.

If you have a belting problem, we suggest you call in the G. T. M. An expert on rubber belting, he has a wide experience with the requirements of many industries. You may rely on any Goodyear Mechanical Rubber Goods he may recommend —Transmission Belts, Conveyor Belts, Elevator Belts, Hose, Valves and Packing. To get in touch with the G. T. M., for further information about the Goodyear Analysis Plan, or for Goodyear performance records in your industry, write to Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

The Greatest Name in Rubber

BELTS · VALVES HOSE · PACKING

GOODYEAR

(Continued from Page 36)

"Sir," spoke up his lieutenant aide, "I was an amateur operator when I came into the service."

"That's only one," retorted the captain.

"I was also an amateur, sir." This was his other aide, an ensign. "And many of the men in the control room are former amateurs."

"Go out there," challenged the captain, "and bring in all the amateurs you can find."

The aide obediently entered the control room. There were thirty operators, each at a set of apparatus linking, through the big coastal stations and the ships at sea, every part of the scattered naval forces. When he returned he was followed by twenty-nine—or maybe it was only twenty-eight—of the thirty crack operators of the control room. Thereafter the amateurs had another supporter.

After the demobilization period the "hams," broadened in experience by their military service, returned to their antiquated and dismantled sets, with something like contempt in their hearts for their old spark-gap sets. Masters, now, of rule-of-thumb procedure, they all wanted to employ the continuous-wave-tube transmitters and they had fresh ambitions. The commercial transoceanic stations, each representing an investment of millions, defined those ambitions.

The amateurs, home from war service, carried memories of gigantic coastal stations, with antennæ strung on eight-mile-long rows of masts, each nearly as tall as the Woolworth Tower; with power houses capable of supplying all the electric current for a medium-sized city; with a staff of several dozen technical experts. A world dizzy with scientific and technical progress no longer marveled that such equipment molded thunderbolts that could be felt overseas. But those impudent amateurs, each with back-yard or attic antennæ and perhaps $100 worth of gear that he had assembled with his own hands, dreamed of sending and intercepting messages over distances as great as could be spanned by the long waves of the gigantic stations. The amateurs dared to think of doing this with the short waves that had been assigned to them as being valueless for commercial or official purposes.

As a dressmaker might toss scraps from the bolt of cloth he cuts, to children at his feet, so these short waves had been tossed as a plaything to the amateurs. To the amazement of all, the short waves, manipulated by the amateurs, have been proved the most efficient of any for long-distance radio—and the experiments are not finished. Already there are dozens of amateurs in the United States who, using, as a transmitting oscillator tube, the smallest receiving tube made—the battery-cell-operated UV-199, such as is to be found in some types of broadcast receiving sets—have talked with Australians and other amateurs in places equally remote from our shores. Hundreds have done this with the smallest transmitting tube made, the UV-202, rated at five watts. Most house lights are 40 watts. A flatiron is 600 watts.

For some of us, wave length has less meaning than the word "pink" to a man born blind or the word "melody" to a man without hearing. As a short cut to understanding, I sought an explanation from R. L. Duncan, director of the Radio Institute of America, where many seagoing commercial operators get their training.

"Radio signals," he said, "travel in waves, and a wave length is the distance between two corresponding points in succeeding waves. Length depends on two electrically measured factors—inductance and capacitance. If these values are small, then the waves radiated by them will be small, or, as we choose to put it, short. Correspondingly, if those values are large, the waves are bigger, longer. A big rock, cast into a pool, makes big waves; a pebble makes little waves. Seemingly, though, the short waves of radio, about which we still know very little, travel through the natural resistance that is offered to radio waves, with greater ease than do long waves. Consequently they travel with less power. Instead of huge power stations sending them forth, the work is done by the smallest of batteries. Sometimes the short waves will work when the long ones will not, but so far the most dependable under certain conditions are the long ones."

Long Distance on Short Waves

"SHORT wave lengths are not a recent discovery, although the amateurs have done much to develop them. It should be remembered that Marconi's first experiments were with short waves. Then experimenters kept using more and more power and longer and longer waves until, during the war, transatlantic stations were built to operate on 25,000-meter waves."

In four successive winters, beginning in 1920, the amateurs, through their league, financed transatlantic tests. No European amateur had heard American amateur signals when those tests began, but the fact that American ships in European harbors had intercepted these American-made radio waves suggested that the delay in accomplishing two-way transatlantic amateur communication was due to the lack of apparatus sufficiently sensitive, in Europe. Accordingly, the American amateurs sent one of their number to Ardrossan, on the west coast of Scotland. He was Paul F. Godley.

In December, 1921, Godley, at the station he had set up in Scotland, copied the signals of twenty-seven different American amateurs. Clearly the American amateurs were further advanced in the practice of their hobby, but there was rapid improvement abroad and, in 1922, more tests were conducted in conjunction with French and British amateur societies. Those tests lasted for two weeks and the American amateurs paid dearly for them. Arrangements had been made for representatives in each country to cable a daily report of each American amateur station heard and the foreign station that had reported it. So many European amateurs reported hearing the signals that the cable bill was $1900.

In 1923, tests were devised with the hope of bringing about two-way communication, and, at Thanksgiving time, on the eve of the tests, it was accomplished for the first time—private citizens, using the despised short waves, had gossiped across the ocean.

Listening In on a "Slipper Crystal" Receiving Set, Made by an Amateur, Which Was Exhibited at a Radio Show in Chicago

Fred H. Schnell, seated in the sun parlor of his home in West Hartford, Connecticut, exchanged messages with M. Leon Deloy at Nice, France. Deloy was the champion pigeon shot of France, as well as the president of the French society of amateur radio operators. That was a bit of hard luck for John L. Reinartz of South Manchester, Conn. Both Schnell and Deloy had patterned their transmitters on Reinartz's successful one. Perhaps Mr. Reinartz remained at the dinner table for a second helping of pie that night; at any rate he just missed the distinction of being the first amateur to engage in two-way transatlantic radio communication. Immediately after Schnell released Deloy, Reinartz began to exchange signals with the Frenchman. An amateur in the Argentine who talked with another in New Zealand, for a glorious few days, held the world's short-wave distance record, and then that record was smothered under a flood of new ones. A Belgian exchanged signals with another amateur in Hawaii. An amateur in Carmel, California, using a 201-A receiving tube in a transmitter entirely operated by dry batteries, on the same day communicated with one amateur in South Africa and another in Shanghai, China. Today there are no places on the earth which these enthusiasts are unable to reach, with their dit-dar words riding on short waves.

The Americans have been unable to devise a way of sending one of their number to the moon, or Mars, or Venus, but when any scientific expeditions are being organized to penetrate to the far corners of the earth they are usually able to have one of their fraternity go along. Donald H. Mix, of Bristol, Connecticut, accompanied MacMillan to the Arctic, carrying with him 200-meter equipment. The amateurs through their league paid him a salary so that they might have someone in the Arctic with whom they could talk. A set, contained within a cubic foot and weighing, exclusive of batteries, no more than eight pounds, is sufficient to keep such expeditions in daily communication with friends at home. Peary was months in getting word out of the Arctic of his success in reaching the Pole. Any who follow his path today are enabled to send love and kisses from the Pole to the folks in civilized regions, to say nothing of copy for the newspapers.

On MacMillan's last trip his operator was unable to communicate with amateurs in the eastern portion of the United States as the expedition moved farther and farther north; but as the Eastern stations lost contact the expedition's calls were heard more and more clearly by amateurs in the North Pacific States. What phenomenon was governing this curious situation? The amateurs do not know, but finding out is one of the lures that keep them up at night ceaselessly fishing.

Down in the Antarctic a whaling vessel is frozen into the ice. Aboard it is a short-wave radio apparatus and an operator who used to be an amateur. There are a number of American homes in quiet residential streets that are in daily contact with the marooned men of that staunch and lonely little vessel. Deep in the Sahara Desert, beyond the area where France asserts her power, an English expedition has been trekking in search of lost cities of the past. There is no commercial wireless agency with which the short-wave operator of that caravan of white men may keep contact with the world, but there are twenty-five thousand licensed amateurs who are full of questions, good wishes and a willingness to relay any of its messages they may pick up.

Drama by Wireless

AMERICAN amateurs have been represented on most of the recent scientific expeditions by operators whose peculiarities of sending are as easily distinguishable as the modulation of the voices of friends, but none who heard them will soon forget the signals of KGGA. Those letters were the station call of the airplane, Dallas Spirit, that flew out past the Golden Gate toward Honolulu to hunt for the missing planes of the Dole air race. Capt. W. P. Erwin was the pilot of that rescue plane; A. H. Eichwaldt was its navigator and radio operator.

A short-wave, fifty-watt transmitter had been installed, arranged to operate on 33.1 meters. Before the aviators took off, a request had been broadcast for all amateurs to stand by for its signals, and scores tuned in to attend with their ears. From the start of the flight the signals were powerful, and as the airplane sped farther out over the gray waste of the Pacific the signals increased in intensity.

Hour after hour amateurs all over the continent heard and understood the Morse-code comments of Eichwaldt, the operator. Then the note became unsteady, telling better than his words, of bumpy weather and uneven speed. At nine o'clock at night a grim S O S was sounded from the void in which the Dallas Spirit flew, followed by a terse "Belay that." The plane had been in a spin, but had emerged on an even keel. Immediately afterward, though, there was a second S O S and a curt explanation that the Dallas Spirit had shuddered into another spin.

The rising and falling whine of the note told, as well as the words, to those who listened, of the horrible conclusion of a splendid undertaking. Eichwaldt was still sending when his trailing antennæ sputtered into the water. At the instant those navigators of the air were plunged to their death in the sea, the fact was known to radio operators clear across the United States.

There are so far only a few instances of maintenance of direct mental contact between persons bound by affection but separated geographically, as in the case of a Midwest mother who translates into the dit-dar of the radio telegraph nightly messages of love for her son making his way in New York; but there is a rich library of stories of an impersonal service supplied gratuitously by a network of these amateurs. The thundering hoofs of coconut shells pounded on a board offstage in imitation of an approaching squadron of United States cavalry to the rescue of distressed heroines in ten-twenty-thirty melodrama have a genuine counterpart in real dramas that occur on this continent every day in these fabulous times. That counterpart is the whisper of amateur wireless.

(Continued on Page 134)

How to Instruct the Little Tots in Antiques—By Kenneth L. Roberts

All Scenes Take Place in the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum

I. Sheraton and Hepplewhite

FATHER: One of the most important things, darling, is the difference between Sheraton and Hepplewhite. I will show you.

LITTLE PHYLLIS: What fun!

FATHER: Do you see that sideboard over there? It has beautiful tapered legs.

LITTLE PHYLLIS: Not like mother's!

FATHER: No, darling. Tapered! Do you see how they are tapered—square and tapered?

LITTLE PHYLLIS: Yes, father.

FATHER: And at the bottom there is a band of inlay. Do you see it, Phyllis darling?

LITTLE PHYLLIS: How do you mean, father?

FATHER: What do you mean, how do I mean?

LITTLE PHYLLIS: What is the band of inlay at the bottom of?

FATHER *(petulantly)*: At the bottom of the legs, Phyllis!

LITTLE PHYLLIS: Near the ankles?

FATHER: Yes, near the ankles.

LITTLE PHYLLIS: Yes, father. I can see it.

FATHER: What else did I tell you to notice about the legs?

LITTLE PHYLLIS: That they are square and tapered.

FATHER: That is right, darling. When you see legs like that on furniture, the furniture is always Hepplewhite. That is a Hepplewhite sideboard, Phyllis, and you must never forget it. Its legs are square and tapered, and have a band of inlay at the bottom, and so it is a piece of Hepplewhite furniture.

LITTLE PHYLLIS *(advancing and reading the sign on the sideboard)*: This card says "Sheraton influence." What does that mean? Does that mean Hepplewhite, father?

FATHER *(looking at his watch)*: Gracious, it's growing late. We must hurry if we want to see the rest of it!

LITTLE PHYLLIS: But why does it say "Sheraton influence," father?

FATHER: Don't ask father so many questions, darling. He has a headache. Come, let us go up to the darker rooms and look at the early pine.

CURTAIN

II. Stiegel Glass

LITTLE HERMAN *(pointing rudely)*: What is that old bottle with little bubbles in the glass?

TEACHER: Hush, Herman. That's a rare old Stiegel bottle.

HERMAN: Was Stiegel something you drink?

TEACHER: No, Herman. Stiegel was the man who made Stiegel glass.

HERMAN: Is it better than other kinds of glass?

TEACHER: A bottle like that would cost three hundred dollars.

HERMAN: Why would it?

TEACHER: Because it's Stiegel.

HERMAN: How do you know it's Stiegel?

TEACHER: Can't you read the card? The card says it's Stiegel.

HERMAN: Would you have known it was Stiegel if you hadn't seen the card?

TEACHER: Certainly!

HERMAN: It looks like any other kind of glass to me.

TEACHER: That's because you don't know anything about glass.

[Enter two antique dealers, A and B.

A: There's that Stiegel bottle.

B: If that's a Stiegel bottle, I'll chew it and eat it!

A: I found one just like it down in Central France last year.

B: Was it Stiegel?

A: I sold it for two hundred and fifty to a man in Philly who said it was Stiegel.

B: They're suckers on Stiegel in Philly.

A: You said a mouthful!

B. I got a crate of amethyst and blue flasks from Czecho-Slovakia, and they're better Stiegel than that bottle.

A: What you going to do—plant 'em?

B: Yeah; I'm going to plant 'em through Pennsylvania.

A: Stiegel?

B: Sure, all Stiegel.

[Exit A and B, laughing quietly.

HERMAN: What is this bottle that says Wistarburg on it?

TEACHER *(malevolently)*: I'll Wistarburg you!

CURTAIN

III. American and English Chippendales

FATHER *(stopping before a Chippendale serving chair with carved knees, ball-and-claw feet and handsomely carved back splat)*: Take a good look at this Chippendale, my boy. Chippendale was the king of furniture makers, and the furniture that he designed is without a peer.

LITTLE RUDOLPH: I suppose it costs a lot of money, father.

FATHER *(smiling ruefully)*: Sometimes, my child, you'd think that American Chippendale pieces were made out of platinum instead of mahogany.

RUDOLPH: What do you mean by American Chippendale, father?

FATHER: Chippendale furniture that was made in America, Rudolph. Most of the Chippendale pieces that you see were made in England, but some of them were made in America.

RUDOLPH: What is the difference, father?

FATHER: Several hundred dollars a chair, my boy.

RUDOLPH: No, I mean what is there about an American Chippendale chair that makes it more valuable than an English Chippendale chair. I suppose it is because a well-known American sat in it.

FATHER: Do not, I beg of you, Rudolph, make the mistake of thinking that sentiment or association has a market value. Some people are foolish enough to buy a chair because George Washington sat in it, but you can take it from me that this fact doesn't add a cent to the value of a chair.

RUDOLPH: Then why is it, father, that American Chippendale is worth more than English Chippendale?

FATHER: Surely, Rudolph, you can understand that a chair made in America is more valuable than a chair made in England!

RUDOLPH: Was it because American chairs were more beautifully made than English chairs?

FATHER: No, my son. The English chairs were usually more elaborate and ornate. The American chairs were apt to be simpler in design, but they certainly aren't simpler in price. A pair of American Chippendale chairs sold for thirty-five hundred dollars not long ago.

RUDOLPH: Ow, wow!

FATHER: Ow, wow is right!

RUDOLPH: How is it that one tells the difference between an American and an English Chippendale chair?

FATHER: Well, it's one of the things that one learns by experience, but the best way to do is to go to a good reliable dealer.

RUDOLPH: How does a good reliable dealer know the difference?

FATHER: Well, you see, he can trace the history of the chair.

RUDOLPH: Then he can't tell by merely looking at two chairs, father?

Father: No, nobody can tell the difference by just looking at them.

RUDOLPH: Then an American Chippendale chair isn't more beautiful or better built than an English Chippendale chair, but is more valuable because it was made in America.

FATHER: That is it exactly, my child.

RUDOLPH: And is a Chippendale chair that was made in Providence more valuable than one that was made in New London?

FATHER: Don't be an ass, Rudolph! Of course not! What has Providence or New London got to do with it?

RUDOLPH: Well, it's a matter of geography, and so is the difference between American and English Chippendale chairs.

FATHER: Not at all, my child! It's more than geography! It's a matter of spiritual feeling and sentimental association.

RUDOLPH: But, father, you just said that sentiment and association have no market value!

FATHER *(bitterly)*: You're too young to understand the fine points of antique furniture!

RUDOLPH: But, father! Wouldn't it be nicer for us to have a lot of fine English Chippendale chairs instead of an equal number of American Chippendale chairs that weren't nearly as beautiful?

FATHER: Oh, shut up!

CURTAIN

IV. Antique Values

UNCLE ERNEST *(indicating a Queen Anne day bed)*: A fine antique is very valuable. That piece cost six thousand dollars.

NEPHEW FRED: That's what our house cost!

UNCLE: Ten years from now your house won't be worth half as much as that piece of furniture.

FRED: Why is it worth so much?

UNCLE: Because it's a rare old antique.

FRED: How can you tell how much it's worth?

UNCLE: The man who sells it to you puts a price on it.

FRED: Is that what he paid for it?

UNCLE: No, that's more than he paid for it. He has to make a profit on it.

FRED: Then if I have a piece just like it that somebody gave me, would it be worth six thousand dollars?

UNCLE: It would if you could get it.

FRED: What would it be worth if I couldn't get it?

UNCLE: How do I know?

FRED: How does anybody know what an antique is worth?

UNCLE: Nobody does until somebody pays a price for it.

FRED: If nobody would pay anything for it, it wouldn't be worth anything, would it?

UNCLE: I wouldn't go so far as to say that.

FRED: Then how do you know that ten years from now that piece of furniture will be worth twice as much as our house?

UNCLE: Because antiques are worth more and more every year.

FRED: Don't they ever stop increasing in value?

UNCLE: No; they always go up.

FRED: Papa used to say that about land in Florida.

UNCLE: What's that?

FRED: Papa said that land in Florida was worth more every year than it was the year before.

UNCLE: Well, what of it?

FRED: Well, nobody would buy papa's land, and now he's broke.

UNCLE: You talk too much.

CURTAIN

V. Antiques and Reproductions

FATHER *(pointing to a moth-eaten trestle table)*: You must always remember, my child, that the possession of genuine and beautiful antique furniture is refining, educational, gratifying and a mark of good taste.

LITTLE EDWIN: How do you tell whether an antique is genuine, papa?

FATHER: You learn a great deal by experience, my child, but sometimes you have to get an expert to tell you. You have to be careful of fakes nowadays.

EDWIN: Can an expert always tell whether something is antique or not?

FATHER: Not always, dear. Sometimes the biggest experts can't agree.

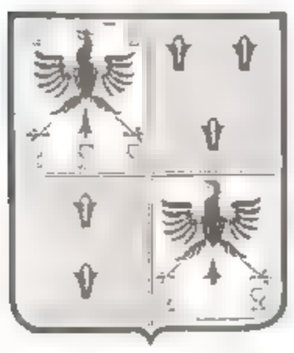
EDWIN: What do you do when the experts don't agree, papa?

FATHER: In that case you have to believe the ones that think the way you would like to have them think, darling.

EDWIN: Well, is it a mark of good taste, papa, to have a beautiful piece of antique furniture that you think is

(Continued on Page 42)

De Soto



*Multum pro parvo**

HERNANDO DE SOTO, discoverer of the Mississippi River, conqueror of Florida, explorer of the great territories of the Southeast, royal Governor of Cuba, Spanish nobleman—his courage, his intrepid daring, his integrity, are signalized in the naming of a new and extraordinary motor car created and produced by the same engineering genius and in the same great factories that gave the world the four illustrious Chrysler cars—

The De Soto Six.

As De Soto, the man, stood head and shoulders above the host of navigators, explorers and soldiers of fortune who opened the western hemisphere to the civilization of the white man, so does the De Soto Six open new vistas of motoring enjoyment, establish new conceptions of automobile quality and create new standards of value.

De Soto Six will bring to the public, in a new field, the highest traditions of Chrysler performance, quality and beauty.

De Soto Six is a new conception in six-cylinder efficiency—graphic evidence of the great strides which scientific manufacturing has taken in greatly increasing the buying power of the motor car dollar.

De Soto Six is the perfected development of an ideal for which the public has long been waiting. It will soon be presented to the most discriminating market in the world with the fullest confidence that in five years of leadership of the automobile industry, Chrysler has presented no achievement more worthy, no car more surely destined for world-wide popularity and enduring success.

DE SOTO MOTOR CORPORATION
(Division of Chrysler Corporation) Detroit, Michigan

*Much for little

(Continued from Page 40)

genuine, and then to have a lot of experts agree that it is a fake? Would that also be refining and educational?

FATHER: Not so that you could notice it, my son. That would merely indicate that you had been a sucker.

EDWIN: I think I am dense, papa, because it seems to me very much more difficult to understand about antiques than to understand about the greatest common divisor and the least common multiple.

FATHER: Not at all, Edwin! What is it that puzzles you?

EDWIN: Well, papa, you never hear anybody bragging about buying reproductions of antique furniture, do you?

FATHER: No, my child. It is no trick to go into a furniture store and buy a lot of antique reproductions. You do not have to be alert and clever in order to do that. Anybody can do it.

EDWIN: But sometimes the reproductions are well made, are they not, papa?

FATHER *(savagely)*: I'll tell the cockeyed world they are, my child! If you bury them in a manure pile for a week or two, the way some of the dealers do, you can't tell them from the originals!

EDWIN: There is a great difference in the price of antiques and reproductions, is there not, papa?

FATHER *(laughing hoarsely)*: I hope to tell you!

EDWIN: Well, papa, if reproductions are made so well that it's hard to tell them from antiques, I don't understand why antique collectors are always bragging about their antiques. Whenever they buy anything they go around cackling like a hen that has laid an egg. They wouldn't cackle if they bought a reproduction.

FATHER: You will understand these things better when you grow up, my child. There is a richness and a satisfying quality about a genuine antique that you cannot get in a reproduction.

EDWIN: But if you bury a reproduction in a manure pile for a couple of weeks, the way you said, does it give it a richness and a satisfying quality?

FATHER: Certainly not, my child!

EDWIN: But, papa, you said you couldn't tell 'em from the originals.

FATHER: Well, Edwin, you mustn't take everything literally. I didn't mean it quite that way.

EDWIN: How did you mean it, papa?

FATHER: We must see the Chippendale furniture, darling. You haven't seen the Chippendale yet, have you?

EDWIN: What I mean, papa, is why do people keep on buying antiques when they can get reproductions that are just as good?

FATHER *(angrily)*: That's what I'm trying to tell you, Edwin! They aren't just as good!

EDWIN: But, papa! You said ——

FATHER *(peremptorily)*: Look here, young man! I'm sick of your yap! yap! yap! and your bleat! bleat! bleat! If you want to come along quietly and look at these beautiful antiques and remember what I tell you, you can do so. Otherwise I'll take you home and give you a good hiding!

CURTAIN

VI. Walnut and Mahogany

UNCLE NAT, an upholsterer. UNCLE HAL, a contractor and builder. LITTLE BENNY, their nephew. AN OLD LADY, no relation to anyone.

UNCLE NAT *(indicating a scrutoire with broken arch pediment)*: You see that secretary, Benny? That's a valuable piece. Pieces shaped like that were almost always made in Virginia, Benny. They used a lot of walnut in Virginia, Benny, and it's one of the purtiest woods there is.

UNCLE HAL *(peering carefully at the scrutoire)*: That ain't walnut!

UNCLE NAT *(with an effort at sarcasm)*: Oh, ain't it! What might it be, then!

UNCLE HAL: It's mahogany!

UNCLE NAT *(placing his nose almost against the wood)*: Mahogany your grandmother! That's walnut!

UNCLE HAL: Walnut! 'F I ever saw a piece of mahogany, that's it!

UNCLE NAT: Why, you great big so-and-so, any such-and-such-and-such would know that was walnut!

UNCLE HAL: You poor this-and-that-and-thus, they ain't a such-and-such chance of it being anything but mahogany!

OLD LADY *(stepping forward briskly and taking* LITTLE BENNY *by the hand)*: You come away from here with me, young man, until these gentlemen finish their talk! *(They exit.)*

CURTAIN

ANTIQUE PRIMER FOR BEGINNERS

PERSONS who have had little or no experience in hunting for and purchasing antiques are greatly handicapped, frequently, by their lack of familiarity with the jargon, or patois, of dealers. Abashed by the superior knowledge—or what they think is the superior knowledge—of the dealer, they fail to acquire pieces that they would like to buy or hurriedly purchase pieces without sufficient investigation.

The patois of antique dealers, however, is extremely limited in its scope and can easily be mastered by a person with rudimentary intelligence in half an hour. Consequently, the beginner should never allow himself to be dazzled by it.

By learning a few stock phrases, however, such as "That's a nice piece," the beginner can approach any antique dealer in a manner that will convey the idea of great intelligence. If he then takes exception to everything the dealer says, he will quickly shake the dealer's confidence in his own ability and retain the upper hand in all ensuing transactions.

It must be remembered by every beginner that no antique dealer or collector is quite sure of his ground. A contemptuous laugh inserted in a conversation at the proper moment will frequently be seemingly ignored by a dealer or a collector, but the sting of the laugh will remain with him for days on end, filling him with dreadful fear that his most cherished antique is not all that it should be.

EXAMPLE: A customer, knowing little or nothing of antiques, enters an antique shop. As a matter of protection from the wiles of the dealer, he preserves a discreet silence. Discovering a chest of drawers that appeals to him, he examines it on all sides, while the dealer watches him with no inkling of his antique knowledge.

Having examined the piece to his satisfaction, the customer should ask one question of the dealer. The question is: "What do you call this piece?"

The dealer at once replies "Chippendale" or "Sheraton" or "Hepplewhite," as the case may be.

The customer should make no reply to this statement, but should laugh as sneeringly and as contemptuously as possible, and pass on to other parts of the shop without further comment. The same contemptuous laugh should be repeated in case the dealer presses the customer for an explanation of his skeptical attitude; and in no case should the customer attempt to explain his reasons for laughing. The dealer, thinking that the customer knows more than he is willing to divulge, is at once placed on the defensive.

There are certain conventional openings that can be made by the customer. These will usually be met by equally conventional replies on the part of the dealer. The following openings and replies, if memorized by the ambitious beginner, will win respect for him in all antique shops.

EXAMPLE:

1. CUSTOMER: What do you have to get for that piece?
DEALER: Six hundred dollars.
CUSTOMER: You may be able to kid Henry Ford, but you can't kid me.

2. CUSTOMER: That's not a bad piece.
DEALER: That's a museum piece.
CUSTOMER *(laughing heartily)*: Dime museum?

3. CUSTOMER: Have you got any really good pieces?
DEALER *(indicating a table)*: What's the matter with this?
CUSTOMER *(thoughtfully)*: I might be able to use it in my kitchen.

4. CUSTOMER: What's the history on this piece?
DEALER: That comes out of a house right in town. I been trying to get that piece for five years.
CUSTOMER: Life seems so futile, doesn't it?

5. CUSTOMER: Do you think that piece is right?
DEALER: I'll guarantee that piece!
CUSTOMER: Most of these guaranties are a lot of hooey.
DEALER: If that piece ain't right, you can bring it back and I'll give you five dollars more than you paid for it.
CUSTOMER: Give me the five dollars now and sell it to somebody else.

6. CUSTOMER: You got a nerve to ask any such price as that.
DEALER: If you think that's a high price, just try to get another piece like it.
CUSTOMER: If you think that's a good answer, just try to get a job as a hog caller.

7. CUSTOMER: This piece has too many replacements on it.
DEALER: There ain't a replacement on that piece!
CUSTOMER: Where do you think you'll go when you die?

In addition to the conventional openings, there are certain cryptic and useless observations that are used by all antique dealers in their efforts to stimulate eagerness in the customer and to effect a sale. There are a number of answers to these remarks, the only printable ones being "Is that so!" "Bologny!" "Apple sauce!" and "So's your old man!"

These observations are as follows:

1. That's one of the best pieces that ever come in this shop.
2. Yes'm; all those legs are original.
3. If you bought that piece down at Widget's, you'd pay a hundred dollars more for it, easy.
4. I don't want to say anything against anybody, but you want to be careful what you buy from Widget. His place is all full of fakes.
5. A piece like that only comes on the market about once in so often.
6. Yes, I know what you want. I had one of 'em, but I sold it last week.
7. No; it ain't that prices are so high; it's because you pick out the best and most expensive pieces I got.
8. Henry Ford's buyer is coming up to look at that piece next week, and he'll pay anything I want to ask.
9. You buy that piece! You won't ever regret it. Five years from now you won't be able to touch it for anything like that price.
10. A good antique is the best investment you can make—better'n a gilt-edge bond.

Put these extra light-makers in the old kit-bag

BEFORE it's actually time to go on vacation, when you're getting all set for the best two weeks of the year, just be certain you have an extra charge of light for your flashlight. You'll want genuine Eveready Batteries, of course . . . for they're the kind a fellow can *always* depend on.

You'll want to know that in those little cells you've got the biggest reserve of bright light that can be packed into a battery. And Eveready Batteries prove they have THAT in the way they last. These batteries certainly keep a flashlight in top-notch lighting trim. They're *dated*—you *know* they're fresh when you buy them.

It's the way they're made that makes the difference. Exclusive, patented Eveready features and processes put an *extra* share of endurance in these batteries. They are manufactured in the same shops, by the same careful methods, that make Eveready Radio Batteries famous for long service.

If you haven't a flashlight, be *safe* by taking an Eveready along. Whatever you're going to do—whether it's travel, tramp, camp, hunt, tour, fish or just plain loaf—add the convenience and safety of a sure-fire charge of daylight at your finger-tip. There's a type of Eveready Flashlight to suit everybody.

And along with that flashlight, put some spare Eveready Batteries. The important thing is to be sure they're genuine Evereadys. Go now to the nearest dealer and make certain you are well supplied with these great little light-makers.

NATIONAL CARBON CO., INC.
New York UCC San Francisco
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHTS
& BATTERIES
-they last longer

If I went to summer-camp

I'd be sure to have a good flashlight with a big, bright beam of light to make night as bright as day. There are always hikes and parties and trips after dark when a fellow wants an Eveready Flashlight along to be SAFE.

I'd take some spare Eveready Batteries with me too. I'd be sure they were "Evereadys" because they hold more light—they're just getting their second-wind when the ordinary kind go out on you. And what a fellow wants is a flashlight he can depend on. Eveready Batteries make the difference.

The little green hammock

The one in the Pullman berth. I've often wondered what it's for. Now I've found out. It's a great place for a flashlight, and that's where my Eveready rides on every trip I make. It's there just to be handy in case anything *should* happen. I use it, too, to find things in my bag, and for more light to dress and undress by. It's a time-saver, if there ever was one.

Get the flashlight habit when you travel. Here's all you have to learn—keep your flashlight loaded with Eveready Batteries and it will come through on schedule with LIGHT.

If I were touring . . .

You can bet your spare tire I'd have a flashlight in the car. You don't find me getting soaked trying to use matches to figure out road-signs on a dark, rainy night. My Eveready spots them right from where I sit. And talk about a help when there's engine trouble, or a tire to change! It's the well-known friend-in-need.

Cultivate the flashlight habit to save trouble on a trip. Get the best—an Eveready. And put this down where you won't forget it: Keep your flashlight doing its stuff with Eveready Batteries. You certainly get mileage out of those batteries. Get genuine Evereadys and you'll be sure of getting *light*.

At first just

"A SQUEAK Somewhere" *-but*

if neglected, your car is soon "Noisy and Old"

Drive up to an Alemite-ing Station. In a few minutes, no more squeaks—and the improper lubrication that brings 80% of all repair bills is corrected!

IF you don't mind squeaks in your car particularly, remember that most people do. The people that ride with you today, largely judge cars by how *quietly* they run.

Squeaks mean, too, that there is burning friction —somewhere in your car. And friction means wear, early old-age and repair bills on the way. For they come from *improper lubrication*. And improper lubrication is the cause of 80% of all repair bills.

The answer is in having your car Alemite-ed instead of just "greased." There is a world of difference. The squeaks go. Your car runs quietly, smoothly—*gloriously*. You add thousands of miles to its life. For the Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System forces lubricant into every vital chassis bearing on your car.

BUT—don't use ordinary greases in the Alemite System. Use only genuine Alemite Lubricants. Don't drive your car up to an ordinary "Greasing Station." Go only to a genuine Alemite-ing Station. (Note identification sign below.)

If you go to most ordinary "greasing" places you run the risk of having cheap grease forced into your car. The market is full of greases that break down under pressure. Greases that literally melt away. Dangerously inefficient greases that are heavy with "fillers," soap and fatty acids. Watch out and take care.

Alemite-ing Stations to Protect You

To protect you and ourselves, too, we have appointed genuine Alemite-ing Stations in every community. The yellow sign shown on this page identifies those stations. They use genuine Alemite Lubricants—lubricants made especially for high-pressure lubrication. Only stations showing this sign can properly Alemite your car. Go to any one and ask to have your car Alemite-ed.

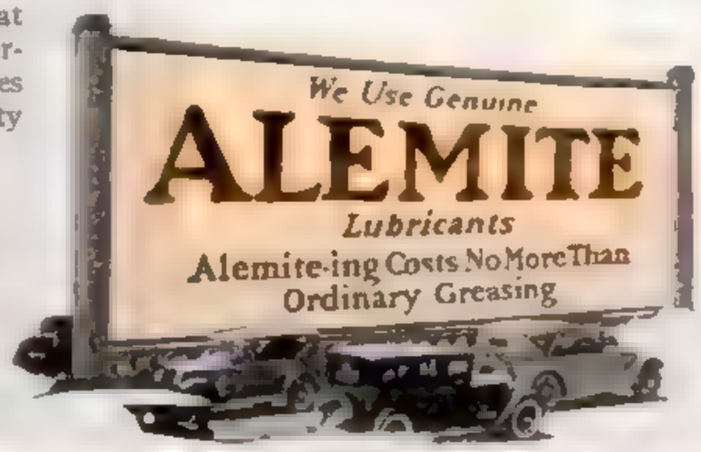
Ask For This

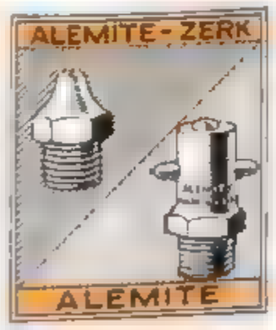
100% Alemite-ing consists of the following service:

1. BEARINGS: Genuine Alemite Chassis Lubricant is forced into the heart of every chassis bearing on your car. This service eliminates burnt-out bearings and rattles that come from worn, corroded bearings.

2. GEARS: By means of the Alemite Gear Flusher, the operator thoroughly cleans out your differential and transmission, removing all grit, dirt and any chips of steel. He then forces in new Alemite Gear Lubricant. This usually adds 1 to 1½ more miles per gallon of gasoline, due to freer running. For Alemite Gear Lubricant clings tenaciously to the tightest fitting gears, leaving a cushion of lubricant between them.

3. SPRINGS: Having your springs sprayed with Alemite Graphite Penetrating Oil. It penetrates thoroughly, spreading a thin layer of graphite between the leaves of your springs. Makes your car ride easier and eliminates spring squeaks.





(Chassis bearings and springs should be lubricated every 500 miles. Gears every 2,000 miles.)

Try this service. Look for the sign. You will notice an immediate difference in the way your car runs. Use this service regularly and you will eliminate, once and for all, the biggest single item in the operating cost of an automobile.

The Bassick Manufacturing Company, Division of Stewart-Warner, 2680 N. Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Canadian Address: The Alemite Products Company of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario.

Alemite and Alemite-Zerk equally adapted for Industrial Lubrication

A New Service

Ask your dealer, garage or service man for details on the new Alemite Service. R A S—Reconditioned Alemite Service.

A plan that will warrant a remarkable increase in the resale value of your car. A plan endorsed and sponsored by leading car dealers throughout the country. R A S—get details from dealer, garage or service stations.

A SUPER-AMERICAN CREDO

(Continued from Page 23)

course followed their scientific methods; anything less would not be playing the game. Like them, I have devoted forty years to becoming acquainted with my subject and forty more to verifying every statement I have made. For example, it is stated below that the super-American believes himself to be free from all superstition. I spent twelve years on that item alone, because I had heard that one investigator had spent ten years of research before he committed himself to the statement that Americans believe that a black cat crossing the road in front of one means bad luck. Before he ascribed that belief to the American people he interviewed every American over the age of four in thirty-three of the States, and collaborators in Spain and the Argentine, as well as in Turkestan, assured him that no such belief prevailed in those countries. The reader of the following is urged to believe every word of it and to act on it. If, at any time hereafter, he meets a super-American, he may with perfect confidence say to him, "You believe ——" and quote any one of the following items. In fact, by collating and comparing these items he can judge for himself exactly how a super-American will behave under any circumstances. Offer him a drink, sneer at America, make a cynical remark about marriage; then quickly turn to this compendium of facts and you will easily predict his reply.

The super-American believes:

That he is entirely free from superstition of any sort; that his beliefs are all based on incontrovertible fact; that he would hold the same beliefs even if all the circumstances of his life were changed; that he never believes anything without examination, comparison and verification; and that the beliefs of everyone else are baseless superstitions.

That rudeness in intercourse is a sign of courage and independence of mind.

That all courtesy is hypocritical.

That Abraham Lincoln had his tongue in his cheek when he made the Gettysburg Address and that he was led to make it not by his emotion at the thought of the dead or by his feeling for the United States as a democratic country but by the necessity of pleasing the Pennsylvania yokelry and the politicians who were in the audience.

That doughboys on leave in France spent all their time blowing out lamps which had burned in cathedrals since the fourteenth century.

That the phrase "not immoral—merely unmoral" explains everything.

Mental Astigmatism

That no one ever does anything except for the worst motives and that, consequently, Lindbergh flew across the Atlantic for the money in the flight.

That when the London Times publishes a verbatim account of an unsavory lawsuit it is fulfilling a public duty, but when an American tabloid does the same it is pandering to low curiosity in order to gain circulation.

That the tabloid newspaper is an American invention.

That John Alexander Dowie, Elijah the Third, of Zion City, is the typical American religious charlatan. (Author's note: He was about forty when he came to America after university training in his native Scotland and tremendous success in evangelism in Australia.) Also that no country but the United States could have produced a popular poet like Eddie Guest. (He was born in England.)

That the Scopes trial in Dayton, Tennessee, is an accurate mirror of the American intelligence, but that the efforts to drive out the devil by flagellation which took place in France a few years ago are only a delightful survival of quaint medieval legendry.

That all the provocation in the Mexican War was on the American side and all the justice on the Mexican.

That Britain's control of Egypt is a process of empire, but that American protection of Cuba is all done for the sugar-cane interests.

That there is something inherently funny in the use of the word *Sitzplatz* and that to say "*die Herren Dirigenten*" gives an air of extreme sophistication.

That only servant girls consult fortune tellers.

That builders of railway systems work only for money and that scientists work only for the sake of the abstract truth.

That the suppression of a free press in Russia or Italy is a sign of a disillusioned hard grip on realities, but that forbidding the mails to an obscene publication in America is an infringement of liberties guaranteed by the Bill of Rights.

That Europe would have kept its hands off Latin-America if there had been no Monroe Doctrine.

That all Europeans have the greatest contempt for America.

The Collar-Button Joke

That the European reluctance to pay the war debts is based on a motive distinctly higher than the motive of American insistence upon payment.

That the Peace of Versailles would have brought calm and prosperity to Europe if it had not been for the injection of American "idealism." (The quotation marks are part of the belief.)

That all married men, without exception, are unfaithful in fact or in intention.

That the new biography which makes Washington's false teeth more significant than his winter at Valley Forge is a perceptible improvement over the old biography with the story of the cherry tree. That in all probability Washington was a confirmed liar.

That superior people are not susceptible to mass suggestion; that Socrates was put to death by an Athenian mob; that heresy hunting is the sport of the ignorant alone; and that men of science have never approved of fakes and superstitions.

That no one ever really swears when a collar button rolls under the dresser; that collar buttons usually fall where they can easily be retrieved; and that "that was no lady; that was my wife" is still the favorite joke of all Americans.

That there is a great difference between six lowbrows telling dirty stories in a Pullman smoker and six intellectuals telling dirty stories in a New York speak-easy.

That people of intelligence take no interest in politics.

That all American athletes are mercenary and no European ones are.

That a Gothic cathedral is the concentration of all the forces of life in the Middle Ages, and that an American skyscraper is merely the result of the physical necessity of building on small plots of ground at high rental.

That Americans know nothing about love.

That you can get a better dinner in Paris for thirty-two cents than you can for ten dollars in New York.

That going to, and reporting on, cocktail parties constitutes a significant part of the literary life.

That American authors invariably spoil their work in order to get magazine publication, but that Thomas Hardy would never have done such a thing.

That shocking and making fun of the middle classes is a new and effective way of indicating a superior attitude toward life and differs from the activities of the French romanticists in every way.

That the war and the unsatisfactory peace have cut the ground under all faith and idealism.

That you can trust your own bootlegger not to sell you poison, but had better analyze gifts from friends.

That nothing essentially fine was ever popular.

That Marcel Proust and James Joyce are probably the greatest novelists that ever lived

That intelligent people who say they like Dickens are posing.

That the Greeks really believed beauty more important than ethics.

That until they were taken up by the masses, cross-word puzzles were intelligent entertainment of the first order, but that later they sank to the level of tit-tat-to.

That Oscar Wilde was a great genius.

That the middle classes are engaged in a great conspiracy to make the lives of all poets miserable and to destroy beauty wherever they find it.

That women who go to lectures are emotionally starved.

That psychoanalysis is always right.

That the trouble with orgies in Hollywood, New York, and all points between is not that they are vicious but that they are stupid.

That all legal decisions against liberals and radicals are due to prejudice and that all decisions favorable to these classes are due to fear.

That all prohibitionists are secret drinkers except those whose vices are even more reprehensible; also that prohibition was put over by great industries so that they could get more work out of the men and that they are regretting it now; also that prohibition was the work of a few fanatics; also that prohibition has made drinking a pleasure; also that prohibition is spoiling the American's taste for liquor; also that it is correct to serve from eight to twelve cocktails before dinner.

That the way to please Europeans is to imitate their ways and to ridicule America, complaining that Americans have spoiled Paris and Venice.

That motorboats are displacing gondolas in Venice because American visitors are always in a hurry.

Ring the Tocsin!

That the floating barge singers on the Grand Canal love to sing. Also that the preceding sentence would be subtly improved by writing "Canale Grande" instead of Grand Canal.

That touring the Continent is a purely American diversion with which Germans and Britons of the last century were totally unacquainted.

That eugenics would —or would not—be a cure for all earthly ills.

That geniuses are spoiled by going to college. Also, that they themselves would have been even greater geniuses if they had not gone to college.

That Germany was the only innocent nation in 1914.

That the average man implicitly believes everything he reads in print and that most advertising is lies.

That it is a matter of vast importance to know whether the Liberty Bell did or did not ring on the Fourth of July, 1776; that the framers of the Declaration of Independence did not actually care a hang about liberty, but were impelled by purely economic motives; and that the ideals of the French Revolution were loftier than those of the American.

That Thomas Paine was a profound thinker in politics and in religion and that the only reason he was not made President of the United States was that he was a more outspoken infidel than Jefferson.

That the Lusitania was a munition ship.

That if you join a lodge you are a herd man; but if you join a literary group and lunch with the same people every day you are a man of force and originality.

That only the lower orders of intelligence say "Stop me if you've heard this one."

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Chat

Wanted—A Psychologist

SOMEWHERE in this country there is a practical psychologist—accomplished in the science of the mind—who will fit into the Universal organization. He can be of real help in analyzing certain plot situations and forecasting how the public will react to them. As moving pictures are reaching out more and more for refinements, such a mental showman will have great influence on the screens of the world.

I will pay well for such a person. Do you know anyone of this character?

—C. L.

Aside from the remarkable artistry of CONRAD VEIDT in *"The Man Who Laughs,"* and the charming work of MARY PHILBIN, I must call special attention to the unusually fine portrayals by OLGA BACLANOVA, CESARE GRAVINA and BRANDON HURST. Thus you see in this splendid production of Victor Hugo's novel we have a company of stars of the first magnitude. I would enjoy your opinion of the actors and the picture.

Olga Baclanova in "The Man Who Laughs"

Incidentally do you know of any other stories by that masterful writer, Victor Hugo, which you would like to see on the screen? Naturally this question is prompted by the success of *"The Hunchback of Notre Dame," "Les Miserables"* and *"The Man Who Laughs."*

Brandon Hurst in "The Man Who Laughs"

The Universal production, *"We Americans,"* is being received enthusiastically all over the country. Has your favorite theatre shown it? If not, be sure to speak to the theatre manager about it.

If there are any finer pictures before the public this coming Fall than *"Show Boat," "Broadway," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "The Man Who Laughs"* or *"Lonesome,"* then I am away off in my reckoning. Somehow I don't think I am, but I would like your opinion before I can be sure.

Cesare Gravina in "The Man Who Laughs"

Carl Laemmle, President

Send for your copy of Universal's booklet containing complete information on our new pictures. It's free.

Thousands of people are making collections of photographs of big scenes from Universal Pictures. To meet this demand Universal will send photographs of scenes from *"The Man Who Laughs"* as follows: Set of 5, 50c; Set of 9, 90c; Set of 18, $1.80; Set of 25, $2.50.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The Home of the Good Film"

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

They're coming from the Avenue!

In the smart places where the new things are seen first, smokers are using matched sets—a Firefly Lighter and a cigaret case, each covered with beautifully patterned genuine leather.

How much better it looks to offer a well-kept smoke from such a case than from an ordinary paper package!

The case and the Firefly Lighter are "made by Clark," which guarantees workmanship, precision and finish.

The Firefly Lighter has the patented cap which prevents fluid evaporation, the permanently covered sparking wheel, and a simple mechanism that always works.

Smoker sets in Alligator or Snake Skin designs are sold for $8.00. Should you be unable to find them in your local shops, write to us.

CLARK LIGHTER CO., Inc.
580 Fifth Avenue New York

FIREFLY
SMOKING SET
MADE BY CLARK

That lack of technical expertness is the token of genius

That conscientious objectors who went to prison for their principles were heroes and that men who went to the Front because of their principles were slaves to war enthusiasm.

That sophisticated people never visit museums when they are traveling abroad; that it is more chic to spend one's time at bars; and that it is smart to have one's children born abroad because that makes them ineligible for the presidency of this country.

That the American delegation to the Peace Conference was the only one lacking full information on all the subjects discussed, and that Wilson was hoodwinked by the slick European diplomats.

That the haw-haw type of Englishman is an American invention; that English humor is more subtle than American; that La Vie Parisienne is amusing; that French dirty comic papers are never read by Frenchmen; that no one was ever corrupted by reading a book or seeing a play; and that superior people are so absorbed in the artistic side of a lascivious production that they are unaware of its obscene intentions.

That if you change the numbers of letters in your name, you change your vibration and, consequently, can achieve success in life.

That few great men married, and of those who did, the majority married women of low morals or coarse grain or weak mentality.

That the Panama Canal scandal in France and the Marconi scandal in England were in no way parallel to the oil scandals in America; that there is no municipal graft anywhere but in the United States; that monarchies are always happier and more honest than democracies.

Anywhere But Home

That everything is accounted for by heredity and that proper training can change a person entirely; that being psychoanalyzed is the only way to prepare oneself for the art of writing or painting or the composition of music; and that in the issue between society and the criminal, society is always wrong.

That the American citizen has lost all his liberties and is aware of, but indifferent to, his loss.

That any film made by a German or Russian director is better than any film made by an American director; that German and Swedish actors and directors are perfect until they go to Hollywood, when they become corrupted; that all European films are intellectual treats, but that European movie-goers are being corrupted by American films; that Max Linder was a greater comedian than Chaplin, and that all of Chaplin's talent, which isn't much, is due to his training in the English music halls, which are vastly superior to American vaudeville.

That music written in defiance of the ancient laws of harmony and counterpoint is *ipso facto* more interesting than Bach. Also that Beethoven is cheap and sentimental, and is as surely surpassed by other composers as Shakspere is inferior to most of his contemporaries.

That there is a special merit in foreign-built motor cars.

That level for level of society, the American girl is inferior to her European counterpart, with the possible exception of English girls, all of whom have large feet, long noses and a tendency to talk about horses.

That cockney English is charming and Chicago American is offensive to the ear.

That Sacha Guitry is a greater dramatist than George M. Cohan; that Valencia is a better tune than Lady, be Good; and that Franz Lehar is a finer composer than Irving Berlin.

That any article made by hand in Europe will outlast the same kind of article made by machine in America, and will have, in addition, a finish and proportion which no American machine-made goods can achieve.

That the French refusal to use checks in ordinary commercial transactions is due to their feeling that money isn't everything.

That the amorous attentions paid by Europeans to American girls invariably flatter the recipients.

Bought and Paid For

That provincial French pottery, porcelain, is ravishing, but New Jersey glass—of the time of the Revolution—already shows the debasing effects of the American climate.

That America has no history, no historical sense and no traditions. That America is a young nation but prematurely old; that its citizens do not enjoy life, and having made money, do not know how to spend it; that they do not really care for the sports they indulge in; that business men all suffer from corpulency and indigestion; that the best thing that could happen to America, short of becoming a province of Europe, would be to destroy all of the factories and most of the cities, and return to the slow pace of the 1880's.

That all European motor roads are better than all American motor roads.

That an interest in baseball is a symptom of dementia præcox.

That when a Frenchman shouts "*Debout!*" to anyone who sits while the Marseillaise is playing, he is a patriot and that an American who shouts "Stand up" when The Star-Spangled Banner is playing is a jingo.

That foreign newspapers are intelligently edited and irreproachably honest, and that few American newspapers are.

That both the English and the French systems of government are more democratic than the American.

That morality is a system of slavery imposed on the masses by the few and then turned against the few by the masses; that no one really listens to or follows his conscience; that self-sacrifice is a disease and respect for the opinions and tastes of others sheer weakness.

That it is obligatory to talk a great deal about sex.

That Americans are peculiarly the victims of medical quacks and fake artists; that quacks and frauds who come to America from abroad are only returning to their spiritual home; that Europe is far too sophisticated to accept any fraud, let alone an American one; and that the golden opinions expressed by European critics on the singing of American sopranos are all bought and paid for.

That America is riding for a fall; that presently the whole industrial system will topple of its own weight; that Europe will recover and unite against America; that when this happens we will not have a friend in the world; and that it will be a good thing for humanity when we are crushed.

That chorus girls are wittier and more intelligent than college girls.

That a woman loses part of her personality if she adopts her husband's name.

That if a woman loses her wedding ring, or stops wearing it because it chafes her finger, she is ceasing to love her husband and is ready for an affair.

That the French words for illicit relations are more piquant than the English, and that by using the French words the relations themselves become charming and acceptable.

That the idea of clowns always breaking their hearts is a vulgar American superstition, but that Ring Lardner, when he is funniest, is being savagely ironical about America's spiritual poverty.

That Max Reinhardt is the world's greatest producer and Clemenceau its greatest statesman.

That the English crowd on a bank holiday is jolly and agreeable and well behaved, and that Frenchmen dancing in the street on Bastille Day prove their democracy by doing so.

That no great novel can be written in America because the background is thin, because American social life is not based on class distinctions, and because Americans look down on the arts.

That censorship of books and plays is an American institution, handed down from the Puritans, and that when the the French prosecuted Madame Bovary and the British put Zola's translator into jail, these things were probably the result of American influence.

That the book, Main Street, is an accurate picture of life in ninety-nine cities and small towns out of a hundred in the Middle West; that to live on a Main Street is somehow *declassé*, whereas living on any High Street in an English town is an indication of discriminating taste; that there are no Main Streets except in the United States and that the work of Flaubert and Balzac in describing and satirizing the life of the French provinces did not anticipate by half a century and more the fashion of making fun of small towns.

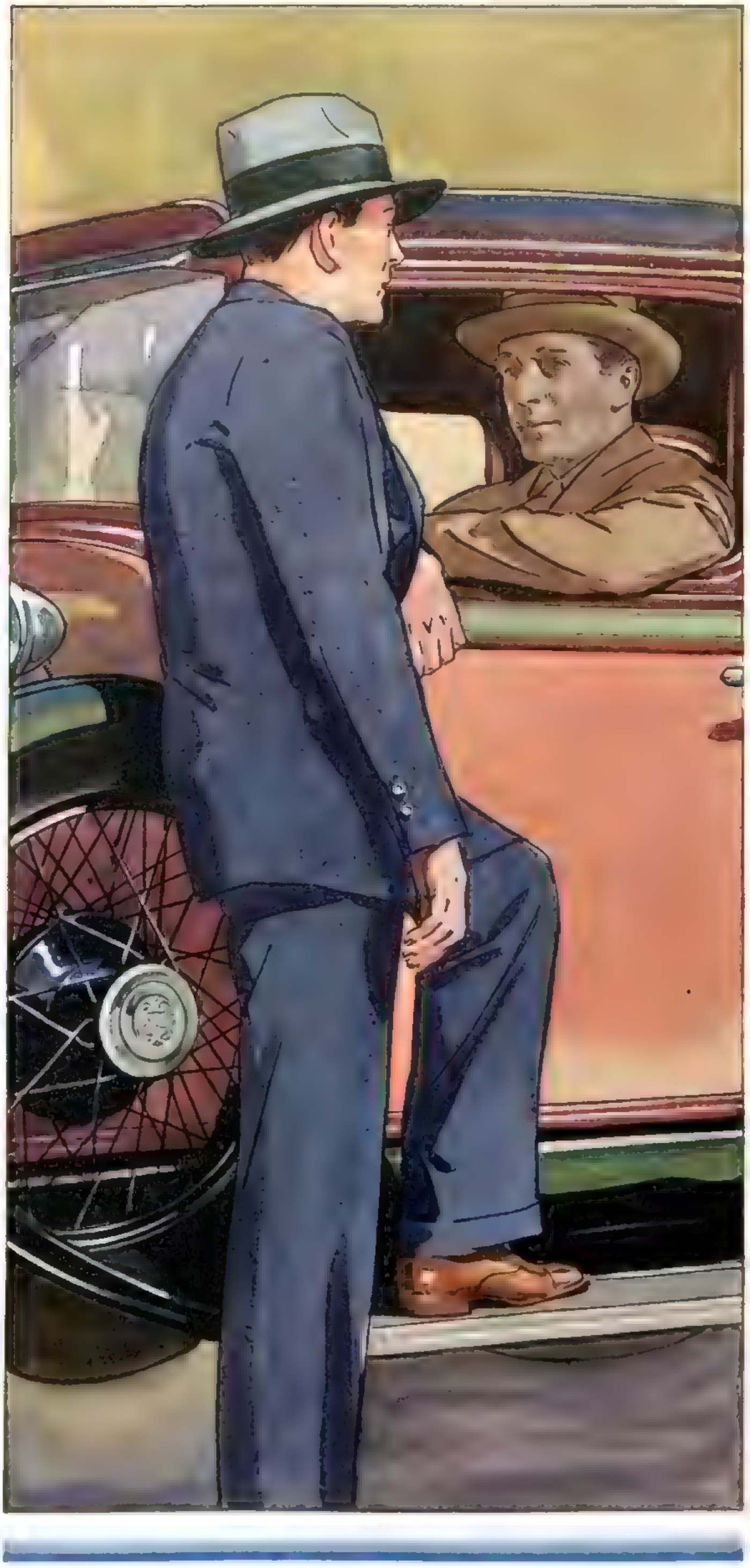
Blessings Thankfully Declined

That small-town people are dying with envy of smart New Yorkers. Or ought to be.

But most particularly the super-American believes that the average American is the 100 per cent, go-getting Babbitt whom he himself has discovered. This average American is supposed to believe that any American fresh-water college gives its students a better education than Oxford or Cambridge and at the same time to believe "that if one eats ice cream after lobster one will be doubled up by bellyache." He is the man who buys and shows off all the latest gadgets for his radio, but has no ear for music; who always has two or three smutty post cards in his pocket and thinks that South American republics are not trustworthy, and salutes the Statue of Liberty with affection when he returns from abroad. Essential in the super-American credo is the belief that the super—and the average—American have no beliefs in common; that whatever the common man believes is in all certainty error.

It is the sign of the super-American's superiority that he believes nothing the average American believes.

And I suppose he's welcome. Because no average American would probably want to be found dead with any of the super-American's credo on his person.



"Well, how do you like it by now?"
"It's a Great Automobile!"

when you see it
it looks like a
great automobile

when you drive it
it feels like a
great automobile

when you own it
you know it's a
great automobile

and you don't
hesitate to tell your
friends so.

Marmon
68

a straight eight at the price of a six

more than 25,000
Marmon eights
now in use

THE DESERT'S DUSTY FACE

(Continued from Page 21)

"Damn the woman!" he thought as he took the cup of tea she handed him.

"Now tell me what you have been doing all these years," she said as they smoked and watched the sunset over a limpid sea, and watched the passing ships that spoke them and went on into the night.

"Working."

"Besides that?"

"Nothing."

"Exactly what you look like," said Jane "All work and no play makes Harold rather yellow about the gills. . . . You never married?"

"No."

"A pity you did not marry Myra. For you'd be a bachelor again now all right—only with more experience. Myra was always so restless. She was an impossible person to buy a hat with. As soon as she got home she decided it wasn't the one she had wanted to buy at all. One might have known what it would be."

He said, "Please keep Myra's name out of it, Jane."

She stared at him, her wide gray eyes full of mirth. She said, "Rob, don't be futile. I mean ——"

"Some things should be sacred."

"Of course they should. But not the game of love one played at in the twentieth year of one's age. Have some perspective, for heaven's sake. You haven't been deluding yourself with the idea that your whole life was ruined by Myra? Oh, Rob, you haven't! How perfectly priceless!" Her face suddenly wrinkled up with hopeless laughter. "Oh, Rob, and you were so funny in those days! So stout and serious and spotty—and Myra used to come and tell me ——"

He almost shouted at her: "Will you be quiet, Jane? I don't want to discuss those things with you."

"Darling," she said, "can't you see we were children playing emotional rounders? And here I find you, years after, still mourning because in due course you, too, were caught out. I suppose you think you have been enormously faithful to Myra, whereas all you have really been is faithful to the idea of faithfulness."

She sat there, laughing. Mentally Rob decided there was only one word that really described Jane, and he was too polite to apply it to a lady. He arose to pace the deck, but that was not any good. She arose to pace it with him.

"Anyway," he said stiffly, "please don't call me darling."

"Darling," she said, "how can I help it when you are so sweet and so amusing? But I'll promise not to kiss you."

He had two whole days of Jane without a break. She literally haunted him. He slept in the afternoons and when he woke up he was present with her. On the third day they were due in Calcutta, and he registered a vow to remain there for several days rather than be landed with Jane for the journey; and to change his hotel in Shillong if she chose the same one. He did not mean to let her settle down to the business of setting her cap at him. It was evidently what she was out for. Jane was no longer a girl. What could she be traveling around for but a prospective husband? Well, she need have no hopes of one at his expense. . . . The artful way, he thought, that she had asked him if he was married!

So they steamed up the Hugli to the port of Calcutta and tied up alongside about the hour of sunset. From among the bedlam let loose on the quay he must presently select a taxi and battle with his luggage, and he had no intention of taking on Jane's as well. She needn't think it. Here she was, coming up to him.

She held out her hand, and said: "Well, good-by, my little Rob. Cheer up. The world is not nearly so grim a place as you would like it to be. I am sorry to have been such a nuisance to you on board, but as a matter of fact, the captain's nerve was rather shaken by you. He did not like the way you sat and stared at the sea. This is the suicide season in the Bay of Bengal, and he has already had his quota. He is quite tired of people drowning themselves off his boat. So I said I'd look after you, darling. You must have been terribly bored."

Then she kissed her hand to him and went away, never asking to share his coolies or his taxi—as he had known she would be sure to do. He watched her depart, astonished. Her tall slim figure passed along the gangway toward the bedlam let loose on the quay. The crowds parted. Two chuprassies in scarlet came forward, clearing the way for Jane to a large car that waited there—a car that flew the Union Jack—no other than the governor's car. Presently it moved off, leaving Rob to stare after the little red rear light that presently lost itself in the medley of the streets.

Rob felt funny. He felt as if he had come up with a bump against a stone wall in his general ideas. He did what he had, strange to say, not thought of doing before. He went to the dining saloon and took a look at the table plan that hung behind the door.

The seat opposite his own at table had been occupied by the Countess of Maxwelton. She was traveling, it appeared, with a maid and two native servants. And he had been mentally accusing her of trying to make use of him to get her coolies and taxis! Not, if you came to think of it, altogether unfunny. Rob smiled a sour smile.

He spent the night at the Great Eastern Hotel. He could not sleep. This way and that way he turned on his hot pillow, contemplating Jane. He wondered why he had never heard of her marriage. He remembered reading of the earl's untimely death in the hunting field, little dreaming the widow was Jane. And here she had come back into his life, as aggravating as ever, but much better dressed—with less tact and fine feeling even than she had had of old, in the Westcote days. It was rather disgusting the way she talked about Myra. It would naturally not come within the comprehension of a worldly flippant woman like Jane that faithful hearts still existed, and that a man could suffer loneliness and prefer it because of a dream. No, Jane would never understand a thing like that. For him there had been only one woman—Myra. With titanic consistency, he had refused all inferior imitations.

Jane would not understand that. He laughed dryly in the night How hot it was! How restless he felt! How hideous were the nocturnal noises of that dark city! He rose and drank water and saw the stars shining like fairy lights over Calcutta, and heard, in the grayness of the early morning, watchmen coughing their morning cough.

Of course he had known all about Myra's two unfortunate marriages long before Jane took it upon herself to enlighten him. But that just bore out his general theory. They would neither of them ever be happy with anyone else. They had been made, according to some celestial plan not generally known, for each other And now he pictured some dim future in which they met again, all the old passion reawakening. Might there not still be happy days in store for them?

The sun rose and peered into his room. He did wish he could get a wink of sleep.

Jane was undoubtedly upon his train, but it seemed unlikely that she would be any nuisance to him. She had a large white carriage of two compartments, all to herself. She was traveling with the English maid and a retinue of servants. He felt rather an ass now when he remembered what he had thought on the boat.

His own journey promised to be unluxurious. There was one babboo and a chetty in his carriage, both squatting up on seats like good-natured Buddhas, bringing their own peculiar aroma with them. But even apart from this, Rob was not feeling well He could not imagine what was wrong with him. He had a head like a lump of lead and he felt sick. When the time came for people to retire to the restaurant car and eat he remained where he was, holding his head. And so he was found by Jane, who took a walk down the platform, evidently looking for him. He could not but own that was kind, for he had treated her pretty scurvily.

"No dinner?" she said.

"I've got a touch of fever, I think. Don't feel like food."

"Come along to my carriage and I'll give you some decent coffee. You seem a bit congested in here."

Rob said bitterly "We are." He followed her down the platform and scrambled into her big luxurious saloon. There was a couch and armchairs there, and sun blinds over the windows. Jane looked him over with a practiced eye and made him lie down on the couch.

"Jaundice," she said. "That's what's the matter with you, my poor lamb. I saw it coming on, on the boat. You're as yellow as a guinea and feeling like I know what, for I've had it. You really can't go back into that cosmopolitan carriage. You'd better stay here. I've got a pillow and a rug."

He said testily, "Don't be ridiculous, Jane. I can't travel in your carriage. Why, people would say ——"

She laughed softly. "Never mind about your reputation for a while. Concentrate on the jaundice. You are quite safe with me, Rob. I won't kiss you. And anyway, Janette, in the next compartment, is an admirable chaperon."

He felt too deathly sick to argue with her. Of the rest of that strange journey he had little recollection. There were thumb-nail sketches that stood out—of Jane in a long blue silken dressing gown coming in to look at him in the night watches, to rearrange his pillow and give him a drink, and then she was gone again. There was Jane, fully dressed, in the blue and gold of the early morning busily reddening her lips before a small mirror at the end of the carriage, powdering her face with intense absorption, as if no such person as himself existed within a hundred miles. Surely he had wronged Jane, and in her, perhaps all women. It became increasingly clear to Rob as time went on that she had nothing whatever to gain from him; that whatever she did, she did from pure kindness of heart.

He had vague memories of crossing a vast expanse of blue water in a toy steamer, of sitting in the hot close station at Guahati in a luxurious car that was certainly not the taxi he had bespoken for himself. It was really awfully decent of Jane to put herself out like this on a disagreeable man's account. He was not a very pleasant traveling companion either. He was sick three times going up the hill.

Jane decanted him in a most businesslike manner at the hotel, assuring the landlady, who did not like the look of him one bit, that all he had was jaundice, and it wasn't catching, and that she would send in the doctor and come along first thing in the morning to see how he was. The Government House car, with its smart attendants and flag, and the interest of this pretty and important lady in the wretched Rob, helped to reconcile the landlady; so she took Rob to his room Which was just as well, for he was going to be sick again.

He lay there in acute misery for a week. Now he saw all he had lost in remaining single. If he had had a wife he would not have been at the mercy of the landlady and her ideas of an invalid diet. Oh, Myra, Myra, long lost but only dearer as time went on!

Jane came to see him every day. She promised to take him for a drive as soon as he was well enough to go out. She was so kind to him—old Jane. He nearly forgave her for the disagreeable girl she once had been. If it had not been for her sarcastic tongue and the trick she had of poking fun at everything a man held sacred, he would have been almost fond of old Jane. For whatever else he might accuse her of, she had no designs on him. In her eyes the manager of Messrs. Green & Hawthorne was very small fry indeed. He had overrated his importance in the matter of Jane.

He was up for the first time. How hideous he looked! He wondered if he was going to remain this color forever. Jane had promised to take him for his first drive, but when the time came he got a note saying she was sending the car but could not come herself, as she had to make up a foursome on the links.

So he drove in luxury round the golf course, but alone. And he saw Jane playing golf with the viceregal party, and he felt a twinge of disappointment. He had been looking forward quite a lot to this drive with Jane. He felt now that if only he could have a serious conversation with Jane and get her out of her flippant frame of mind, he could make her understand about the beauty and lastingness of his love for Myra. It annoyed him that Jane should think there was anything little and trivial about him. From the first he had stood all wrong with Jane. He wanted to put himself right.

But when he regarded his own hands and the color of them and remembered he was all over like that, he felt that no decent woman would ever want to go for a drive with him again.

So he returned to the hotel, sunk in gloom. They met him with the news that there was a lady waiting for him in the lounge, and his spirits rose, for he thought, "Kind Jane, she has taken pity on me, knowing what a chap feels like after his first outing with the jaundice."

But it was not Jane who rose from the sofa to greet him. It was a large girl, rather fat.

She came forward, holding out her hands to him, saying, "Rob, you don't know me."

But he did know her. It was Myra—Myra, to whose memory he had devoted the whole of his life. She had changed a good bit. Even in the first flood of emotion called up on this sudden appearance of his one and only love, he was forced to admit that she had changed—almost as much as Jane. Myra used to be a slip of a thing with flaxen hair. But by some odd means her hair was quite red. In many ways she looked younger than Jane. There were no lines at all on her large smooth face. And yet its very linelessness was, somehow, more aging than all the laughter lines of Jane.

"You poor, poor boy," said Myra. "How ill you must have been! Yes, you have. Sit down and let me pour out your tea for you. I am going to look after you now."

She sat down beside him. He had an idea her skirts were too short. Anyway, they showed a terrible lot of leg—so much that he was frightened to look. Such stout legs too. Not a bit like the Myra as he remembered her. She had been such a fairy thing.

"I was in Darjiling when I got dear Jane's wire," said Myra, "and I came on at once. I could not bear to think of you ill and alone, and I knew Jane would not have much time to spare from amusing herself. She's grown selfish, as all fortunate people so often do." She patted her hair gently and passed a powder puff over her nose "Jane has done pretty well for herself, hasn't she? I never can understand it. She wasn't much to look at in the old days. And she always had a dreadful tongue, hadn't she? Positively venomous."

He said, with a little sigh, "Yes, I suppose she had" Wasn't it dreadful that he should suddenly have come to feel that there was something rather poignant and refreshing about Jane's venom, like the sting in a glass of iced ginger beer? And Jane had wired for Myra. Although she had laughed at him and teased him, she had in her heart believed in the lastingness and beauty of his love. Funny old thing—Jane. You never really knew where you had her.

(Continued on Page 53)

The Coolest Way to Cook in Summer

Let the Hotpoint Phantom Maid do it

Scientifically!

TALK about convenience! Here's the *modern* way to cook:

1—Put an entire meal in the oven.

2—Set the automatic electric timer and the temperature control. This takes 10 seconds.

3—And leave the Hotpoint Phantom Maid in charge.

Play golf, go bathing—enjoy yourself as you will, and forget the kitchen! For Hotpoint's SUPER-AUTOMATIC Controls (Hotpoint's Phantom Maid) will watch the cooking as well as if you were there.

At the proper time the oven turns *itself* on, it *maintains* the scientifically correct heat for which you set it; and when the meal is done it turns *itself* off. Then it keeps the meal hot until you come home to serve it.

No basting is needed! The meal will be cooked to perfection, for Hotpoint's Phantom Maid is an expert cook, though you pay her no wages.

* * *

Hotpoint electric cookery is easier, cooler, better and *cleaner*. There is no soot to soil utensils, walls, ceiling and curtains. The range itself is easily kept "as clean as a china plate."

And hundreds of thousands of users will tell you that Hotpoint electric cookery is both *fast* and economical.

Hotpoint Electric Ranges are sold by thousands of electric light companies in various parts of the country, practically all of them giving special, low cooking costs. As soon as all electric companies can take care of the demand, this great new convenience will be made available everywhere. Ask your local lighting company if they can supply electric range service in your neighborhood; or write us for complete literature and information on Hotpoint electric cookery.

"There's a Hotpoint Electric Range for every purse and purpose."

Hotpoint

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., Inc.
5600 West Taylor Street, Chicago
Factories—Chicago, Ill., and Ontario, Calif.
A GENERAL ELECTRIC ORGANIZATION

Hotpoint Toast-Over Toaster

There's a world of difference in toasts, made in different ways, as your taste will tell. Hotpoint Toasters are correctly designed to produce evenly browned, most delicious toast with a unique, perfect flavor. (Tested and approved by the Bakers' Institute.) They toast two large slices at a time and turn the toast automatically when the sides are lowered. All models are beautifully designed and finished in a rich, polished nickel, making them handsome table appointments. Prices $6 and $8.

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC HEATING APPLIANCES AND ELECTRIC RANGES

Daily... *they drive millions of miles*

Most of your friends own cars. At least five out of ten have driven for the last eight years or more. This year's car is probably their fifth or sixth. They know engines; they know what to expect and, more important still, *how to get it!*

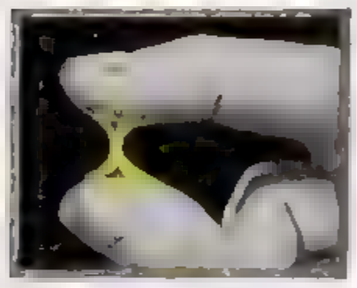
Experience such as this accounts for a large part of the daily millions of miles safeguarded by Texaco. And it is this same practical knowledge which is rapidly influencing new thousands of motorists to change to this finer, more dependable motor oil.

For Texaco provides positive protection for all types of engines. With full, heat-resisting body, it prevents friction and maintains proper piston-seal at all engine-speeds and temperatures.

Texaco Golden Motor Oil is the product of years of careful research and experimentation; of exact scientific refining and filtration processes. Its clean, clear, golden color is a visible guarantee of purity and finer engine performance.

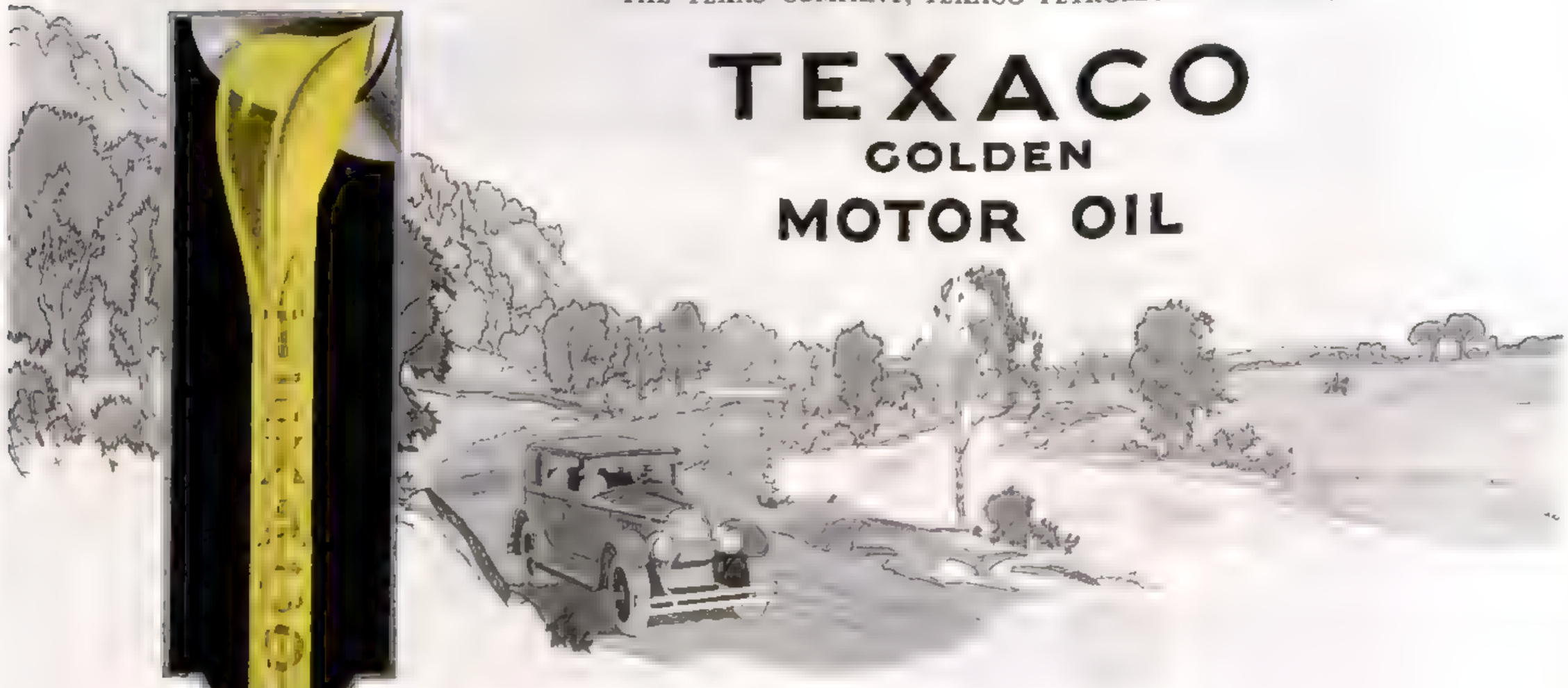
THE TEXAS COMPANY, TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

FULL BODY



IN ALL GRADES

TEXACO
GOLDEN
MOTOR OIL



TEXACO

Stop whenever you see the Texaco Red Star with the Green T. The Texaco Lubrication Chart will show you the grade of Texaco Golden Motor Oil authorized and approved for your engine.

Picture of a man who's

just said he'd buy a Flying Cloud

The man and his wife in the picture have been driving a new Reo Flying Cloud of 1929.

They have sailed down long straight stretches faster than they ever drove before. But they didn't mind driving so fast because the Flying Cloud rode at seventy just as it did at forty.

They hit rough stretches and didn't know it because a hard bump against a Flying Cloud tire is barely a gentle nod on a Flying Cloud cushion.

They tried the Flying Cloud velvet stop brakes and learned about brakes from them. They stood at a little distance and something rather flattering was said about the Flying Cloud's style.

They knew all about the reputation of every Reo ever made—as millions of other folks do.

So they went home to talk it over. But no matter what car they mentioned, their minds went back to the pleasure car, the Reo Flying Cloud of 1929.

So then she said—what they both had felt sure about long before—"Let's buy that Flying Cloud."

And they did.

How'd You Like to be the Man in the Picture? You *can* be the man in the picture. You'll enjoy being the man in the picture, of course, with the right other person in the picture, too. And you'll enjoy owning that Flying Cloud for years and years to come. If you don't believe us, go to the nearest Reo dealer with your wife and try out a new Flying Cloud of 1929. Both of you try it out. Start it, step on it, stop it. It's a man's car, built to be easily handled by a woman. Why not try one out today?

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Lansing, Michigan*

REO FLYING CLOUDS
Coupe $1625; Brougham (illustrated above) $1645; Roadster $1685; Victoria $1795; Sedan $1845
Prices at Lansing

REO WOLVERINES
Cabriolet $1195; Brougham $1195; Sedan $1295
Prices at Lansing

1929 REO FLYING CLOUDS

(Continued from Page 48

But he had Myra to think of now. He need no longer be worried with Jane and her oddities.

Myra stayed with him until he went to bed, and insisted on cutting his chicken up for him, although he was quite well able to do it for himself. And she sat beside him and told him all about her sad life, and how unkind her two husbands had been to her, and how badly off they had left her, and how difficult life was for a good-looking woman all alone. There was a sweet forbearing note in her voice that presently he found extremely wearing. Also, he felt it, rather, that she did not ask him what he had been doing with his own sad life.

He did not have a good night, on the whole. Myra had come back to him. She had come back with a rush. He had a feeling that if he was not very careful she was going to swamp him with kindness, doing things for him that any able-bodied man prefers to do for himself—covering his knees with rugs he did not want, cutting up his chicken for him.

But he consoled himself by saying at last he had a friend of his own, ready to devote herself entirely to him, and that his theory had been right in the main, for Myra had come back to him as completely as if she had never gone. He could feel that in his bones.

Jane came in to see them the following morning—Jane, with a red hat and a twinkle in her eye.

Myra threw herself into Jane's arms, saying, "Darling, how can I ever thank you for bringing me back to him when he so needs me?"

Jane caught her unhandily and said, "God knows, Myra. . . . Oh, Rob, you are getting quite handsome again. The first fierce flush of the jaundice has worn off your boyish cheek, leaving you a nice beige, dear."

He wished Myra would leave them for a little while so that he could thank her for everything she had done for him, and for believing in him all the time, in spite of her laughter. But Myra did not go. With sinking heart Rob realized that he would probably never get a moment alone with Jane again.

Myra lost herself in long anecdotes of her life in Delhi and all the compliments people had paid her. Her sweet forbearing voice went on and on.

Then she hurried Jane off, saying, "Rob must have his little lie-back now." In vain he protested he was better and did not want it. "I am looking after you now, dear, and know what is best for you," said Myra firmly.

After luncheon he had the ill luck to sneeze, so she made him wear his overcoat for the next two days. It began to get on his nerves. His temper, never too good, began to feel extremely insecure. And Jane sent round a note asking if they would go with her for a picnic to Cherrapunji—Cherrapunji, which is the top of the world and the wettest place therein. It seemed to Rob a picnic might save his reason. The hotel was beginning to look to him as a cage must look to its tiger.

But on the morning of the picnic came a note from Jane to say she couldn't go. There was a meeting she had to attend in the morning. She was sorry, but they could have the car and go without her. There was a nice little rest house halfway, where they could stay if they were benighted. He read the note to Myra.

"Let's go," he said. "I must get away from this place for a bit."

But Myra was decidedly shocked. "I am surprised Jane suggested such a thing. I really am. Though I am sure she meant for the best. She does not realize how difficult it is for a woman alone—or how people talk. One can't be too careful, in my position."

"Careful of what?" demanded Rob, staring at her over the top of Jane's note.

"One's reputation, dear," said Myra sweetly. "After all, we aren't married, you know."

Her reputation! . . . An insane desire to laugh gripped Rob. He knew what was the matter with Myra, all in a flash. She had no sense of humor. Was that what had been the matter with him, too, all these years? He had never really seen the silly side to himself! He turned quickly to hide his face from her.

"Oh, all right, we won't go," he said shortly. "Though your reputation would be safe enough, Myra. I wouldn't kiss you."

"I'm sure I could always trust you to be a gentleman, Rob," said Myra, gently and sweetly. "It's not that. One must think of the world." But he knew she was not pleased with him.

From that day onward things did not go quite right between him and Myra. Amazing how differently fact works out from dreams.

There was only another four days of his leave to go. Rob could not say he was sorry. Myra's sweetness had got on his nerves until he was counting the days to his release. He began to rearrange his whole ideas of life. If Jane and her sarcasm and her venom were like the sting in a glass of iced ginger beer, Myra was like a good long drink of lukewarm cocoa. Oh, how he had fallen in his own estimation that he could even think of such a thing! But he realized that sooner or later a time always comes when a chap has to face facts.

He had to see Jane before he left, to tell her he realized now what an ass he had been—what a pompous, serious ass. But it wasn't easy to see Jane. Myra haunted him like a shadow. She dogged him like death. He could never escape her for five minutes.

So, early one morning he left the hotel by the back exit and made his way down the hill to Government House, where Jane was staying, and asked for her boldly at the door.

They said the lady sahib was in the garden. He found her there, feeding large fish in a pond with pieces of bread. He stood beside her for some time in silence. Great fish arose and goggled at him out of the water.

"I'm going away tomorrow, and I want to say good-by to you and thank you frightfully ——" began Rob, but broke off, aware he was lying. He did not want to say good-by to her a bit.

"Why were you so decent to me, Jane? I am afraid I have turned into a very impossible sort of fellow."

She said: "I always liked you, Rob, even when you were twenty, serious and spotty. There was always such a lot of real good under all the pomp and the moss."

They stood together beside the pond. Great fish came up and goggled at them.

"And when is the happy event to take place?" she asked.

"What event?"

"Your long-postponed marriage to Myra."

Rob said with an effort: "Don't tease me, Jane. You know very well—it's been a huge mistake. I don't want to marry Myra."

"Oh, Rob, I didn't know. I'm sorry. I believed what you said, otherwise I'd never have got her here. My poor dear, you seemed so deathly certain."

"Yes, didn't I?" said Rob, all taken aback. "Anyway, I can't do it. I'm off tomorrow. I don't know what she thinks of me—I don't care. I expect I have been a fiendish disappointment to her."

"Oh, I dunno. Myra must understand men by now. She'll get someone else. A determined woman goes all the way. But I'm terribly sorry, Rob. I did want you to be happy at last. You've had such a rotten time, you poor dear."

"Well, I suppose she has too. If I wasn't an absolute cad I suppose I'd marry her. . . . Oh, Jane, must I marry her?"

She faced him, her face all wrinkled with laughter. She said, "You men—and your love!"

"Don't be so houndishly superior, Jane. I can't marry her. It would be like signing a pledge to drink cocoa all my life. Jane—dear Jane, I want to marry you—terribly. There, now I've told you. I do, Jane. I love you, Jane. I have, I think, ever since ——"

"—— the day you were so fiendishly rude to me on the boat, I suppose."

He said: "Yes, I think that was when it began. Jane, I know there isn't the least chance for me, but I had to tell you—darling, darling Jane."

She lit a cigarette. "I dunno," she said stilly, "if I'll ever marry again. It's such a darned gamble, Rob. And anyway, we can't even discuss it at present. We've got to think of Myra and get you out of this. But listen, I'm going home in the spring, Rob. And here's my card."

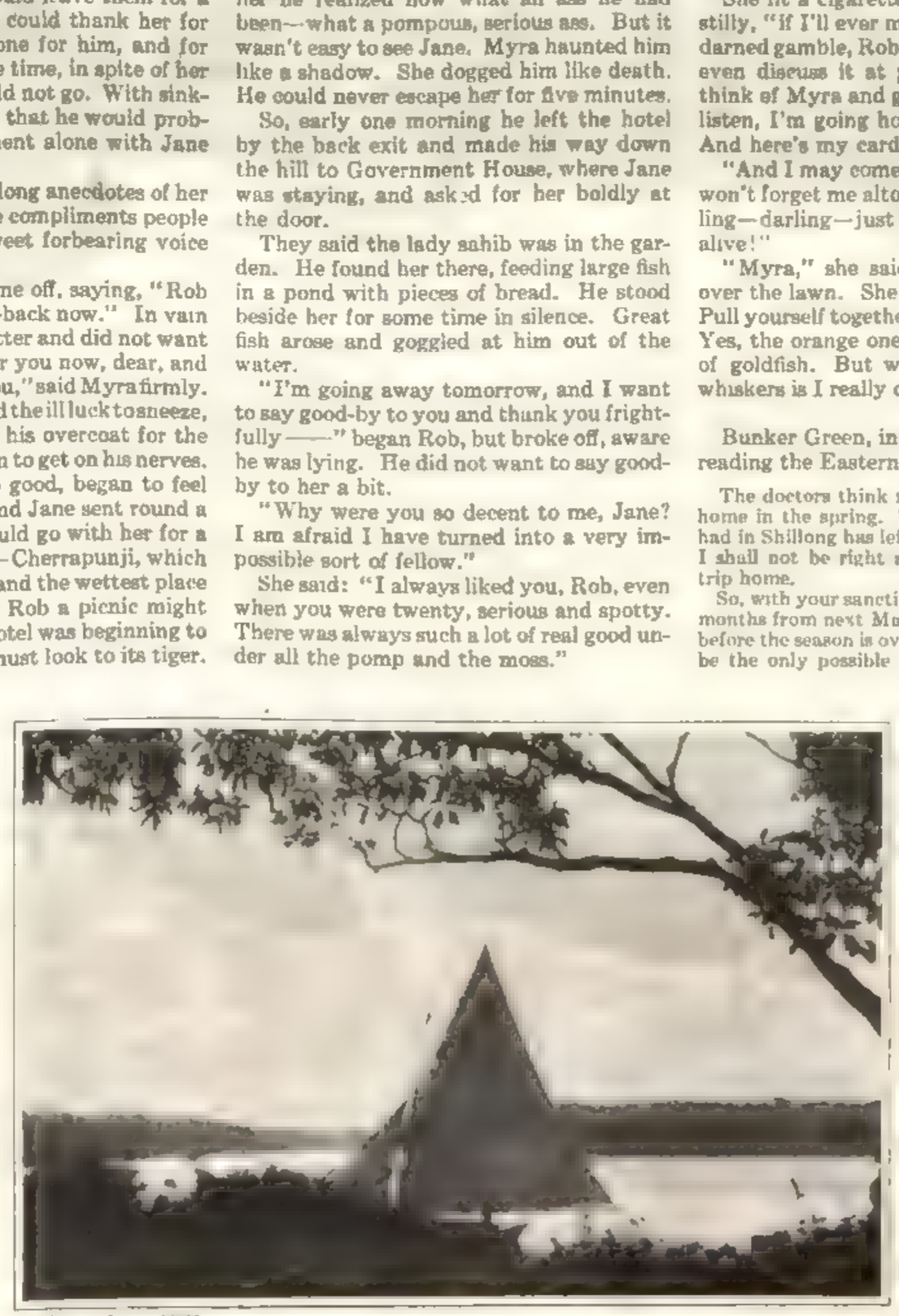
"And I may come and try my luck? You won't forget me altogether? Oh, Jane, darling—darling—just one kiss to keep me alive!"

"Myra," she said steadily, "is coming over the lawn. She has tracked you down. Pull yourself together, my dearest heart. . . . Yes, the orange one is, I believe, a species of goldfish. But what the one with blue whiskers is I really cannot say."

Bunker Green, in the London office, was reading the Eastern mail. Rob wrote:

> The doctors think it essential I should come home in the spring. The attack of jaundice I had in Shillong has left me rather a wreck, and I shall not be right again until I have had a trip home.
>
> So, with your sanction, I propose taking three months from next March. I can be back again before the season is over. This appears to me to be the only possible thing to do, as I cannot carry on as I am at present.

Upon the club lawn on band night stands a solitary chair beside an empty table. Old stories are soon forgotten in that sunny country on the wrong side of the Bay of Bengal, and there is no one left in Rangoon now who remembers anything about Rob King, save that he went home on sick leave in March and got married, for all he was known to have been a woman hater for years. Now anyone can take that chair who wants it.



For Safety—
KLEIN Quality

Because of the fine balance—because of the sturdy construction—because of the superior qualities found in Klein pliers the good mechanic accepts them as his standard just as they have been the standard of quality "since 1857."

SECURITY on the dangerous job—bred by absolute confidence in belts and straps. The old timer on the pole knows his life is safe if the equipment carries the Klein trade mark.

Public Utility Companies—safety committees—the man on the job—all agree. Whether it is climbers or belts, safety straps or tools, they must carry the Klein trade mark.

Distributed through jobbers

Here are four pamphlets of interest to linemen and to those responsible for the safety of linemen. Copies will be sent you upon request. Check the ones you want

- ☐ Safety for the Pole Climber
- ☐ Specifications on Linemen's Belts and Safety Straps
- ☐ The Safety Factor on Linemen's Leather Goods
- ☐ Pocket Tool Guide

Mathias KLEIN & Sons
Established 1857 Chicago-Ill. U.S.A.
3200 BELMONT AVENUE, CHICAGO

The 2-Door Sedan, $745

A new order of performance in General Motors' *lowest priced six*

Remember when Pontiac Six was introduced some thirty months ago, how it scored a record-breaking success? How it established a new order of performance among low-priced sixes by combining smoothness, snap and Fisher body luxury with unfaltering endurance? . . . No less impressively does today's Pontiac Six tower above the field—because in performance, as in all other phases, it represents a policy of continuous advancement! . . . In view of such exclusive engineering developments as the cross-flow radiator and the G-M-R cylinder head—such size as is typified by a 186-cubic inch engine—such unrivaled length of life as Pontiac owners enjoy . . . small wonder that everyone acclaims the new order of performance revealed by General Motors' lowest-priced six.

Pontiac Six, $745 to $875. All prices at factory.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR CO., PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

PONTIAC SIX

-a Successful Six now winning Even Greater Success

A TAME STORY

(Continued from Page 11)

huge barbecue so as to round up our own crowd. Returning to Hollywood, we finish the fight in the belfry and the trick shots of the balloon ascension. Our shooting schedule is thirty-two days, and our budget is only one hundred and twenty-eight thousand dollars."

"May I make a suggestion, Mr. Madden?" spoke up Rosie timidly.

"Certainly," replied Dan. "That was just what I called the conference for."

"Well, within my duties as script clerk, I must watch all entrances and exits, and don't you think it's dangerous to shoot the hotel interiors first? We don't know what the weather will be in Happyton."

"I've protected us against that," snapped Hank Burgess, the color rising in his neck. "I've had Spearman arrange the camera angles so that we don't shoot through no doors or windows showing what the weather is like outside."

"And why spend so much time and money at the Sacramento Fair?" went on Rosie, unabashed. "And that huge barbecue. By the time we get to the balloon ascension, our story is moving so fast we can't loiter around the fairgrounds just to get big-production stuff. It will all come out in the cutting."

"Say, young lady," burst out Burgess, "who's shooting this pitcher? Seems to me your business is ——"

"—— to help on the script," added Rosie, reddening. "Excuse me for butting in, but I just thought ——"

"Well, think to yourself!" snapped Burgess.

Dan instantly sensed a personal jealousy between the biggest and littlest of his crew—or was it an ancient feud? Raising his hand, he smilingly said: "Now, folks, let's not start off with bad feeling. Next to me, Hank is in command of this production, and I want all of you to defer to his excellent judgment."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Madden," replied Rosie almost tearfully. "I'll not embarrass you again."

"The call is for eight o'clock Monday," announced Burgess. "We begin shooting at nine."

When Rosie crawled into her little apartment where she lived with Minnie Walden, another script clerk, she was anything but happy.

"I'm afraid Mr. Madden is in for an awful lot of trouble," she said, as she flopped down on the couch.

"You should worry, kid," answered the older girl, "so long as the little check for forty-five a week comes in."

But Rosie was worrying over something besides money.

As soon as Dan walked on the set Monday morning, he instantly recognized what a tower of strength Hank Burgess was to be to him, for the hotel interior was complete in every detail. Furthermore, the lights were set and the cameras in place ready for the first long-establishing shot.

"Well, children, let's go!" he exclaimed, as he sat in the new chair with his name painted on both sides of the back.

"We're all with you, Mr. Madden, and that's half the battle," said Rosie, as she took her seat beside him and opened her script book.

"I'm depending upon you to help me win the other half," added the happy young man. "And remember, my name's Dan."

"All right, Dan." And Rosie blushed with the thrill of such charming and friendly intimacy.

How much the little script clerk was to help the new director was evident in the opening scenes that were shot with such surprising speed and professional accuracy.

"Gosh, you can't tell me this bird hasn't directed before!" observed one of the character actors to his side kick. "I finished that medium shot just as I was putting on my hat, and when he moved to the close-up he made me repeat the hat action. Only old-timers know them tricks. The cutters will kiss him fer lapping, as it will give 'em a chance to make a perfect cut of continuous action."

No, neither the cast nor crew knew that during the different camera set-ups, while Dan and Rosie were apparently discussing the script, she would be whispering to him:

"Remember, Dan"—the word came pleasantly now—"that action is exaggerated as it comes toward the camera. So in this next close shot see that your actors move ver-y, ver-y slowly, or the action on the screen will be fast and jerky." Or: "In title action—especially if the title is short—have the character speak it twice, very slowly. This will give the cutter a few frames to play with when she cuts in the title. Otherwise she may have to cut it in without any lip movement whatsoever." Or: "The mayor's entrance ran twenty feet—much too long. We can shorten his interminable walk the length of the lobby by cutting in a quick flash of the two old soldiers, so that when we cut back he is at the desk."

By the end of the first day, Dan, with Rosie's secret help, had won the complete confidence of the entire troupe. Furthermore, the rushes, when viewed the following morning by studio executives, met with their enthusiastic approval.

As with any new director, Burgess had generously allowed for only fifteen scenes a day, but during the first week Dan had averaged more than twenty-two, which washed up the hotel sequence by Friday noon.

"Hank, I know we're not scheduled to go north until Sunday, but have the troupe report in the morning just the same," said Dan, as he finished the last scene. "I'd like to reshoot some of Muriel's stuff—it's pretty weak. Then I've thought of some good comedy business with the two old soldiers."

"Aw, Muriel's stuff will get by all right," replied Hank. "What's the comedy business?"

"Well, I thought I'd plant a few close shots of the old boys wrangling over the Battle of the Wilderness; then, whenever they appeared thereafter, however remote in the background or late in the story, the audience would know the old codgers were still wrangling over that immortal conflict."

"That means taking the old fools up north with us," replied Hank. "'Tain't worth it. Besides, if the scenes ain't in the script, they'll be cut out."

"Not if I'm the cutter," replied Rosie proudly. "It's incidental business like that that makes a picture."

Dan pondered for a moment; then, turning slowly, he said: "I'll take a chance, Hank. Call the company for nine o'clock."

"Well, I just told the men that they were through, but I'll try to reach them tonight," replied Hank with a frozen look at the two others.

The next morning when the two old fellows appeared smiling on the set, Rosie noted Hank's surprise, and when he angrily accosted them, she knew what he was asking. She also knew by their pantomime that they were puzzled as to who had called them. Then Hank turned and glared at Rosie, but she was busy sharpening her pencil.

That night, when the last shots were in the can and Rosie was making the final entry in her script, she smiled at the tired but happy director.

"You're going to make it!" she exclaimed.

Dan merely patted her on the back, but that pat sent her to bed the happiest girl in Hollywood.

On Sunday afternoon at three o'clock forty-two people, the cast and crew of the Harry Proctor unit of the Filmart Company, boarded the special car that was to take them to their location four hundred and eighty miles away. Hank had gone north the day before to make final preparations in Happyton, and so it devolved upon Dan himself to look after his flock. Going from group to group with democratic familiarity, he joined the songs and laughter, and when, the last to turn in, he lay looking out into the mysterious night, his barometer was registering the fairest kind of weather.

But not so the weather man's, for when they pulled into the quaint little town on the following morning the sky was bleak and gray. Acting under telegraphic instructions from Dan, Hank had arranged for the lesser members of the company to put up at the hotel and to park out the principals in private homes, Dan and Jimmy going to the local minister's. By ten o'clock everybody was squared away; but as a long, impossible drizzle had set in, there was nothing to do but loaf around town, get acquainted and arrange for future locations.

It was still raining on Wednesday, the time limit on Hal Blake's services that were contracted to start with Warner Brothers on Thursday. Hal was playing the part of the hotel keeper, and as he had been registered in the interior sequences made in Hollywood, Hank had figured that they could wash up his few exterior scenes on Monday and Tuesday and then let him go.

"Well, there's only one thing to do," said Dan. "Wire Casting to send up another hotel keeper. We'll reshoot the few interiors with him when we return home."

It was bad enough to lose three days' shooting, with huge overhead expenses going on, but Dan realized for the first time how the loss of a single actor could complicate one's schedule. Seeing the distressed look on the director's face, Hank amilingly attempted to ease his fears:

"It's just one o' them things, Dan. It's motion pitchers." Dan found little consolation in this pet remark of his assistant.

On Thursday morning came the first break in the storm, and not wishing to lose a moment of precious sunshine, Dan sent Hank out to shoot the romantic sequences while he himself grabbed off chase stuff. In the meantime Jimmy Sprunk had his crew decorating Main Street with flags and bunting while he was rounding up the extras and quaint carriages that were to participate in the big street scene.

After a few quick flashes of the hero pursuing the heavy, Dan finally got set to shoot one of the minor thrills. In this scene the hero had chased the heavy out upon the roof of a breakaway wooden awning in front of a grocery store, but unable to reach his prey, he was to jump into a flivver, dash into the upright posts, collapsing the roof and bringing down the heavy, and then on with the chase.

As it was a dangerous scene, both principals were doubled by stunt men; and as there could be no rehearsal without rebuilding the breakaway, Dan was using three of the four cameras he had brought with him. At last everything was set, and in the tenseness with which all dangerous scenes are shot, Dan called "Camera!"

Perfectly timed and splendidly directed, the scene ended in a cloud of dust as the heavy picked himself out of the wreckage and started off. But evidently the steering gear of the flivver had broken, for suddenly it swerved and, to the horror of the bystanders, plunged straight into the camera crew.

As the dust cleared, the crowd rushed in and began untangling the prostrate figures from the cameras, reflectors and magazine cases. Though the cameras were smashed, apparently the only person hurt was Rosie, who had been unable to leave her chair in time to avoid the crash, and now lay white

When Franklin Traveled

"... a good deal tired so I stopped at a poor inn, where I stayed all night, be-ginning now to wish I had never left home."
—Franklin's Autobiography

~ ~ and Today

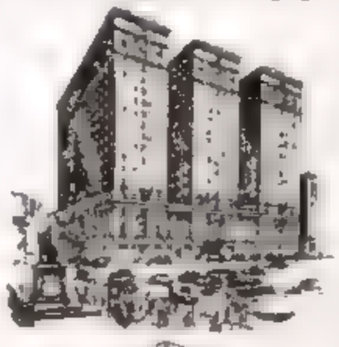
IN place of Franklin's stagecoach, the motor-car or luxurious Pullman. In place of the "poor inn" the splendid hostelry bearing the famous philosopher's name and providing every known luxury and comfort for today's tourist—making him indeed happy that he came to The Benjamin Franklin.

All the details of motor travel are taken care of by the hotel. You leave your car at the door; it is there again when you want it—special garage attendants see to that. An unusually well-equipped Travel Bureau is at your disposal to supply you with route guides, maps and motor information of any kind you may wish.

Every comfort for the traveller is provided at The Benjamin Franklin. Cool rooms, high above the heat of the street, each with private bath circulating ice-water in every room and luxuriously comfortable beds assure you a restful night's sleep, fitting you for the enjoyment of the coming day

The Benjamin Franklin combines in unusual manner the traditional hospitality of more leisurely times with the most modern metropolitan hotel appointments. Two-five hundred outside rooms. Rates commence at four dollars.

THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
PHILADELPHIA
Chestnut at Ninth Street
Horace Leland Wiggins ~ Managing Director



Convention Headquarters
Direct Mail Advertising Assn.
October 17 18 19, 1928

and frightened, with blood trickling down her forehead. Picking her up in his arms, Dan jumped into an automobile and hurried to the local doctor. Her cuts were reported quite superficial.

"Then everything's O. K., little one," Dan beamed, "for Billy told me the magazines were not damaged and the scene is in the can."

"I think I'd better take a look at you, Mr. Madden," spoke up the little old doctor. "You seem to have quite a list to starboard."

And no wonder, for when Dan's shirt was opened, his shoulder looked as though it had been struck by a huckleberry pie. A broken collar bone! Oh, well, what was a broken collar bone? Within half an hour Rosie and Dan had left the doctor's office, battered and bandaged, but still in the ring.

At one o'clock the big street scene was set to shoot, with more than four hundred people ready to make their happy pilgrimage on the way to the fair.

"It's ridiculous to try to get this with one camera," said Hank, "and the others won't be up until tomorrow morning."

"Well, we can get something," answered Dan, with a movement of discomfort in his plaster cast.

No sooner had Dan called for action and the crowd begun moving down the street than the sky temporarily clouded. A long wait. If only they could shoot the reverse angle while the sun was out! Again they started and again it clouded, this time breaking into rain and wilting the decorations. At the third try, Rosie suggested that they shoot anyway.

"It may be raining in Sacramento during the fair," she said, "in which case this stuff will match."

"But supposin' it ain't," remarked Hank.

"Then we'll alibi it with a title. Just cut in a scene of a woman coming to her front door and getting over the idea that she 'ain't goin' to no fair in the rain,' but a passing friend cries out, 'Come on, Mrs. Swasey; 'tain't rainin' a drop out to the fairgrounds!'"

But Dan took Hank's advice and postponed shooting until the following morning; surely it would clear by then, and he'd have all four cameras. But it didn't clear; in fact it simply poured. The situation had now become more than serious—it was tragic. The fair at Sacramento was a fixed date that could not be changed and the barbecue stuff was all set for Sunday. With only two days more in Happyton, Dan might get the essential scenes by pairing with Hank and letting him shoot half of them. But this rain! Four thousand dollars a day overhead for every day lost, three ruined cameras at two or three thousand dollars each, a child slightly injured in the crowd, no doubt with terrific damages against the company! Dan had always thought of a director as a superman who quietly uttered supreme orders that were instantly obeyed. Now he was beginning to think that the shooting of pictures was largely in the hands of the gods—or devils. To add to his desperation there was always the smirking Hank with his exasperating "Don't worry, Dan; it's just motion pitchers!"

Saturday night, without one foot of the big scenes in the can, Dan sent for his script clerk.

"Rosie, the Russians would say I've had a very dark time of it this week," he began with an effort at humor. "Now comes this from the studio." And he read a telegram:

PLAY AWAY FROM MEDFORD. SHE IS REGISTERING ROTTEN. THE ROMANCE STUFF TERRIBLE.

"Evidently Hank got less out of Muriel than I did," he went on. "Furthermore, if I play away from Muriel, I can't 'feed' Harry, which kills his stuff, and with it the story. Of course, it's too late to change leading ladies."

"I saw from the first that your story was likely to be ruined," answered Rosie sadly.

"Then I'll tell you what I'm going to do," went on Dan. "I'm going to forget story and build up our comedy characters. Mack Farrell is a wow and is stealing the picture anyway, and as for Jane Ketcham, playing the village reformer, she'll furnish a barrel of laughs if I give her a chance. We'll alibi the story with titles if we have to."

"Now, Dan, you've said something," replied Rosie, smiling through her surgeon's plasters at her battered director. "As for this stuff, we can come back after the fair footage is in the can and wash it up in two days." Then, looking at him very proudly, she went on: "I am glad to see you are beginning to boss your own show. Successful directors direct."

"Perhaps successful directors have helpful script clerks," replied Dan with a winning smile.

"Or loyal assistants," added Rosie meaningly. But she could not tell from Dan's cryptic smile whether it was because he couldn't or wouldn't get her meaning.

Fortunately for the state of California in general and Dan Madden in particular, the sun was shining on Sunday morning, the opening of the fair. When the crew and principals of the Harry Proctor company reached the grounds, they found a huge crowd eagerly awaiting the free barbecue provided by the Filmart Motion Picture Company.

"Now for the big-production stuff!" exclaimed Hank proudly, as the cameras were being set up.

"It's big all right," admitted Rosie, "but for the life of me I don't see what it has to do with our story. However, perhaps Dan can pick up a few comedy flashes."

"Flashes!" exploded Hank. "Why, you little fool, these production shots are what sell pitchers! Exhibitors want pitchers that look like money was spent on 'em. If Dan don't give the big footage, he'll be a fool too."

"I'm willing to be a fool, Hank," replied Dan, reddening. "I'm beginning to think I've been that already, but I'll have to ask you to withdraw your remark about Rosie." There was something in Dan's manner that sent Hank white.

"I'm sorry, Dan. But what does a script clerk know about pitcher making?"

"Maybe nothing—maybe a lot," replied Dan with tightened mouth. "In the meantime, while we're finding out, let's go!"

Dan was secretly convinced that Rosie was right, but, as a matter of protection, he shot all the barbecue stuff—some two thousand feet of it—and then on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday he got the incidental business at the fair and the take-off and Akeley shots of the balloon ascension. Wednesday night, with weather hopeful, they returned to Happyton. But hope faded in the morning; it was drizzling again.

"Well, Dan, this is a tough break, but there's only one thing to do—wait," observed Hank with exasperating calmness. "It's motion pitchers."

"That and other things," cut in the erstwhile mousy little script clerk insinuatingly. "Dan," she went on with a dry voice, while looking her god squarely in the face, "you asked me to make no suggestions outside of my script, and I haven't. But the time has come for plain speaking. Father Ricard says we are in for a long spell of this weather, and if you knew your California, you would know that the Padre of the Rains never misses. All clever assistant directors arrange their shooting schedules according to his predictions—and that should include you, Mr. Hank Burgess! Now if we stick up here waiting for sunshine, we may be ordered home without getting anything. So I suggest we shoot in the rain, just as though the story was intended that way."

"I might even play the rain for comedy," observed Dan.

"But the hotel stuff, little one!" sneered Hank. "How will you match your wet exits with your dry entrances?"

"By shooting the interiors all over—wet!" replied Rosie sniffily. "That's why we never should have shot those scenes first. It's easy to match your interiors with your exteriors, but it's something else again to reverse the process. Suppose it had snowed here! You know, Hank, it's not too late for snow," she added meaningly. "Well, in as much as we've got to shoot some of the interiors over on account of the new hotel keeper, we can reshoot our entrances. In that way we can wash up here in two days, return to the studio and get rid of this crowd. Then, with only the belfry fight and the trick balloon stuff on the dark stage, we will have lost only about ten days on our schedule. Now I've had my say—and I'm perfectly willing to be fired for it."

"You may be sure I'll attend to that little detail," observed Hank with ill-concealed rage. "You—you ——"

A sinister look came into Dan's blanched face that caused Hank to leave his invective unfinished. "Well, what is it, chief?" he added instead.

"We shoot in the rain," replied Dan firmly.

There was a menacing tenseness in Hank's walk as he strode off to give orders.

Up to this point Dan had prided himself that his company had established such a record of good behavior that every courtesy had been shown it by the townsfolk, the mayor even promising to call them out for the crowd stuff by a signal of four blasts from the fire siren. But a feeling of failure, combined with the depressing rain, had finally undermined the morale of the cast, and several of them cut loose and got the company in bad with everybody, with the result that the promised crowds failed to appear for the big scenes; and when finally the defeated company boarded the train, there was only a handful of people to bid them good-by.

Nor was that the end of their disasters, for as a result of those two days' shooting in the rain, eight members of the company were barking their heads off, while Rosie was put to bed with incipient pneumonia.

"Well, little one," said Dan, as he sat beside her berth in Stateroom A, "I guess everything has happened to us and our grand little thriller that possibly could happen."

"Why, Dan," whispered Rosie with a wan smile, "if you think that, 'you don't know nothin''—does he, Mrs. Webster?" And Rosie's companion and emergency nurse laughed and shook her head.

"Well, I guess it's just motion pitchers," said Dan with an impish smile.

"Dan, if you say that, I'll scream," protested Rosie. "That's the old 'out' of the floppers. We've had trouble, and we'll have more, but they can't be alibied by that old wheeze."

Rosie was right. The assistant director was still preparing further embarrassments. No sooner had Dan arrived at the studio the following morning than Hank announced that through some terrible blunder the interior set had been struck.

"See that it's rebuilt by tomorrow morning," replied Dan coldly. "And furthermore, I understand that the two old soldiers have been 'lost' again. See that they are on the set at nine."

"How do you ——"

"As director of this picture, I'll hold you responsible."

Dan's decision had come late, but it was effective. The set was ready and the old soldiers were on hand.

For the next two weeks while Dan was retaking the hotel sequence and shooting the difficult trick shots of the balloon stuff, Rosie managed to drag along and attend to her script. On the last day, when the fight in the belfry was scheduled, she could hardly hold her head up.

A fight sequence is always hard to direct, the action usually being left largely to the principals, who work out their own business. On this occasion, Dan was permitting a great deal of adlibbing on the part of the principals, when several of the studio executives came toward the set. It was the opportunity Hank had been waiting for. Assuming an aggressive and authoritative attitude, he stepped forward and practically assumed direction of the picture.

"Harry," he shouted, "when you begin to roll, see that Earl gets tangled in the bell rope—that's what's going to bring the crowd. And put more punch into your actin'! Dan, you ought to ——"

During this sudden and unexpected outburst the presumed director of the Balloonatic stood in confused bewilderment, and during those degrading moments Rosie was torn between a desire to kill Hank Burgess and a disappointment in her hero's lack of character. Then, for the first time, Dan noticed the executives, who were turning away with knowing looks at one another. Instantly he grasped the situation.

"What was the big idea?" he asked, as he turned to his smiling and triumphant assistant.

"Well, Dan, your fight stuff was terribly tame, and as big punches are my specialty, I thought ——"

"Big punches, did you say?" asked Dan with narrowing eyes.

"Yes; they always allow me to put in the big punches."

Bang! Right in the teeth! "Not in my picture!" added Dan as he surveyed the surprised, staggering giant.

Notwithstanding Dan's plaster cast, Hank Burgess made not the slightest move to prove his superiority in the big punches of real drama. The blow broke his four-flushing spirit as well as his tooth.

"Gosh!" exploded Jimmy Sprunk, as the big assistant stomped off swearing vengeance. "It's a wonder you crank turners wouldn't have grabbed off that scene! Tame fight stuff, hey? Wow!"

"Dan," said Rosie, as her restored hero sat down with a cynical look of belated understanding on his face, "that's what I wanted to tell you in the beginning. Everybody knew that Hank expected to direct this picture, and when it was given to you he started right in to flop and discredit you."

"I wondered about it several times," answered Dan reflectively, "but I couldn't figure why he would want to flop me when he was trying to put over Muriel."

"But he wasn't trying to put her over, Dan. He knew from the first she was a terrible actress, but he had promised her a lead. Here was a chance to keep his bargain with his sweetie and flop you at the same time. I sensed it the moment I saw his lack of interest in her work. The love scenes he directed were intentionally bad. Didn't you notice ——"

Dan turned and saw that his script clerk was crimson. "Rosie," he said suddenly, "you have a fever. Now run right home and I'll wash up this mess by myself."

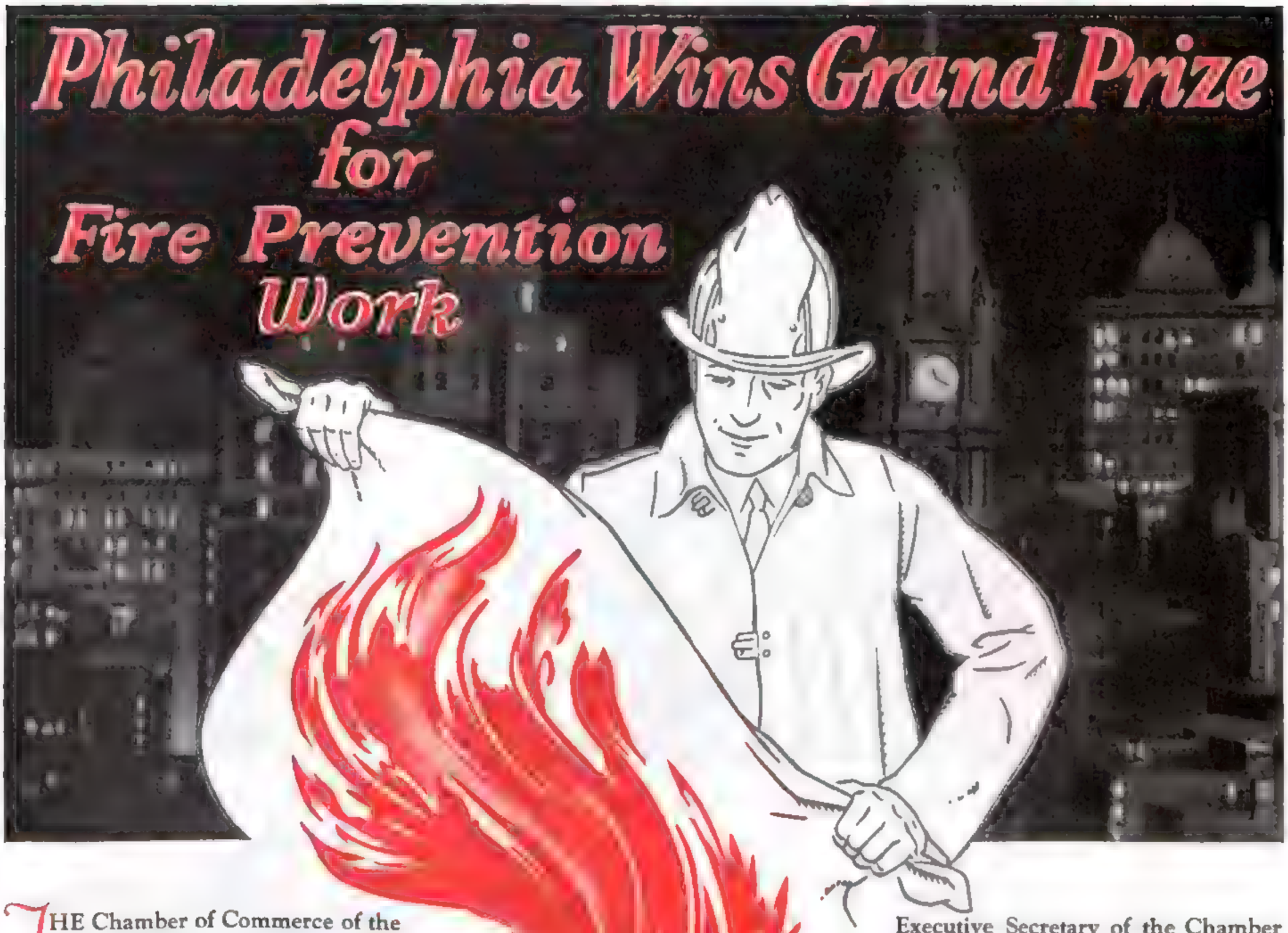
That night what was left of the Balloonatic was in the can.

Nor was Rosie's absence during the following week of any consequence, for her plea to cut the picture had been denied by Enger, the supervisor, on the ground that he had his own cutters. It was a painful week for Dan, wandering around the lot, waiting for the cutting and titling of his picture, his greatest embarrassment being that of meeting his old side kicks of the scenario department. Of course the rumor of his failure, carefully broadcast by Hank Burgess, had reached everybody. Not even the loyalty of his old company, many of whom were distributed among other units, could ease the sting.

The usual secret first preview was announced for Friday night at the Beverly Theater, and as Dan lived in Beverly Hills, he walked down early so that he could sneak in quietly, take a seat in the protective darkness at the back of the house and there witness the bursting of his artistic bubble without having to face studio executives, for by now he believed that even his comedy would not save the picture.

But he was not too early for one of his crew. His little script clerk was waiting for him, pale and almost trembling.

(Continued on Page 61)



THE Chamber of Commerce of the United States, co-operating with the National Fire Waste Council, has awarded to the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce two prizes in recognition of outstanding Fire Prevention Work during 1927:—

National Grand Prize—For cities of all sizes above 20,000 population (328 in all)

National Prize Class 1—For cities of 500,000 population or over

These awards are made each year for conspicuous reduction in fire loss, for educational activities in Fire Prevention and for permanent improvements, municipal or otherwise, tending to lessen fire waste.

They were won for Philadelphia through accomplishments of the Fire Prevention Committee of the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce, of which George W. Elliott, former Fire Marshal of Philadelphia and now Executive Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, is Chairman.

"These gratifying achievements could not have been attained without the aid of 'White Firemen'," says Chairman Elliott. "They lent their presence on our Fire Prevention Committee of Fire Prevention Engineers and representatives of Insurance Companies, including the local Board of Fire Underwriters. In all of our deliberations they took a very important part.

"The various companies, thru the 'White Fireman,' have given and are giving invaluable service to the fire prevention movement.

"It is most encouraging to know that property-owners, large and small, are learning that they may have this 'White Fireman' service to aid them in reducing fire hazard."

The "White Fireman" symbolizes the Loss-Prevention work carried on by fire insurance companies in co-operation with property-owners, municipalities and civic and business organizations interested in the reduction of fire loss.

Insurance Company of North America
PHILADELPHIA
and
Indemnity Ins. Co. of North America
write practically every form of insurance except life

The Oldest American
Fire and Marine Insurance Company
Founded 1792

Property Owners may Secure Loss-prevention Service through Responsible Insurance Agents

The traction doesn't wear off, *even after thousands of miles of service. On balloon tires, the center yields, bringing the shoulders against the road. Even though the center becomes smooth, you are still protected by the sharp, road-gripping edges of the Silvertown tread.*

famous Goodrich Test . . . *now gives you a new standard of accuracy in tire buying . . . . . .*

ALWAYS before, when motorists bought tires, they have had to judge these tires by mere appearance and reputation.

But now—you can see a Silvertown "at work."

Through this heavy plate glass you can see just what the tread will do when it presses against the road.

—how the center grooves close up, preventing distortion of the shoulders

—how the shoulders secure a firm, sure grip on the pavement.

By this test, you can see why the Silvertown tread is free from rapid, uneven tread wear—because of those three deep grooves in the center of the tread.

You can see why these tires keep their traction, even if the centers become smooth—because the edges of the tread come in full, protecting contact with the road.

Whatever you want or demand in tires—mileage, traction, economy, safety, silence, comfort or smart appearance—you get all these features when you buy Silvertowns. Look for the Silvertown Sign—displayed by Goodrich dealers!

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY
Est. 1870 - Akron, O. - Pacific Goodrich Rubber Co., Los Angeles, Cal. - *In Canada:* Canadian-Goodrich Company, Kitchener, Ontario

Goodrich Silvertowns

Goodrich Silvertowns deserve the dependability of Goodrich Inner Tubes

it stands stair traffic!

From a painting by Joseph Chenoweth
Copyright 1928, P&L

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

ON THE STAIRS!—going up, coming down—thousands and thousands of footsteps; and "61" Floor Varnish still displays its lustrous, durable surface!

Where the *wear* comes—on stairways, thresholds and the traffic paths of the home—are the real floor varnish tests. In such places, where common floor finishes quickly vanish, "61" Floor Varnish *proves* its wear-resistance, toughness and elasticity—a veritable armor of protection and beauty.

"61" Floor Varnish is heelproof, marproof and waterproof. Made to withstand the strain and stress of abuse under unusual conditions, its life is extremely long on ordinary floor surfaces. Playing children and household accidents do not injure "61" Floor Varnish.

Floors beautified and protected with "61" require no household drudgery to keep in condition. They *stay* in condition for years, without attention, other than such cleaning as you care to give them. Waxes and polishes are not required. Simply go over your "61" floors with a dry mop. Old-fashioned folks can, if they wish, wash them with soap and water, without harm to "61"!

"61" Floor Varnish in Clear Gloss, Dull Finish or any of the attractive woodstain colors, lasts even longer on furniture and woodwork than on floors. The life of linoleum is not only prolonged almost indefinitely, but the pattern and color are brightened, if the linoleum is given an occasional coat of "61" Clear Gloss.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE PANEL

finished with "61" Floor Varnish. Try the "hammer test" on the panel! Color card and names of local dealers will also be sent you.

GUARANTEE: If any Pratt & Lambert Varnish Product fails to give complete satisfaction you may have your money back.

P&L Varnish Products are used by painters, specified by architects and sold by paint and hardware dealers.

Pratt & Lambert-Inc., 83 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N. Y. Canadian address: 25 Courtwright Street, Bridgeburg, Ontario.

"61" LACQUER ENAMEL

Wherever a quick, durable, opaque enamel finish is desired, use the colorful "61" Lacquer Enamel. Dries almost immediately! Brushes and flows freely without brush marks. Will not crack, chip or peel and is waterproof.

"Save the surface and you save all"

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISH PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 56)

"Rosie! You here! Why, you ought to be in bed!" exclaimed Dan, as she came toward him.

"Not on this night," she replied with a friendly smile.

Just then Dan noticed the head juicer and laboratory chief coming along.

"Let's beat it up into the balcony," he said, hurrying Rosie toward the ticket window. "I'd rather not see any of them."

They were early enough to get front seats, where they could look down at the roped-off section reserved for the studio. It was a long wait before they would see their own picture, and as they could only exchange occasional whispers during the noisy moments of the feature, they occupied their time in noting the studio functionaries as they began to file in. Yes, they were all there—even Jerome Trask, who arrived at the last minute with Miss Edwards, his secretary.

"This is the first time I've ever known him to attend a preview," whispered Rosie.

There was no chance for further discussion. The feature finished with the usual clinch, and before the audience could emerge from the sweet goo, a typewritten temp title announced the preview of The Balloonatic.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Dan, as the opening sequence began to unfold. "Where's the comedy? The old soldiers have been practically cut out!"

"I was afraid of that," was the discomforting reply of Rosie.

There is no occasion to dwell upon the painful silence that greeted the new Filmart opus, for in the feel of the audience, both Rosie and Dan knew that the picture was dying ingloriously. Even the big punch where the hero rescued the little girl five thousand feet in the air, though it gave the spectators a genuine thrill, could not compensate for the dullness of the story. As the chase began and even its comedy shots were missing, Rosie reached over and took Dan's hand in hers. It was in no manner a sentimental gesture, but merely one of comfort. As Dan felt the chill of her fingers, he closed his other hand over hers—to keep it warm.

As the preview ended—without so much as the usual complimentary hand—a large part of the audience filed out, hoping to catch glimpses of the studio notables as they gathered for the inevitable sidewalk conference. But Rosie and Dan waited inside rather than face the coroner's inquest. When, finally, they felt that the road was clear, they quietly ventured out and were just making what they thought was an unobserved get-away when they were suddenly accosted by Miss Edwards.

"We knew you must be in there somewhere," she said, "and Mr. Trask asked me to find you and tell you that he'd like to see you in his office at eleven o'clock tomorrow morning."

"Well, Rosie, you know what that means," said Dan, as they strolled up the street and he got in beside her in her car. "Now tell me, how did I muff it so badly? Nobody could have had a more propitious start than I."

"Your mistakes began right in Mr. Trask's office. You should never have let him choose your assistant. He meant well, but he didn't know."

"But surely the cutting of the picture is not my fault."

"Yes, it is; you never should have let them hang Spearman on you. He's a good continuity writer, but he and Mr. Enger have been notorious enemies; and as Enger probably thought Spearman wrote in the comedy after he, Enger, had O. K.'d the script, he just naturally cut the picture for story." Dan was thoughtful. "Even the photography would have been better if you hadn't let Enger name his brother-in-law for your cameraman."

"But, Rosie, why didn't you tell me these things before?"

"You wouldn't let me. Besides, you had committed most of your blunders before you took me on as script clerk."

"Well, Rosie, you must run home now and go to bed," said Dan, as he got out of the little roadster. "I'll see you in the morning after I've had my talk with Trask."

As Dan turned away and she started her engine, Rosie, watching the retreating figure of her hero as he walked slowly up the deserted street alone, noted a droop in his shoulders that stung her to an overwhelming pity. Slowly she turned into Wilshire Boulevard toward her home in Hollywood. But she did not go straight home. In fact it was five o'clock in the morning before she finally pulled down her wall bed and threw herself on it for a few hours' rest.

Dan arrived at his office the next morning at 10:30 and, to kill time before his appointment with Trask, he picked up the morning paper. Casually turning past the movie page, which no longer interested him, his eye suddenly caught the word "Balloonatic." Queer—previews were supposed to be kept secret. How did the reporters learn about this one? Yes, it was reviewed, the head reading, The Balloonatic—A Tame Story. A tame story, indeed! Dan smiled as he thought that a picture recording its making would have been anything but tame. The bursting of his own balloon—there was real drama in that! Then there was the thrill of the flivver accident—yes, even a fight! If the fans—and critics—only knew!

Nor was the other morning paper less cruel in its criticism, saying that the Balloonatic was probably the worst picture ever filmed by Filmart. At that moment the door opened and Rosie entered, pale, red-eyed, but smiling. After tenderly inquiring about her condition, Dan asked if she had seen the morning papers.

"Yes—Hank again. But forget Hank, Dan, and run over to the office; you're due there now. I'll be here to dress your wounds when you return." And Rosie made a brave effort to smile.

"My one regret at leaving is that I'll be leaving you, Rosie. I can't tell you ——"

"Don't try to, Dan. Now hurry along!"

On this occasion there was no waiting in the outer office. Dan's appointment was for eleven o'clock, and at exactly eleven o'clock he entered the inner sanctum of Filmart's big boss.

"Well, Dan," said Trask without looking up, "I see by the morning paper that your picture is a little bit worse than rotten. Have you any alibi?"

"Not the slightest."

"Well, what did you get out of your experience?"

"A wonderful magazine story about a high-brow author who thought he could direct a motion picture."

"With one hand tied behind him," added Trask with a smile, noting Dan's bandaged arm. "Anything else?"

"Yes, I learned that directing a picture is a one-man job. I tried to make it a social symposium."

"What would you do if you ever directed another one?"

"I'd direct it, by gad!"

"Dan, it's cost me over two hundred thousand dollars to teach you that, and I don't want it wasted. Besides, I have reasons to believe you didn't get the support you were entitled to," said the big boss with a smile. "I have assigned you to the Undertaker's Daughter, scheduled to begin shooting on May ninth."

"In spite of my flop on the Balloonatic?" gasped the flabbergasted author.

"The Balloonatic isn't hopeless. That business of the old soldiers was very funny and ——"

"But they weren't in the picture!" blinked Dan. "How ——"

"They are now. Last night, just as I was turning in, the butler came to me and said a young lady from the studio insisted on seeing me, and, thinking it important, I let her in. She was very excited, but she convinced me that I had better make no decision on your picture until I had seen the cut-outs, and I gave her permission to cut the comedy scenes in and show me the picture again this morning. Guess she must have worked all night, for I have just come from the projection room after sitting through eight reels of pretty good stuff. The picture is 100 per cent better than the preview. She also told me a lot of other stuff I was glad to know."

By this time Dan was on his feet and moving toward the door.

"She's a smart kid and you ought to keep her."

But Dan was gone.

As the rehabilitated director was hurrying down the hall in his eagerness to get back to the scenario department, who should he run into but Hank Burgess, just emerging from the production office with a pink envelope in his hand.

"What? Fired, Hank?" exclaimed Dan. "Well, that's just too bad. But after all, it's motion pitchers."

But the director did not wait to hear the profane uncompliments uttered by his erstwhile assistant.

"Rosie, I'm going to direct again!" exploded Dan as he burst in upon his loyal little partner. "And I want you for my script clerk!"

"Why—why, what's the story?" cried the happy girl, jumping to her feet.

"Rosie, it's to be a super-special serial," said Dan slowly, as he suddenly reached out and took her in his one good arm. "And it will run on and on and on—until death us do part. Is it a go?"

Rosie's eyes took on a look of heavenly wonder, and as she buried her head in her hero's shoulder, she managed to say, "Yes, Dan, if you'll promise to direct the story from camera to cut and let nobody in the world butt in on the continuity."

GLASSHOUSES FOR STYLE

(Continued from Page 19)

for lawn mowers. In the South I had colored fellows working for me, and old Uncle Dick, a Baptist preacher and a wonderfully clever old chap, was the best man with the scythe around there. He would mow the terraces.

Well, one day I went to an auction to buy a work horse, and just for the fun of it I bid fifty cents for an old scythe and I got it. So, one day when Uncle Dick was mowing the terraces, I took my scythe and began. And, bedad, I could cut all around him!

"Well, captain, where'd you get dat scythe?" he said, his eyes almost standing out of his head, I was going so fast.

The secret is this: The man who can keep the thing sharp, he is the lad who is going to cut the grass. It's the way you whet it. The scythe blade must be very thin, like a razor, and you must put your whetstone on slanting at an angle of the very finest. But it takes years to learn it. It takes a magic touch, for you must go as close to the edge as a tenth of a hair and yet not shorten the angle of cleavage in your blade. And just as no man would lend his razor, no man would lend his scythe. This was drilled into me when I was a boy.

Now, I have seen thirty-five men cutting hay with scythes, and such a unique and grand sight you cannot imagine. The people would come out from the villages and would be standing along the fence early in the morning to watch it. The oldest man on the job would take the lead—a man of sixty-five or seventy or more. And every young man they would put between two old fellows. Then all thirty-five together in oblique formation, one a step ahead of the other, they would swing at it in rhythm, singing a kind of song to make them swing in time. At the end of the day the old men would be strong and easy as ever, but the strong young fellows would be exhausted.

I remember asking father why it was, for I couldn't understand it—why those husky young chaps were played out—and he told me it was all in the sharpness of the scythe. The old ones had the knack and so they moved along so smoothly, hardly bending at all, and the hay falling like magic. But the young fellows, because they couldn't get a fine blade, would have to sweat and grunt and hack it off by sheer force. Why, five young men couldn't do the work of two old fellows. And you will think I exaggerate when I tell you that I have cut, in fifteen minutes, grass that takes a lusty chap of thirty half a day. It is true.

In old England a great landowner would walk over his lawn as proud of it as if it were a great master, admiring the way it rolled to the edge of the mansion and the brick walls and flower gardens, as springy, tough and sleek as a beautiful carpet, and he would pluck out every tiny stone or weed that marred it. An American millionaire, walking over the fine turf of a college quadrangle in Oxford said to me:

"But this has been cultured for three hundred years. We can't have grass like this in America."

But Americans can have fine lawns too. Often contractors do stupid things. I have known them to level off the land where a mansion is to be built and scoop all the top soil into a hole and then cover it with the sand and clay. Well, the man who has no top soil at all will never get a good lawn in twenty years; though, mind you, the top soil does not have to be exceptionally rich.

Top soil—loam, or humus—is decayed vegetable matter. It is the dead leaves and branches that have been shed and have decayed. Its chief virtue is that it is so finely porous that it holds the moisture in the same way a fine sponge does. It is so compact that it makes a firm retentive wall on the top of the soil that cannot be washed away and carried off into gullies. And because it is decayed vegetable matter it contains the best three foods of plants—potash and phosphorus and nitrogen.

Weeds are a serious handicap in America. In England we have battled against them so long that they are kept out where we don't want them. But in America, especially around cities, weeds are a pest, a curse. They find havens on vacant lots and waste places and dumps—dandelions, docks and poison vines and ragweed. Their seeds are carried by the winds and birds, and so they will spill themselves over onto the lawns of attractive suburbs. "One year's seeding means ten years' weeding," we used to say.

A man who is first making his lawn should do this: If the place is infested with weeds plow it and cultivate it. In' June sow it thickly with Japanese buckwheat. This will be up in a week, and if the soil is reasonably rich it will grow rapidly. In August, just before the buckwheat matures, roll it flat and then plow it under. See that it is entirely covered by the soil. Thus it will add valuable decayed vegetable matter to your soil.

In a week roll the land again, harrow it and pulverize it and level it and sow it with grass. Buy your grass seed from a good seed merchant, because he will know what mixture is best for the soil and climate of your locality.

The Japanese buckwheat, in growing, smothers all weeds, not only the ordinary ones but the most devilish of them all—the so-called summer grass, or Bermuda grass. This is a tough annual and a rank grower. It will smother the finest lawn grass, and, dying with the first frost, it leaves ugly brown patches. The seed vessels of it lie

A right size for every purpose

Large policeman—diminutive "newsie"—each fits the job he does. So with the FINNELL Electric Floor Machine—some are large, such as the hefty No. 20 for heavy duty work. Others are small, such as the light and agile HC for polishing and scrubbing small areas. In between are six other sizes, a right size for profitable operation anywhere—a one-room store, a ten-acre factory or a forty-story building.

Large institutions have found that the FINNELL saves thousands of dollars; small concerns are saving hundreds. All are gaining prestige and patronage with *clean* or beautifully wax-polished floors.

Without charge or obligation, FINNELL Floor Maintenance Engineers will survey floor conditions in your establishment, and furnish an estimate of the FINNELL SYSTEM most economical for you.

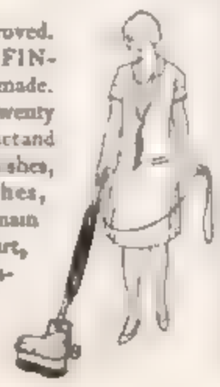
For full information address FINNELL SYSTEM, INC., 207 East Street, Elkhart, Indiana. Offices in principal cities—consult telephone book. In Canada write Finnell System, Ltd., Standard Bank Bldg., Ottawa, Ontario.

The FINNELL may be used on any kind of floor—wood, linoleum, rubber, tile, mastic, concrete, etc. Cleans, beautifies, and preserves

FINNELL
·ELECTRIC·
FLOOR MACHINE
It waxes It polishes It scrubs

HOUSEHOLD FINNELL

New and improved. The smallest FINNELL ever made. Weighs only twenty pounds Compact and efficient. Renovates, waxes, polishes, scrubs. Write main office at Elkhart, Ind., for illustrated folder.



flat and the lawn mower cannot cut it, and thus it perpetuates itself by self-seeding. You see, most weeds grow taller than lawn grass, and so continual mowing will eventually kill them. A plant, to live, must grow to its natural height to breathe, as it were, and go to seed. That is why, in England, we often put sheep on the lawns, for they crop the grass so close that the weeds perish after a season or two. But this Bermuda grass defies even the sheep. Only Japanese buckwheat or patient weeding by hand will get rid of it.

Never put stable manure on your lawn; first, because it contains the seeds of weeds and hay, and second, because it is a quick-acting, strong, nitrogenous fertilizer. Now, nitrogen makes a crop, makes big leaves. But you don't want to take a crop off your lawn. You don't want the blades of grass to grow big and rank and coarse. What you want is fine tender thick grass with countless fine thin blades.

And finally, here is a tip for the man who really loves his lawn and is interested in it: Mow it often. Once a week at least, and twice a week is better. We mowed all the fine lawns in England at least twice a week. This is the reason: If you mow it often, then the clippings will be so short and fine that they don't need to be raked off. They are shed into the roots of the grass and there allowed to decay and accumulate and thus add rich humus and vegetable mold continually to your lawn, and they nourish it in perpetuity. For Nature is a perpetual-motion machine, and if you never take a crop off and use it elsewhere, but allow the crop to return to the field, then this same field never will become impoverished. On the contrary, it will grow richer and produce more flourishingly every year. So, the more you cut your lawn, the better it is fertilized and the finer it becomes. The only top dressing on the finest English lawns was decayed leaf mold and occasionally a solution of soft-coal soot or lime.

Lady Lenox's Acorns

And even if sometime you must rake the clippings off your lawn, never throw them away or you will break the heart of every good gardener who hears of it. We would never throw this valuable leaf mold into the chicken yard or onto the rubbish heap, as I have seen many Americans do. We would save every bit of it, put it on the strawberries or use it in the greenhouses. Why, that makes the finest mulch in the world!

I wish I could give you some idea of how people loved trees in those old days.

The courtly Lady Lenox, who was a member of the Duke of Richmond's family, was famous for her love of trees. But I shouldn't say "famous," for to love trees made no one person stand out more than another in those days. All did. The queer exception was the man who did not, and a vulgar sort we felt him to be.

Well, when Lady Lenox died she was ninety years old, and just a few days before her death she expressed a desire to plant some acorns. Ten flowering pots were brought to her bedside and into each she feebly pressed an acorn. A footman held a little wine to her lips so that she would have the strength to speak, and she said:

"It is a small matter to plant an acorn. But a hundred years hence it will be a mighty oak, the best of all trees. Time and Nature and God will make something miraculous and blessed out of these tiny acorns."

These small trees were distributed among friends and one of them was planted at Llwyn on young Master Dugdale's birthday. He was the eldest son and heir, and his birthday was on the same day as mine, though I was three years younger, and we were close and intimate friends. He was the captain of the cricket team and I was the best batter—at least so I considered myself to be. Well, I had a strong feeling for that little oak tree which was planted on my birthday and I watched it and tended it as if it were my own. One day I believed its pruning had been overlooked and an irresistible impulse made me get the shears and do it myself.

Well, there was the devil to pay. Not because I had done a bad job. I knew how to prune a tree with the best of them. By pruning you make the main trunk or leader grow high and straight and prevent it from dividing off into branches too soon. The point was that only Master Dugdale himself was allowed to prune that tree. It was his, a part of him and sacred to him. Mr. Wilkins, the undergardener, was furious and told my father, and my father licked me, I am sorry to say, although young Dugdale and his father, the governor, thought they had been much too hard on me.

People would become strongly attached to their favorite trees and would be as distressed if they were injured as if they were living creatures. In front of the Dugdale mansion there was an old cedar of Lebanon, a wonderful tree that had a spread at the top of its rich, black, somber branches of 103 feet, and it was—this was in 1872—twenty-four feet around the trunk. The Dugdales kept a history of this tree. It was one of the seven that had been raised from the seeds of a cone which John Evans, the publisher of the map of Wales and the grandfather of the Venerable Archdeacon Wilson Evans, author of the tales of the Early British Church, bought in London for half a guinea in 1770. Its six brother cedar trees are growing on six great places in England

Well, once after a storm one of the smaller top branches was broken off and Mr. Dugdale was so distressed that he nearly cried; in fact, he did cry, and I saw him. We were looking up at it after the storm and he said that he preferred that his house should be damaged, for he could repair a house in a short time, but that it would take 150 years to grow another tree as fine as that one.

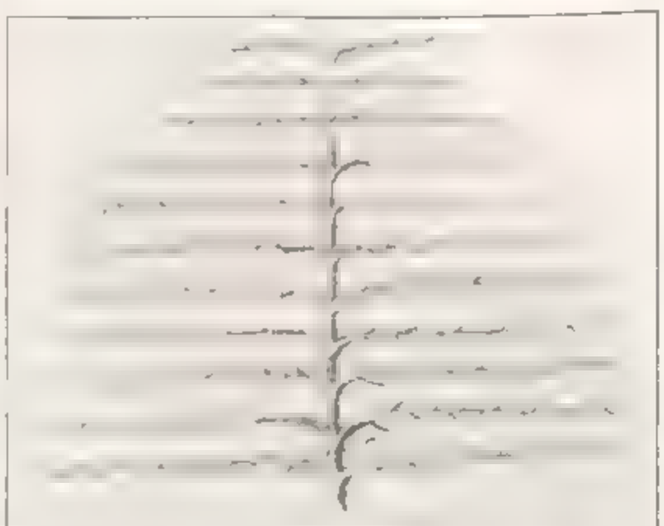
In Tree-Lined Avenues

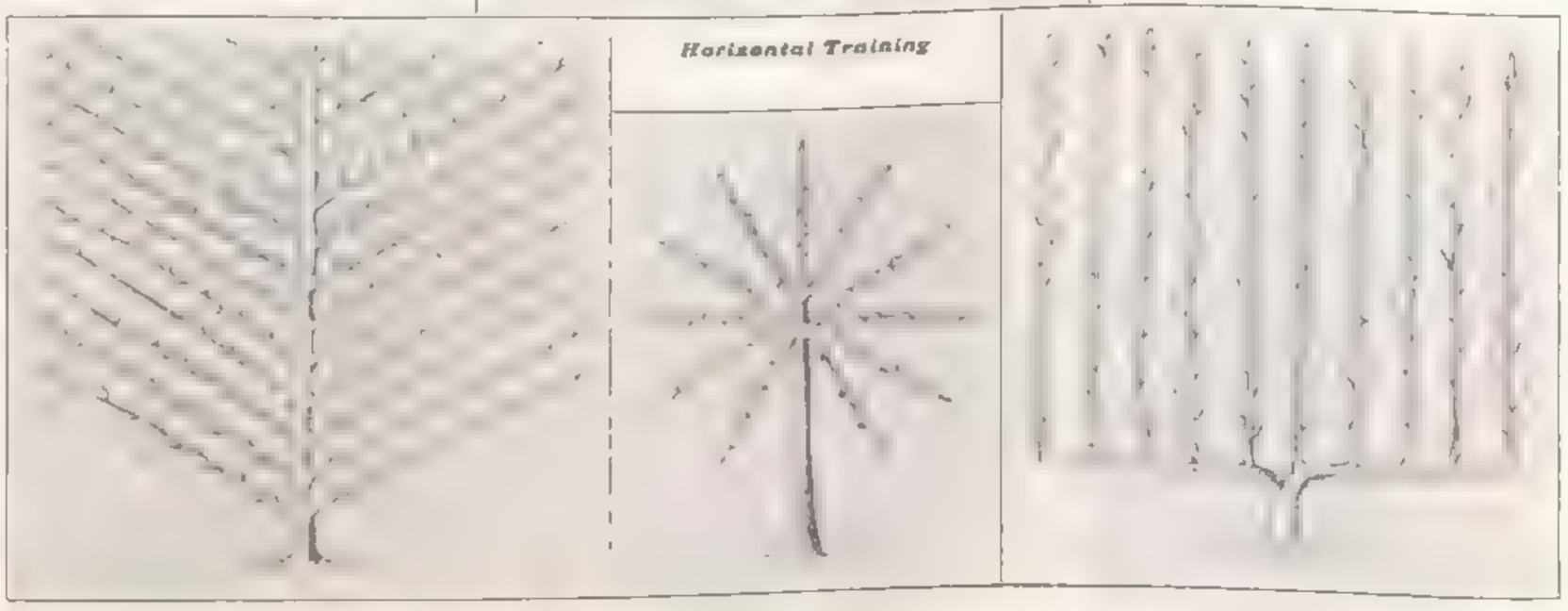
There was the Earl of Ducie's chestnut tree, his proudest possession, which he valued more than all his mansions, portraits, gold plate and things. It was planted by the Romans. Tortworth, the Earl of Ducie's place, is in Gloucester, and Sir Robert Atkin, the historian of the county of Gloucester, ascertained by his researches that the tree was so big in 1135 that it was called the Great Chestnut of Tortworth, and in 1772 it measured nineteen yards in circumference.

In Chester, which was the principal town in the part of the country where I was brought up—Western England and North Wales—there was the famous firm of Dicksons' Seed and Nurserymen, Ltd. When Queen Victoria became a patron and then especially appointed the firm to the crown, this gave tremendous impetus to horticulture and forestry in England. My father during his long life had been a regular customer there for half a century. In fact, when he had been trading with them for fifty-five years they gave a big banquet in Chester in his honor.

When I was fifteen I was sent to the landscape department of Dicksons' and remained there until I was seventeen. Well, Chester, you know, is not far from Hawarden Castle, which was Gladstone's home, and I have been there many a time. We all walked in those days, and five miles and back was nothing much. In fact, lords and ladies walked too. A great nobleman and his lady would walk three or more miles and back to the little parish church outside his park walls; walking peacefully through the avenues of yew trees and oaks and pale beeches. Now nobody walks two blocks. And they were all fine healthy people with rosy faces. Sometimes I think that if people walked more in these days they would insist upon lining the roads with beauty instead of billboards and dumps and garages and gas stations; for where there are walkers, people want a tranquil prospect and beauty that will lift their spirits.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles by Mr. Edwards. The second will appear in an early issue.





The merry battle for your purse

FRANKLY, this advertisement is one of the many contenders in the war for your pocketbook.

Week after week, the pages of The Saturday Evening Post are filled with advertising arrows skillfully aimed at your instincts and emotions. Meritorious products and services are brought to your notice by strategic attack on your dominant needs and desires.

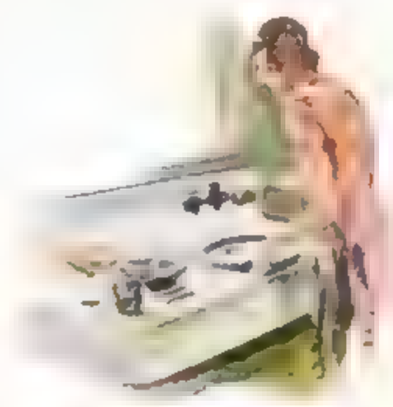
One appeals to your fear of illness, another to your pride and ambition, a third to your love of cleanliness and abhorrence of dirt, others to your craving for comfort, your family devotion and affection, your interest in your children's future.

This advertisement, which you are reading, encompasses every one of these appeals because it is about those four walls and a roof that you call *your home*, the shelter and center of your hopes and your family, the place all twined round with your dearest sentiment.

Perhaps you are not much moved by the logical and somewhat formal report of students of family relationships that in an atmosphere of home comfort and cleanliness the frictions of living are vastly reduced. But every husband and father immediately responds to the thought that homes are happier where children are growing up with the sanitary and heating conveniences that we term modern.

It is not merely that their health is guarded, but that their little strength is fostered, their entire mental outlook enlarged and prepared for broader, more purposeful living.

How shall you measure your house to determine in what ways it may be made a *better home* for you and your family? How decide whether there is plenty of healthful warmth without wasted coal during cold snaps? Quick heat in the morning? Whether there are enough bathrooms for the family? Abundance of hot water under faucet control? A sink that really lightens mother's labor in the kitchen?



To help you make such a comfort and health survey of your home, call in your plumbing and heating contractors. They know that standards vary as income and wants vary. They have a complete and broad understanding of minimum as well as luxury requirements.

Well informed regarding the latest developments in their crafts to serve you, alert to the advisability of conserving your expenditure, they are anxious and ready to help you "make a health examination of your home."

Plumbing and Heating Industries Bureau

[*A national association of Heating Contractors, Master Plumbers, Wholesalers, and Manufacturers*] EVANSVILLE, INDIANA

MAKE A HEALTH EXAMINATION OF YOUR HOME

What do they mean by club balance?

EVER know a pro who didn't talk balance . . . balance . . . balance? Slices, hooks, missed putts, bad drives—the pro claims that poor balance contributes to them all. He's right, too—but sometimes it isn't you that's unbalanced—it's the club.

That's why Burke clubs are so perfectly balanced—because balance and accuracy are so closely connected. Not only is each Burke club balanced in itself, but it is also balanced with respect to the other clubs in the same set. And Burke clubs eliminate vibration—reduction offset rings brace them like bridges. Made of Chrome-Molybdenum alloy, Burke shafts go through three temperings to produce the famous True-Temper steel.

For drives straighter and drives longer—try Burke clubs. Your pro or sporting goods house has them or will get them for you.

An enlarged section of the True-Temper steel shaft.

Burke

CLUBS • BAGS • BALLS

THE BURKE GOLF CO.
Newark, Ohio

THE SANDALWOOD FAN

(Continued from Page 31)

his pistol—the whole works. The evidence is contradictory; but I do think we can work on the hypothesis that Scissors went there that night to kill Garry Duane. That's nearly all we have. Except that it wasn't his own job. Tell me, what developed out of the investigation into Scissors' death?"

"Nothing. We went to Riverhead and were questioned by the district attorney and coaxed to own up, and there the matter rests. The authorities seemed to view the murder as they would view a toy puzzle—hard to solve and not worth solving. You know the perfunctory inquiry that is made into the killing of any professional criminal."

"It seems impossible that the man could have been shot down as you described and without any evidence of the killer. The Suffolk people may not be acutely interested in finding the killer of a vicious criminal, and neither are we *per se*, but we're greatly interested in this particular instance, because it bears directly on the case of Garry Duane. I'd like to view the scene and also size up the rest of the group; can you fix it for me?"

"I'm sure you'll be most welcome. I've been going down nearly every week-end."

"A model executor," said Little Amby, watching him slyly. "Most executors find their jobs confounded nuisances."

Fat Ben entered the grille. "Hello, Amby!" he bawled. "Hello, there, Dick, my old tomato! Much obliged for the business."

"What business?"

"Wasn't it you gave my office a ring? Amby, I had your office on the wire; they said you were up here with Dick. I was giving them a friend of mine who's just been grabbed. A fifteen-thousand-dollar bond—half for me and half for the company. Well, there's some harrowing details yet to go over, but the judge slipped me a figure on the quiet."

"Who was it?" asked Little Amby.

"Tap-tap Tony. Just been sprung. Well, Tap-tap said he had another lawyer, but I gave him to your office to work on anyway. I got the bond all right. A birthday, boys—what's your pleasure?"

XVI

ON THE following Saturday afternoon, Little Amby and Dick took the Merrick Road for Blue Point in Dick's car.

"Why don't you sell that Blue Point place for the girls, Phillipse?" suggested the lawyer. "They don't want it, I suppose."

"They should sell, but country stuff is easier to buy than to sell. I've advised them to put it on the market."

"How many acres?"

"Fifty, I think. And a great big barn of a house. It's a very pretty place, but it's not easy to get people to come out and look at it."

"Take some pictures of it, and get a set of plans of the house."

"It might be hard to find a plan of it; it must be twenty-five years old at least. Not entirely modern either; it has old-fashioned combination gas and electric fixtures. I don't know what the heating is."

But having time to pursue the idea, they ran by the Duane place and continued into Patchogue, the nearest town of any size. They found an old real-estate man who remembered when the house was built; he sent them to Hicks & Cornell, architects.

"We didn't build the house," said Mr. Hicks, searching among dusty prints. "We're not as old as that. We handled the remodeling, though, some years back. We did it for Duane, I think; he wanted some changes and we made sketches."

He let Little Amby have a plan, on a promise to commend him to the prospective buyer; they resumed their journey to Blue Point.

"I'll show this to a client of mine who wants a country place," said Little Amby. "Perhaps you'd better not speak of it to the ladies until we have a firm offer and are ready to snap them up if they say yes."

Florence greeted them at the house; Nell was somewhere about the grounds. Little Amby was introduced to Suydam and to Doctor Wessel and Lowell Zittel.

"May I show Mr. Hinkle the wonderful view from the cupola?" requested Dick almost at once. And hardly waiting for Florence's permission, he was on his way upstairs.

"Marvelous," said Little Amby, looking out at the prospect of green meadows, dark woods and silver waters. He didn't give a snap of his bony fingers for scenery; he saw in it nothing but property, improved or unimproved. "Doesn't that motorboat coming up the creek look pretty? That's a woman getting out of it, isn't it? Perhaps that's Miss Duane."

"Where?" He swung his gaze instantly in the indicated direction. "No, that's not she, but I see her just ahead there."

Letting the rest of the scenery go begging for admiration, he led the way downstairs and across the lawn to the hidden path by the brook.

Nell was walking there, followed sedately by Vanity, the family cat.

"This is Ambrose Hinkle, the famous criminal lawyer," said Dick when he had spoken for himself.

She took Little Amby's hand. "Is he as nice as you, Dick?"

"Only in looks, Miss Duane," said Little Amby modestly. "I wouldn't deceive you. He has the edge on me in the plain and solid sort of virtues."

"You must be terribly handsome."

"No fair, Miss Duane—you looked."

"Have you met everybody?"

"At the house. Most charming people, though Mr. Phillipse told me privately that I hadn't met anybody yet. You have a beautiful place here, Miss Duane; we were admiring it from the cupola. We saw you from there. A boat stopped in the creek and a woman got out and came up this path, and we saw you when she stopped to let you pass."

"It was the maid Kennedy," said Dick. They returned to the house.

"Doctor Wessel is reading handwritings for us," called Florence. "He told us most interesting things about Lowell. Dick, would you like to hear the low-down truth about yourself?"

"I'd rather see a sample of Mr. Hinkle's writing, if I might," said Doctor Wessel. "I have the writing of many famous people, including Lord Grey, Admiral von Tirpitz, Ripley the trunk murderer, Mrs. Clogher the publicist, and the man Finch who jumped from the Brooklyn Bridge and later asked to be shot to the moon in a rocket. May I have yours, Mr. Hinkle? Write this verse that we're all so much interested in."

"Bracket me with the man who wanted to name a passenger for the rocket," said Little Amby, sitting down to paper. "I have that complex, too, and a longer list to pick from." He wrote out the verse.

"Sign it, please," directed Wessel. "Thank you. Your signature is full of character, Mr. Hinkle. I'd like to show you Admiral von Tirpitz's; the anchor is delineated most clearly. There is your symbol, in the capital H. It shows again in the small s, but it is better in the H."

"It looks like a dollar mark," said Dick.

"It is a dollar mark. See it here again, and again in the body of the writing. The writer is so greedy for money that his subconscious traces dollar marks at every opportunity."

"Frank," said Little Amby. "Friendly, too, I'm sure."

"I don't think this is so much fun," said Nell. "The doctor always tells such terrible things."

"That's just the fun of it," said Florence. "Go on, doctor."

"And yet there is extravagance here," said Wessel, who, in his usual way, had heeded nobody. "See how low down on the paper he wrote—right in the middle—extravagance and self-assertion. The writer would do almost anything for money and would then throw it away. The judgment is excellent; that is indicated by the balanced margins. The writing is small and the lines are straight—subtlety and calmness. The letters are vertical; that is self-complacency or only self-confidence and coldness. Here's dissimulation again in the *o*'s and *a*'s that are open below. See what bold and wide capitals, and how vigorous the *t* bars are; ambitiously high and well to the right of the upstroke; but they slant down—pessimism. The writer is full of energy and self-confidence, and yet distrusts the future; he might be a soldier or a criminal."

"And he's not a soldier, doctor," said Dick with a chuckle.

"No," said Wessel, "I can see that. Don't accept literally what I have told you. I have named a few salient characteristics where there are hundreds of others—some of them confused, some contradictory. Here are legal touches, for instance, and yet the writer is not a lawyer, but a business man."

"Not a lawyer? There is a general delusion to that effect."

"That may be," said Wessel.

"I think the doctor is very good indeed," said Little Amby cheerfully. "He means that the writer is not a lawyer among lawyers, and as a matter of fact, if I knew as much law as my man Cohen forgets overnight, I could probably qualify as somebody else's managing clerk. Much obliged for the reading, doctor. Tell me, have you employed your talents in reading that verse itself?"

"I have, indeed."

"What do you think of it?"

"Of the author, psychically? The composition evinces an undue elation. Common experience teaches us that the lot of the farmer is not so happy. An arterial relaxation is evidenced, producing a hyperæmia of the highest cerebral centers. My prognosis would not be unfavorable; the thing was composed, I should say, during an attack of transitory mania, by some farmer whose mind was unbalanced by his misfortunes. You see the typical delusion of grandeur and wealth; the poor fellow could have been in an institution when he wrote that, and he would inevitably believe he owned everything he saw about him."

"I dare say it wasn't written by a farmer at all. Certainly, I never heard a dirt farmer talking that way about his business, unless he was trying to sell out. I mean, do you read in that a message that we can't see? I presume you've seen the original writing by Mr. Duane. Did you see a suggestion of a hidden message, or is that line of work out of your province?"

"I have indeed given many odd periods to the examination of that verse, Mr. Hinkle. I have tried to throw a light on it by the use of numerology. Graphology is of no assistance here."

"But you used numerology."

"Yes. It seems to me that the number 10 is the key to that secret message. Duane seems to have been ruled largely by the number 10, and also by its constituents 3 and 7. Without piling up a thousand details to make cumulative proof—have I the correct term, Mr. Hinkle?"

"Cumulative evidence—yes."

"Without piling such details up, let me call to your attention that there are ten letters in the name Garry Duane. And we all choose our familiar names, subconsciously. And you will remember that he chose as his own private den, one of the seven rooms on the third floor. He killed himself on the twenty-first day of the fifth month in the year 1920. If you will add those numerals, giving its own value to each, you will have 20, which is again two tens."

(Continued on Page 66

At the most famous hotel in the old South—the old Maxwell House in Nashville—Joel Cheek's blend was served for years

The first coffee - - - ever to please the critical people of the entire country

FEW of us today have ever tasted them all—the countless kinds and grades of coffee sent to this country from the tropics of four continents.

Yet one by one, each has been tried and rejected. Hundreds of natural coffee flavors—yet every one lacking some one thing. Some are too "heavy" and pungent—some, too sharply "acid"—some, too "neutral" or too delicate.

It is no single coffee flavor—but a rich mingling of many flavors—that is the first ever to please the critical people of the entire country.

Years ago a Southerner of the old South searching for a flavor no one had ever tasted—joining coffee with coffee, combining and re-combining. Today a special shade of richness—a blend of fine coffees that is changing the habits of a nation.

An extra touch of richness

Now Joel Cheek's blend, Maxwell House, has won such fame as never before came to a coffee. Known to the South alone a few years ago, that mellow shade of difference in Maxwell House has swiftly made it by far the largest selling coffee in the United States.

In a long list of our greatest cities, this blend is now the first choice of those who understand the art of living well—by far the most popular of all coffees. It is the first ever to win real nation-wide fame.

A new experience awaits you in that extra touch of blended richness—in the smooth full-bodied goodness of Maxwell House Coffee. See what new contentment your family finds at breakfast and dinner in their first breath of its aroma—in their first taste of its mellow liquor. Leading grocers everywhere have Maxwell House Coffee in sealed blue tins. Cheek-Neal Coffee Company, Nashville, Houston, Jacksonville, Richmond, New York, Los Angeles, Chicago.

Radio listeners—Brilliant programs every Thursday—Maxwell House Coffee Radio Hour, 9:30 p. m. Eastern Daylight Time: WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, KDKA. 8:30 p. m. Eastern Standard Time: WBAL, WHAM, WBT, WJAX, WJR, WLW, WRVA. 8:30 p. m. Central Daylight Time: KYW. 7:30 p. m. Central Standard Time: KSD, WHO, WDAF, WRHM, WHAS, WMC, KVOO, KPRC, WOC, WOW, WTMJ, WSM, WSB, WBAP. 6:30 p. m. Mountain Standard Time: KOA. For stations west of Rockies, see local announcements.

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

It is pleasing more people than any other coffee ever offered for sale

"Good to the last drop"

"It Isn't the Heat, It's the Humidity"

HAVE you ever stopped to consider that close-fitting underclothing not only retains moisture, but holds a layer of unduly moist air against your skin? This makes warm weather warmer.

The correct loose-fitting construction of "B. V. D.," on the other hand, affords, with every movement of your body, a bellows-action that keeps fresh air in circulation next your skin! "B. V. D." garments made of specially woven and treated nainsook are absorbent, yet dry readily.

The patented closed crotch and exclusive waist and shoulder construction of "B. V. D." union suits, the highly specialized methods of cut, finish and tailoring used in the making of *all* "B. V. D." garments, provide the coolness that comes from definitely better fit and greater ease.

INSIST on this world-known Red Woven Label!

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

Men's Union Suit $1.50. Shirts and Drawers, the garment, 85c
Youths' Union Suit 85c.
Shirts, Drawers, Shorts, Men's and Youths' Union Suits obtainable in fancy materials at various prices.
Children's Reinforced Taped Waist Suits 75c the suit.

The B. V. D. Company, Inc., N. Y.
Sole Makers "B. V. D." Underwear

© 1928 The B. V. D. Company Inc

"Next to Myself I Like 'B.V.D.' Best!"

(Continued from Page 64)

"How is your radio working?" asked Dick restively. "I think there's a program on somewhere."

"No, let's hear this," protested Little Amby. "So ten was his lucky number, was it, doctor?"

"I said nothing about luck. It was his number. As to the choice of twelve o'clock, that is not so clear, although we must bear in mind that the number 12 is vastly important all during the year 1920, whose numerals add up to 12. You see the 7 and 3 again in the choice of the twenty-first day; the significance of the fifth month does not need arguing."

"We'll hear next that the World War was settled by numerology," said Zittel, winking at Florence Duane. "Was it, doctor?"

"Certainly. There were twenty-three allies and associates engaged, and the Armistice was signed on the eleventh day of the eleventh month in 1918. Mr. Zittel may add those numerals for us. . . . Having arrived at the number 10, Mr. Hinkle, with emphasis on 7 and 3, I applied those numbers to the verse. And I will not hear you say that Duane did not choose this verse with the number in mind; he did so choose it, subconsciously. Chance, so called, is uncomprehended design. I shall give you what I have so far." Doctor Wessel took out a notebook and scrutinized an entry with gravity. "This is what I have written here: 'Skip 3, take 3; skip 10, take 10.' Then, subdividing the 3's, 'Skip 1, take 2; skip 1, take 2.' So much for the 3's; now for the 10's. We begin 'Skip 7, take 3.' You see that there is a pattern in it. Now apply those directions to the letters of the verse, skipping the first three, taking the next three, and so forward, you pick out this message: 'The great roll I spent at ——' I have not proceeded further as yet, but it is clear that the reference is to a great roll of bank notes, is it not?"

"Startling," said Little Amby. "Go ahead, by all means."

"But is it true?" gasped Florence, reaching for the paper.

"Absolutely. Try it. It looks as though the doctor has something by the tail. His science is too deep for me, but the result speaks for itself."

"'Spent?'" repeated Lowell Zittel, bending over Florence to read for himself. "Where? When? On what?"

"I haven't had time to plot the rest of the pattern yet," said Wessel. "I never present incomplete results of my own motion; Mr. Hinkle asked me to speak."

"May we have the music now?" said Suydam.

He turned on the radio.

The inevitable appetizers came on: the lamps were lighted. After dinner—to which Suydam and Wessel stayed, having failed to finish their discussion of the estate's affairs with Dick they sat in the dining room over coffee and cigarettes.

The atmosphere felt oppressive to Dick. The day, in late August, had not been unusually warm, and yet he felt positively hot and stuffy. He was perspiring.

He decided that the black coffee had been too much for him, and was dissembling his discomfort when Florence exclaimed, "Did you ever see such extraordinary weather! I don't know when I've felt it so warm."

"But isn't extraordinary weather the rule in the country?" asked Little Amby. "I've never yet found the place where the weather didn't act up for strangers." The little lawyer had turned from talking numerology with his neighbor Doctor Wessel; he had broached the subject himself, and had kept the psychiatrist discoursing on it.

"Smoke!" cried Lowell Zittel, pointing. The company looked and saw a gray cloud drifting in from the living room. Chairs were pushed back and napkins dropped.

"Phew, it's thick here!" called Zittel from the living room. "Something's on fire. Anybody empty an ash receiver into a wastebasket?"

"It looks more as if he emptied an ash barrel," said Dick, on his feet. "Look, it's here in the foyer too!"

"And out here!" cried Florence from the pantry.

Already the lights were hazy, haloed; outside the dining room they were mere blurs, nebulous.

The two maids came in from the kitchen. The civilized order of the household was disintegrating under a common human fear of fire.

"It smells like rubber," offered Doctor Wessel. "Burning insulation, probably."

"Better pull the switch and put out the lights," said Suydam.

"No, no," said Dick sharply. "We'll put out no lights in this house. This is no burning insulation."

"Choking," coughed someone. Forms were growing indistinct.

"Better call the engines!"

"No use with a fire like this, in a frame house."

"Hello, the wire's dead!"

Dick was beside Nell. "We're going out," he said. "Everybody out to be counted!"

They crowded into the foyer; so murky was the air now that their hands were extended before them fendingly. They all got safely to the lawn.

"There's the fire now!"

"It's all over. She'll be through the roof in five minutes!"

Smoke was billowing from the doors and windows, all of which, fortunately, had been left open. The undulating clouds were agitated by flashes as of flame.

"It's not fire yet. That's the lights in the house!"

"Good heavens, what could make all that smoke?"

"There's nothing in the cellar!" shouted Zittel, who was crouched beside the house wall and peering through a window. He kicked in a pane of glass. "Nothing—not even smoke!" He came up to Dick. "There's fire, though. I felt the heat coming up through that grating in the floor in the dining room. I happened to be sitting right by it."

Dick struck his hands together. "Nell, what kind of heat have you here?"

"Hot air. It was in the house when we bought it, and Garry liked it better than steam or hot water."

"The fire's in the furnace," he said to Zittel. "You were sitting by a register. Do you know where the cold-air intake is, Nell? Well, we'll find it. Come on, Zittel."

They ran to the broken window, got it open, and clambered through and down to the cellar floor. Dick struck matches and looked about for a light, while Zittel groped his way to the kitchen stairs. He found a switch there, and the cellar, in which there was barely a breath of smoke, was flooded with light.

Dick ran to the furnace, yanked open the door, and saw a fire of sticks snapping merrily.

He looked on top of the furnace for the fresh-air chamber, and then followed the big pipe across the cellar ceiling until it ended in the house wall.

"No break in it anywhere," he announced. "That thing was put in from outside the house. The fresh-air intake is behind that shrubbery in the angle between the pantry window and the conservatory." They hurried from the cellar by the entrance from outside the house, and in a few seconds were pushing through the shrubbery. "Here it is!" cried Dick, sheltering a match. "The grating here has been forced off and I can see something in there. I can't quite reach it, confound it!"

"I'll get the furnace poker," volunteered Zittel. He was away and back again, and Dick reached in with the poker, engaged the object he had seen and drew it forth.

It was an open box of iron, about a foot and a half long by nine inches wide and deep; its edges were battered and ragged.

(Continued on Page 69)

DON'T FOOL YOURSELF

Since halitosis never announces itself to the victim, you simply cannot know when you have it

Nice people recognize *the risk - and avoid it*

Listerine, because of its marked power as a deodorant, ends halitosis.

RECOGNIZING, first, that halitosis (unpleasant breath) is widespread, and, second, that its victim is seldom aware of its presence, nice people avoid the risk entirely by using Listerine.

Simply rinse the mouth with it. Every morning. Every night. And between times before meeting others. It immediately ends halitosis. The breath becomes sweet and inoffensive. And how important that is in social, home and business life!

Listerine ends halitosis because it strikes first at the cause. And then conquers the effect. Being antiseptic, it checks fermentation from which odors usually arise. Being a powerful deodorant, it then dispels the odors themselves.

If you have the slightest doubt about Listerine's amazing power to deodorize, make this test. Rub a bit of onion on your hand. You know how hard this odor is to remove. Next apply Listerine clear. Immediately the odor disappears. Even the odor of fish yields to this treatment.

Don't take the chance of offending others when, by simply using Listerine, halitosis can be prevented. Keep a bottle handy in home and office. And use it. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

READ THE FACTS
⅓ had halitosis

68 hairdressers state that about every third woman, many of them from the wealthy classes, is halitoxic. Who should know better than they?

LISTERINE

The safe antiseptic

HAVE YOU TRIED THE NEW LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM?

Cools your skin while you shave and keeps it cool afterward. An outstanding shaving cream in every respect.

LITTLE DRAMAS IN THE LIFE OF A GREAT NEWSPAPER SYSTEM

Shall the sob-sister shower the criminal with roses?

A revolting crime was committed in an Eastern city. The criminals were arrested and confessed. They were found guilty and sentenced.

The SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspaper in this city reported the trial accurately and fully. But it did not attempt to color the facts, or to try the case in its columns. Its readers were constantly aware of every new move and development. But they read nothing that martyrized the criminals.

No "sob-sisters" were employed to excite misplaced sympathy. No brutal pictures were printed to wring the last circulation penny from the salacious and emotional aspects of the case.

A murderer with a bushel of hysterical letters, the flower-filled cell of a crook, the armful of gifts for a kidnapper . . . these are never the results of Scripps-Howard reporting.

For these newspapers regard criminal trials, not as opportunities to excite morbid curiosity or to weaken the sense of public duty in future jurors, but as danger signals . . . signals that responsible newspapers will display so that the underworld reads . . STOP . . . . . not . . GO.

PAINTED FOR SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPERS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

NEW YORK . *Telegram* SAN FRANCISCO *News* DENVER . *Rocky Mt. News*
CLEVELAND . . . *Press* WASHINGTON . *News* DENVER . *Evening News*
BALTIMORE . . . *Post* CINCINNATI . . . *Post* TOLEDO . . . . *News-Bee*
PITTSBURGH . . . *Press* INDIANAPOLIS . . *Times* COLUMBUS . . . *Citizen*
COVINGTON . . *Kentucky Post—Kentucky Edition of Cincinnati Post*

AKRON . . *Times-Press* YOUNGSTOWN *Telegram* KNOXVILLE *News-Sentinel*
BIRMINGHAM . . . *Post* FORT WORTH . . *Press* EL PASO . . . . . *Post*
MEMPHIS . *Press-Scimitar* OKLAHOMA CITY . *News* SAN DIEGO . . . . *Sun*
HOUSTON . . . . . *Press* EVANSVILLE . . . *Press* TERRE HAUTE . . *Post*
ALBUQUERQUE . . . . *New Mexico State Tribune*

SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPERS
MEMBERS OF THE AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS AND MEMBERS OF THE UNITED PRESS

NATIONAL ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT
250 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK
CHICAGO · SEATTLE · SAN FRANCISCO · PORTLAND
DETROIT · LOS ANGELES · ATLANTA

(Continued from Page 66)

Dick did not make this observation at once, because the box was fuming mightily.

"Get it under this tap, quick," snapped Zittel, "or it will chase us out into the South Country Road."

"I'll say that if it's not supposed to smoke it is badly out of order," said Dick, dragging the belching box to the gardener's tap.

"What is that stuff?"

"Something bought in an Army supply store, I imagine. It looks to me like one of those smoke candles we used in France—potassium nitrate, pitch and sawdust, to be exact. What we called Type S."

"There's no danger?"

"Not from fire. The smoke will blow out of the house soon, and we'll be able to see where we're at."

"But how did that smoke get into the house from out here?"

"This opening here sucks in the air that goes over the fire box of the furnace, and then up the flues and out the registers. The fire was lit in the furnace so as to heat the air and start it flowing up and sucking smoke."

"It isn't coming out of the windows so thickly any more."

"Let's go and get the men and go through the house. We were deliberately smoked out. We'll find out why."

"Right," said Zittel resolutely. "I have a gun in my grip—I believe in being ready to defend myself. Have you a gun, Phillipse?"

"Why, no," said Dick. "I do seem to learn slowly. We'll deploy as infantry, and you can be the artillery in support. Careless of me—I have an automatic lying at home too."

The window openings grew brighter. The smoke was thinned to wisps when Zittel led the unarmed men into the house to search it. Dick was pleased with the salesman's grit, but not surprised by it, as he might have been before 1918. He had since seen too many workaday mechanics and pen pushers and counter jumpers—soundly nerved men going through with an appalling duty—outgame the picturesque chaps, the neurotic chaps who were drawn like moths by the flame of war.

They went quickly through the first and second floors, searching closely. Dick was confident that the smoke had been meant to screen the movements of a housebreaker, and that the man or men had counted on its continuance for a much longer period. It was likely that they were still in the house. A feature the consideration of which he postponed was that the attempt should have been made when so many people were in the house—strange strategy, that.

Wessel was posted at the foot of the rear stairs that led only to the study; the others mounted the main staircase to the third floor. They were going through the rooms methodically when Zittel, who had posted himself at the head of the stairs where he commanded all exits, brought them to him by a loud exclamation.

"In there!" he cried, pointing to a closed door at the end of the hall

"I just looked in there," said Suydam. "That's only a linen closet."

"I saw a man there," declared Zittel, advancing to the door, with pistol pointed.

His hand was on the knob when the door was driven against him from within, making him stagger back. A crouching figure darted from the closet and whisked into the adjoining bathroom.

Dick bounded after the fugitive, but Zittel, recovering himself, was still in the lead. He was in the act of leaning from the bathroom window when Dick arrived at his shoulder.

The window was a dormer window imposed on a sloping roof. The roof sloped out and down from the sill, ending in a rain gutter at the level of the second-floor ceilings. Dick saw a man's hands clutching this rain gutter and swinging along it; the fugitive had gone through the window, slid—by accident or of purpose—over the edge of the roof and had caught the rain gutter as he fell. Purpose was suggested by the rapidity with which he was swinging himself now toward the roof of the one-story extension that was the kitchen porch. Zittel fired two shots at the hands, which were all of the fellow that was visible. The hands vanished when they were above the porch roof; an indistinct figure landed on the roof, poised itself for an instant and then launched out in a leap to the ground. It was less easily seen now, hardly to be seen at all except when it moved. It got up, made a single frantic movement forward and toppled to the ground again. And again it fought its way up, only again to fall.

"Got him!" yelled Dick exultantly.

Zittel leaned far out over the sill and took careful aim at the dim outline of the fallen man.

As Dick turned to run from the room and down the stairs, he heard the pistol go off. The fourth shot was fired as Dick jumped down from the kitchen steps to lay hold of the fugitive.

"Hello, up there!" he shouted apprehensively. "Cease firing, Zittel, will you? You nearly got me with that one."

The fugitive had crawled to the house wall. As Dick came upon him, he said mildly "You win again, sir. I think my ankle's broken."

It was Tap-tap Tony. He was untouched by the zealous marksman at the bathroom window, but the long leap from the extension roof had brought him down.

Dick and Suydam carried him to the front porch to await the arrival of Chief Marvin. As they mounted the steps with the doubly crippled desperado, they heard a car start and recede in the South Country Road. Dick took a loaded revolver from him, assured himself that he wasn't carrying a secondary armament this time, and left him with Suydam. Dick went into the house to report.

Suydam came to him later in the evening with an air of importance. Dick was in the kitchen at the time, putting the maid Kennedy through a private cross-examination. He had chanced to glance into the kitchen while the company was in the pantry recounting, bracer in hand, what they had done in the moment of emergency, and he saw her carrying the iron box. He watched her and saw her thrust it into the lowest compartment of the coal range. "The ash box?" she queried in answer to his question.

"Who took it out of there?"

"I did, to be sure," she said, bridling at his peremptory tone. "I put it outside to be emptied. Is there any sin in that?"

"You know what it was used for?"

"Yes, it was used for an ash box," she said, turning her back on him flatly. "And it'll be used for that same again, when them that takes too much on themselves will be gone where they came from."

Dick could not afford an altercation with her, and was leaving the kitchen when Suydam came upon him.

"There's something that should be guarded more carefully, Mr. Phillipse," he said, handing Dick a folded sheet of paper.

Dick unfolded it, and saw that it was a hand-printed copy of the potter's verse. It was not the original, but was a painstaking imitation of it; so it seemed to Dick.

"And why?" he said.

"Why?" echoed Suydam surprisedly. "Do you think it quite all right that that should be in the possession of that one-legged scoundrel? I found it in his pocket."

"That's interesting," said Dick. "But I can relieve your mind if you think that this is the verse written out by Garry Duane; that one is in my box at the Colonia Trust Company in New York. Not the least doubt of it; I have looked at it often enough to know its appearance. This was in his pocket, eh? See how carefully it is done—do you suppose it was palmed off on that fellow as the original? This gives the situation another twist."

"How so?"

Dick's thought was that if Tap-tap Tony believed he had the original printing of the potter's verse, he was logically not coöperating with any one of those individuals who were necessarily in Dick's confidence; they all knew where was the verse printed by Garry Duane. He would not say that to Suydam, because it would dissipate at once the appearance of sincere trust that he thought it policy to maintain. He was morally certain that the group that included Suydam included a thief and a murderer, as yet undiscovered.

"It shows that this man was aware of the importance of the verse and was probably a confederate of the men who broke the safe open that night," he substituted weakly.

Little Amby—who, in accord with his fixed habit and principle, had disappeared at the first whisper of violence, to reappear when matters were adjusted satisfactorily—was in the pantry getting a drink; he overheard the conversation in the kitchen.

"My idea," he said, looking fondly at the cat Vanity through his glass, "is that he came here tonight relying on information he got from that verse—it seems to be able to say one thing and mean as many others as a politician. But if he interpreted that verse—without the help of my good friend, Doctor Wessel—he interpreted it with the sandalwood fan. We can take it as an established fact that wherever that fan is now this man has access to it. . . . Good evening, doctor. I see you are among the survivors of Mr. Zittel's six-shooter. Will you join me in pouring a libation to celebrate our success at arms, and throw a scientific eye over this latest shred of evidence?"

Very little damage was done by the smoke, even to the furniture and draperies. Dick exaggerated it greatly to Nell; he advised her to spend a week or two at the seashore with Florence while the house was being put to rights, and he told her that he had collected an account due the estate, and that she would be spending her own money. He knew that she was nervously exhausted, and that she would have fled the place long since if it were not that she was living on borrowed funds. He had a trusty employe at the shop who would be the better for a few days in the country; he would leave him at Blue Point as custodian.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

LINDBERGH, THE MAN

(Continued from Page 8)

cool, direct voice, and then continued with a serious discussion of his favorite subject—aviation.

Later, when our party was alone at the hotel, he mentioned the incident, going directly to the point, as he always did.

"People are forgetting that this is not a personal tour," he said. "I wish they'd talk more about aviation instead of about me. We're making the trip to get people more interested in the air mail and the transport routes and local flying. I think it would be a good idea to have Kusterer emphasize this when he makes the arrangements with the committees. They don't seem to understand that this is a business tour."

Lindbergh's continued modesty, though admirable under such constant and tremendous acclaim, is not his most interesting trait. There are several other qualities which have attracted less attention, but which are quite important keynotes to his character.

One of these is his fearlessness of public opinion, once he has decided that he is following the right course. This was demonstrated at a stop where he had promised to visit two neighboring cities on the same afternoon. He was to land at the airport of one city at two o'clock.

A parade through this community was to begin immediately, at the end of which the second city was to receive the colonel and to continue the parade. This was to be followed by ground ceremonies at the airport of the second city. An agreement between the two municipalities had been reached whereby each step had been carefully planned and every available minute taken.

Lindbergh arrived exactly on time, but an unfortunate confusion arose which caused difficulty in handling the huge crowd present. More than half an hour was lost before the Spirit of St. Louis could be placed in a hangar and he could be brought through the crowd. The parade through the first city was quite naturally delayed for this reason.

As the cars were being arranged for the procession, a representative of the second city approached me. He had a rather worried look.

"I suppose this will cut our program just about in half," he remarked with very evident disappointment. "We had everything planned exactly as your advance man asked. Now it looks as though we shall have to leave out part of it."

The question was a difficult one to answer. It was apparent that the afternoon ceremonies would have to be curtailed in some way, on account of the reduced time. But which part to alter was not so obvious. I turned to Lindbergh and explained the situation. He did not take long to arrive at a decision.

"We'll have to keep our word, of course," he said gravely. "We must be at the second city when we promised to be there."

The officials of the first reception committee looked startled.

"Colonel, that means we'll have to speed up our parade a lot," the chairman objected. "People won't understand. They've been waiting to see you."

"I realize that and I am very sorry," Lindbergh told him regretfully. "I wish there were some way to avoid it. It is too bad that we could not have gone ahead on time. But since the delay happened here, it doesn't seem fair to ask the other city to cut its program or change its plans."

There was no logical contradiction of this clear summary of the situation. Accordingly, the speed of the procession was increased. We passed through the outlying sections of the first city at a pace which we all regretted, though we slowed as much as possible when we neared the more densely packed streets.

But by night a storm of criticism had begun to break in the first city, where many people did not know the cause of the fast parade. Some of this feeling even extended to the second community, for few knew of the colonel's action in keeping his promise.

"I was afraid this would happen," Lindbergh remarked when I told him the reports I had heard, "but I couldn't see that there was anything else to do."

In spite of the fact that he did not feel he was at fault, he carefully refrained from making a statement which might cause it to appear that he was endeavoring to place the blame upon someone else.

Whenever the necessity for such decisions arose, or when he had to refuse the many personal requests that would have interfered with the tour, he always tried to lessen the effect of such refusals by his ready courtesy. This seemed almost inexhaustible, even in trying situations. Only

(Continued on Page 72)

Smoother with use . . . Performance that constantly improves its bes

Superiorities of patented double-sleeve-valve engine available to thousands more

LIGHTNING pick-up to meet the demands of modern traffic—a smooth, unfailing flow of power, effortlessly delivered mile after mile, year after year—an engine that is *always* at its best, as fresh at the end of a hard day's run as at the start—simplicity of design that insures remarkable freedom from repairs and carbon troubles—these are some of the many advantages enjoyed by more than 300,000 enthusiastic drivers of Willys-Knights.

Now, at a record low price, the new Standard Six brings you all the quality supremacy which has won world-wide prestige for Willys-Knight.

Two other brilliant Sixes

The Special Six, always popular with experienced motorists, is now still further distinguished by many added refinements and beautiful new color options.

The Great Six, one of America's most luxurious cars, is now equipped with a larger and more powerful engine, insuring even higher and smoother speed and even livelier acceleration.

STANDARD SIX COACH

$995

Willys-Knight Sixes from $995 to $2695, in the Standard Six, Special Six and Great Six divisions. Prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio, and specifications subject to change without notice. Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio. Willys-Overland Sales Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

WILLYS

t

S-KNIGHT SIX

Boston Terrier

"Sergeant's Mange Medicine Is Dog Insurance"

"Having seen more than one valuable dog ruined by mange, I was quick to take my druggist's suggestion about using Sergeant's Mange Medicine. It has kept my dogs free from Mange. I call Sergeant's Mange Medicine dog insurance."

Superficial Mange is highly contagious among dogs. Your dog is liable to catch it at any time. It is a stubborn disease that is hard to stamp out unless you know the best treatment to follow. Use Sergeant's Mange Medicine and Sergeant's Arsenic and Iron Pills.

SYMPTOMS of Mange
Acute itching caused by parasites attacking head, feet, legs or body. Redness, pimples, sores from scratching, thick skin with scales.

Do You Know?

Do you know how to safe-guard your dog from this contagious disease? Could you tell the difference between mange and eczema? Would you know how to treat your dog in either case? To know these things may save your dog. It costs you nothing to have this information. There are effective remedies for these and all other dog ailments and it is a simple matter to know when and how to use them.

SERGEANT'S Dog Food
A balanced ration containing a large proportion of freshly cooked *Beef*. For dogs and puppies of all breeds.

Famous Dog Book Free

We urge you to write for a free copy of Polk Miller's famous Dog Book. It contains the accumulated experience of fifty years. In clear, non-technical language it tells the symptoms of all dog diseases and explains the best treatments for each. There are useful articles on feeding, breeding and rearing dogs. This book has been the guide for millions of dog lovers. It is revised yearly and kept strictly up-to-date. It has saved the lives of untold thousands of valuable dogs. It is free.

Expert Advice Free

If your dog develops a condition not fully explained in the Dog Book, *write us at once*. State age, breed, sex and all symptoms. Our expert veterinarian will answer personally, sending without charge, complete instructions for care and treatment. Sergeant's Dog Medicines and Dog Food are on sale at dealers everywhere. If you cannot obtain them write direct. Address Polk Miller Products Corp., 1075 W. Broad St., Richmond, Va.

Write for Free Sample of Sergeant's Dog Food
We Guarantee Your Dog Will Eat It.

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES
"Remember for every ailment"

(Continued from Page 69)

the most persistent and extremely unreasonable requests brought his firmness and determination to the surface, and showed that his obliging good nature did not extend to the point of permitting him to be forced into acquiescence with a project he did not favor.

On one of these rare occasions he had already assented to a number of unusual demands by a local politician who seemed to dominate the committee.

"Well, that's all now, colonel," observed the politician, who had remained in our dining room while we finished our belated lunch. "I've got one thing fixed up for tomorrow morning, but I'll tell you more about that later."

Lindbergh glanced at him with some surprise.

"I'm afraid I shall not be able to plan anything for tomorrow," he said politely. "We have only one extra day a week and we have to use it for catching up on plans and tour business. I thought that Mr. Kusterer had explained that our second day would be unofficial."

The politician smiled confidently. "Yes, he did," he replied, "but then, this is only a little matter. It won't take much time. You don't have to worry about anything."

He went on rather complacently with his description of a quite personal affair in which Lindbergh and he were to play prominent parts. The colonel waited until he had concluded.

"I'm afraid I shall not be able to plan anything for tomorrow," he repeated quietly. "We have several aviation matters to decide and some correspondence which needs attention."

He was still smiling, though now there seemed to be a vague tenseness in the air.

The other man still failed, perhaps deliberately, to understand. It was plain that he had not the slightest knowledge of the man whom he was addressing.

"But I have arranged everything," he insisted. "It will be hard to change things now."

He was about to continue with his argument when his glance met that of Lindbergh. There was no trace of anger on the colonel's face, but he stopped abruptly.

"I am sorry," said Lindbergh, without raising his voice, but speaking just a little slower than before. "I shall not be able to plan anything for tomorrow."

If there was an emphasis on the "not" it was barely perceptible. The politician swallowed once or twice.

"Well, if you can't you can't," he agreed lamely, and soon withdrew.

Lindbergh went on calmly with his lunch. He did not make any further reference to this incident.

More Glory for the Sandwich

There were a few other instances of this kind, when, after repeated attempts to explain his courteous refusal, Lindbergh found it necessary to show that he still possessed determination and independence. But almost always he was able to temper these negative answers with such kindliness that there never was any suggestion of offense.

Another characteristic, equally as interesting as his fearlessness in standing by his decisions, though one of a quite different nature, is Lindbergh's constant cheerfulness and good spirit. The long hard grind of that tour was sufficient to lower the spirits of anyone, especially the man on whose shoulders rested the success of the undertaking. The personal inconveniences which he had to undergo were many, yet at no time did he complain or even seem to be troubled in the slightest.

Even under the handicap of early rising, day after day, to begin long flights and to start a new succession of parades, speeches, interviews and banquets, he was always good natured, although one or two of us grumbled readily.

Once we began our official day at such an early hour that the matter of breakfast presented difficulties, for the kitchen staff of the hotel had not arrived.

"That's all right," Lindbergh assured the anxious hotel manager on this occasion. "We'll get some sandwiches on the way out to the airport. Don't worry about it at all."

Nor was he in the least troubled, although it was to be five o'clock in the afternoon before we would have a chance to eat again.

Many people did not fully realize this side of Lindbergh's nature. More than once his serious manner in public caused rumors to be started that he was becoming bored and irritable. A moment's consideration would have shown the author of such rumor that Lindbergh would find something of interest in almost any situation which confronted him, even if he had entirely lacked appreciation of the way in which his admirers showed their esteem. And a little more careful inspection of his expression as he passed before the crowds would have shown the folly of accusing him of irritation.

Once Lindbergh's habitually quiet manner during a parade caused him to be described as sullen and his salute as forced and unreal. Probably it was this same characteristic of seriousness which was the basis for a surprisingly widespread report at another time that he actually scorned the crowds that came to cheer him, and that from the moment of his landing at the Navy Yard in Washington he regarded each day as one of persecution.

The Modest Musician

It happened that I was at the Navy Yard when he left the Memphis to walk between two rows of pilots before entering his car. There was nothing but true appreciation of the homage paid him by brother flyers visible in his face. At no time during the tour of the United States did he exhibit less appreciation as he passed through the crowded streets of forty-eight states.

Although it was his lack of effusiveness that in part brought about the partial misunderstanding of his attitude, this is one of the basic elements on which Lindbergh's character is built. It was as impossible for him to break into superlatives in act or speech as it would have been for him to hurt anyone deliberately. If he had replaced his self-contained demeanor with a hail-fellow-well-met manner, or his simple, direct words with flowery phrases, he would no longer have been Lindbergh, but a man who had lost his head at the laudations of the world.

The one situation in which he might easily have lost his patience did not affect his control of himself. Many times, when at close quarters in a frenzied, jostling throng that fought to lay hands upon him often hurting themselves in the effort he remained surprisingly cool.

Once, seeing that the matter was becoming desperate, as those in front of a large crowd were almost being crushed by those who pushed from the rear, he stepped to the speaker's side and after a hurried whisper took command of the situation. Inside of five seconds after he had raised his hand the all but hysterical assemblage had quieted and was listening intently.

"Women and children are being hurt here in front," he said incisively. "There is no need of that. Please move back, everybody!"

That was all. The crowd relaxed and drew back almost as though ashamed of its thoughtlessness. Yet, a minute before, the police and emergency guards had given up in despair. No one but Charles Lindbergh could have changed that situation so quickly and effectively.

If, at times, the rudeness of the few inevitable buffoons among the great masses of people aroused his resentment, he hid this successfully.

It has been repeatedly stressed that Colonel Lindbergh has had no privacy since the moment of his memorable landing at Le Bourget Field. No one realized this more than we who accompanied him. We always attempted to secure such an opportunity for him whenever possible. At times even some of his friends came to have that too-solicitous manner with which great public figures are often treated. I suspected after a while that his judgment of these friends depended directly on their forgetting that he was other than a comrade.

Lindbergh's habits during rest days were good indexes to his character. Sometimes, when busy with his correspondence and other personal affairs, he would remain in his room for an hour or two, but his active mind never permitted him to spend a minute in idleness. If circumstances did not allow him to engage in his only hobby flying he was constantly on the lookout for something else to do. He never read simply to pass the time. If an article or story connected with aviation were called to his attention, he usually found time to look it over, but he did not take long to decide whether it was worthy of further perusal.

Many great men have decided tastes in regard to music. Lindbergh never expressed himself on this subject, although music of all kinds was played at banquets. My one opportunity to learn what kind appealed to him was lost by chance. I had noticed a reproducing piano of high quality in our suite. During a moment when Lindbergh was in another room and no one else was present, I selected a classical piece and set the piano in operation. Hardly had the music begun when there came a knock at the door. Leaving the piano playing, I answered. Three reporters stood outside.

"We missed the regular press interview," they explained. Just then they heard the music and looked at one another in growing excitement.

"I didn't know Colonel Lindbergh could play," exclaimed one of them. "Say, that's a good story!"

With a vivid mental picture of Lindbergh reading such a story, I hurriedly explained the situation. Then I went back to see about the interview. Lindbergh was just coming into the reception room. He looked from me to the piano, which was still playing.

"So that's the answer," he remarked. "I was just going to say——" But what he had in mind, whether an expression of his taste in music, or an unflattering surprise at my seeming ability as a pianist, I never learned. Just then he caught sight of the reporters in the doorway and changed the subject.

Gentlemen of the Press

There was even less opportunity to learn his taste in regard to the theater, for he was unable to attend a single performance during the entire tour. However, his lack of this kind of recreation did not bother him, for there was little time for such diversions.

A very natural trait, and one which might well be expected in a man of Lindbergh's character, is his hearty dislike for a lie and his scorn for evasion and subterfuge. This was exemplified at one city during the period just following the parade, which was always held open, at request of the press, for interviews.

Lindbergh had been notified by a committeeman that the city reporters were waiting and he had gone into the reception room to meet them.

After a few minutes Doc Maidment, the fourth member of our party, came to see me.

"There's a mixup of some kind," he observed. "Half a dozen fellows outside say they are reporters, but the police won't let them in. I know one of them really is on a paper here."

I went out into the corridor and found the situation as he had described it. I admitted the press representatives to another room and went in search of the committeeman. Before I could find him, Lindbergh appeared.

(Continued on Page 74)

She knows

Why Bill can't get in to see the boss

Bill had a lot of good stuff, but he never could seem to get a second chance to see the men whose help can make or break a person.

After Bill's first call the boss *told* his secretary. She *told* the telephone girl. Then the telephone girl always *said* to Bill that the boss was out.

This common personal offense is worse in hot weather when sudoral glands are most active. Coats, vests and trousers become unpleasant with summer perspiration. No matter how often a person takes a bath the dried-in odors of perspiration linger in the armpit, trouser waistband and center seams of the outer garments that never go to the laundry.

The new scientific method of clothes pressing removes all odors of perspiration which taint the garments of even the most careful people.

New Facts about Clothes Pressing

Through modern pressing equipment the care of clothes has become a scientific operation which delivers far more than perfectly pressed garments.

ODORS REMOVED

Armpit **and** ***trouser waistband*** **and** ***center seams*** **are freed from offensiveness. The dried-in odors of perspiration which cause garments to be unpleasant are removed by moist heat and vacuum.**

NAP RAISED

Clothing comes back to you ***soft-dried; never hard, never damp.*** **The nap of the fabric is actually raised and the lustre of the cloth restored.**

GERMS KILLED

Clothes are sterilized—germs killed—by a moist heat of 295° Fahrenheit. (Surgical instruments are sterilized by boiling at 212° Fahrenheit.)

VACUUM DRYING

Garments are not baked by dry heat. They never have a stiff ***boardy finish.*** **A vacuum attachment draws air through the fabric with a fluffing, beating action that leaves garments soft and** ***feely.***

CLOTHES LAST LONGER

Controlled moisture **prevents fabric yarns from brittling. Garments thus wear longer and the shape they had when new is retained.** ***Creases*** **are** ***long lived.*** **Regular pressing maintains the original balance and fine lines of your suit.**

CAN'T HARM DELICATE DRESSES

By ***regulated*** **steam pressure the Valetor smooths wrinkles gently and safely, sending back your loveliest chiffon, crêpe or satin frock soft and fresh.**

AVAILABILITY

The Valetor sign is on the windows of clothes-pressing shops with this modern equipment. Look for the Valetor sign in your neighborhood. You'll probably find one nearby. If not, write us for the name of the nearest one.

U. S. Hoffman Machinery Corporation, 105 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

In Canada: Canadian Hoffman Machinery Company Limited, 91, Don Roadway, Toronto, Canada.

You can depend on your VALETOR

The Valetor has invested real money in modern equipment for the scientific pressing of clothes. This equipment ranges from the single unit Valetor machine to the specialized six-unit Valeteria battery used by larger establishments. Valetors are expert in the proper methods of pressing the many different types of garment fabrics.

© U. S. Hoffman Machinery Corp., 1928

"Ride 'em, cowboy" . . . Anywhere you go, there's no joy like clear water on a bright summer's day —but be ready for sunburn!

The Sun sounds no warning

Blistering SUNBURN comes quickly

DON'T say 'no' to Summer! . . . Be it by ocean, lake or river, slip on your bathing suit and wander down to the beach.

But be wise, be armed! The Sun's a handsome villain with a whip behind his back—Sunburn can get you when your heart is lightest . . .

Keep Unguentine in your outing kit. Vanquish sunburn at once. Avoid sleepless fiery nights, guard bright vacation days that can never come again.

Magic Unguentine heals sunburn as it heals any other burn, with unbelievable speed. It is the physician's standard dressing. It helps prevent inflammation and the formation of poisons that cause deathly illness. Painful blisters do not form.

At the first sign of redness, spread Unguentine on liberally. Better still, apply it before exposure. With this famous dressing, you are assured of a deep, healthy tan, but no serious burn.

Be sure, today, you have a tube in your week-end bag. At your druggist's, 50c. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y. Canada — 193 Spadina Avenue, Toronto.

Apply this famous surgical dressing freely at the first sign of burn. Keep a tube at hand!

—A trusted name

Unguentine

FREE: *a trial tube*

Please send me trial tube of Unguentine and booklet, "What To Do," by M. W. Stuler, M. D.

(Continued from Page 72)

"Something is wrong," he said. "Only one or two of the people in there are reporters."

At this moment the committeeman joined us. It quickly developed that the reporters were, with two exceptions, friends whom this official had selected to meet the colonel. The regular press representatives had been kept from the interview especially planned for them.

For once Lindbergh's eyes seemed to bore through the man he was addressing.

"No one had the right to exclude the press from an interview that was promised them," he said crisply. "I am sorry that this had to happen."

A few seconds later he was apologizing to the reporters for the way in which they had been treated. But even then he did not hint at the real cause, stating simply that there had been a mistake.

Lindbergh's strict adherence to his word never varied. At one time he found that someone in our party, through an error, had approved a request for him to fly over a certain city before going to his next scheduled stopping place.

He had known nothing of this, and had agreed to circle two other cities in an opposite section of the state. When the situation was realized he refused to make any excuses or to omit any of these aerial visits.

"I'll take on some extra gas and start two hours earlier," he decided calmly, without even a word of reproof to the one who had caused the difficulty. "It won't be much trouble. Besides, there is some country in that part of the state which I would like to see."

"We'll have to get up at 3:15, according to that," observed Phil Love.

"That's right," said Lindbergh. "And as long as we are going to fly over that other city we might as well add M—— and C——. We told them last week we couldn't make it. They won't be much out of the way now."

Even when a more serious mistake once embarrassed him so that only his quick wit and tact saved the situation, he generously refrained from even the slightest reproach of the tour member at fault. His loyalty was frequently in evidence, particularly when efforts were made to single him out from the rest of us for some special entertainment or recreation on rest days.

A Thought for Others

"I'm sorry, but we can't split up the party," he said on more than one of these occasions, nor did he alter his decision even when we told him that we understood perfectly.

But the best example of his loyalty was his manner toward his old friends—companions of his barnstorming days, and fellow pilots of the air-mail service. No stronger bond of sympathy and friendship ever existed than between Lindbergh and these friends who "talked the language." He never seemed more completely happy nor more perfectly relaxed than when he was ground flying with these former comrades, who came to see him at many cities where he stopped.

Perhaps the greatest compliment that could have been paid him was the way in which they greeted him. They did not hesitate to see if his many honors had affected him. It seemed never to have occurred to them that he would be other than "Slim" to them. And "Slim" they continued to call him, affectionately, and to his obvious satisfaction.

Genuine thoughtfulness and generosity are qualities which their possessors seldom care to display openly. Lindbergh many times showed he was no exception to this. During our stay at New Orleans he flew to Pensacola in a Navy plane which had been sent from the latter city. As the plane was a single-seater, he was forced to leave behind the Marine officer who had flown the ship to New Orleans. Just before starting for the airport he drew me to one side.

"I won't have much time at the field, so I wish you'd arrange to entertain this pilot whose ship I am taking. He'll be here all day Sunday. Probably this has broken in on his plans. Make him feel at home."

When he learned that Art Goebel, winner of the transpacific flight to Honolulu, was to be at Tulsa on the same day when he was scheduled, he immediately asked to have Goebel included in all the ceremonies. The same procedure occurred when our path crossed that of Martin Jensen, who was second in the transpacific flight.

It was inevitable that Lindbergh's high standards and clean living should be repeatedly emphasized—even at times to the point of picturing him as a model of virtue. But Lindbergh is not, and never will be, a plaster saint. He possesses many excellent qualities, but they are in such fine balance that they create a harmonious whole, in which his simplicity and his sense of humor combine to make him very natural. The stronger of these two is his keen humor, which underlies every other trait, often flashing out where least expected.

The most unlooked-for demonstration of this characteristic came at one city which we visited near the end of the tour. Up to that time I had possessed a somewhat diminutive mustache. I had noticed Lindbergh's glance returning on this dubious adornment more than once, but had thought nothing particular of it.

One Eyebrow Less

Not even when Lindbergh and the rest of the party—Love, Maidment and Kusterer—backed me into a corner that night did I guess what was coming, though I began to remember a mysterious warning Mrs. Lindbergh had given me two months before. Objecting on general principles to this close concentration, I tried to get clear, but in vain. The resulting struggle lasted until I was overpowered, and then, with a deft hand, Lindbergh applied the razor.

"I've been wanting to cut that off since I first saw it," he exclaimed with satisfaction.

Except for realization of his ability to laugh at his own discomfiture and to appreciate turning of the tables on himself, my aggrieved state of mind might have persisted longer than it did. But no one could say of Lindbergh that he was not willing to take the medicine he dealt out to others.

Lindbergh's simplicity of speech, manner and dress has been described countless times. But evidently this has been misunderstood or quickly forgotten by the hundreds who still ask him to do things that would not be in keeping with such a trait.

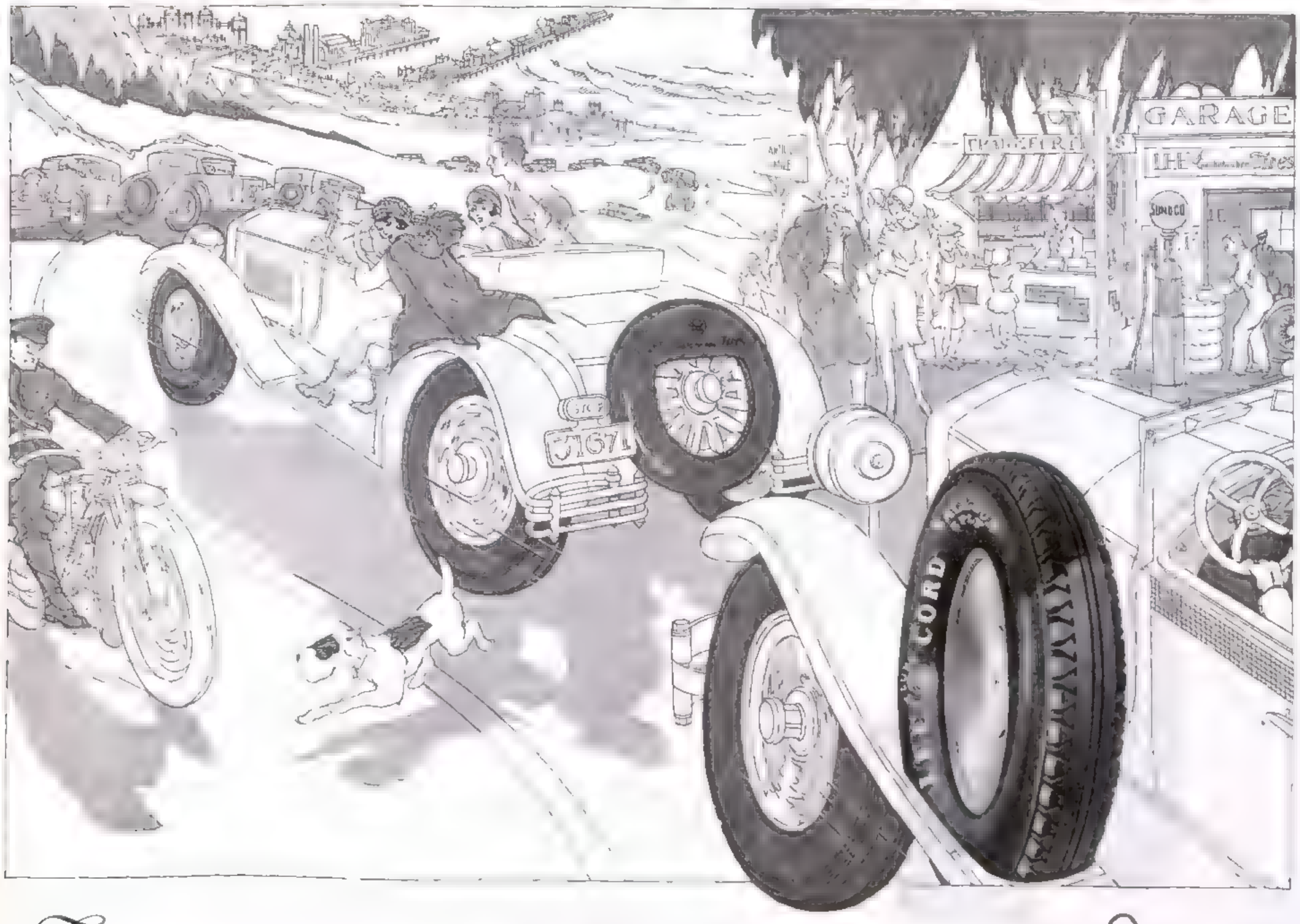
It was this lack of artificialness, the desire to escape posing, that constantly made him the despair of news photographers and cameramen. Many public figures would give in and act, at least slightly, before the camera. Lindbergh determinedly adhered to his own conviction that he was not an actor and that he would leave acting to those that were skilled in it. Some saw in this a certain stubbornness, but it was merely Lindbergh's way of continuing to be natural. The very public that acclaimed him for his modesty and unaffectedness would have been the first to catch an unnatural gesture or a forced smile.

Since May 21, 1927, there has been the usual number of people who predicted that Lindbergh would break—that within a short time he would be entirely changed, mentally, physically and even morally. If there was any change at all on the three months' journey when I had the opportunity to observe him, it was only to increase his reticence about himself. This was but natural, for he was frequently misquoted, and even widely quoted when he had said nothing at all. This was particularly true about his plans for the future—one topic which none of our party discussed. I frequently wondered how his plans, whatever they were, would be affected by the unceasing tumult of public admiration and

(Continued on Page 77)

MAKE THE SUMMER TREK ON TIRES BY

LEE *of Conshohocken*



The big summer "trek" is on. Many of you will travel thousands of miles, often over wet, slippery cement, blistering asphalt and rock strewn detours.

Weak tires will blow, cheaply made tires will show "yellow", while too light tires will demonstrate their false economy.

Why expose your dear ones to needless inconveniences and even dangers by careless tire attention?

Get good tires and be sure they are big enough. Ask the LEE *of Conshohocken* dealer in your town what kind of tires your car and your driving require. LEE dealers know tires.

The LEE *Shoulderbilt* is a Heavy Duty masterpiece, not only ideal for those little giants—Fords and Chevrolets — but also for the bigger cars whose weight and power necessitate, for safety's sake, thick and wide treads, sturdy side walls and generous air space.

Oversize, even for balloons, these *Shoulderbilts* are so big, so thick, so strong, that any car tired with them will carry on where most others give up.

Make the summer trek on Tires by LEE *of Conshohocken*. LEE dealers all over the country are ready to serve you, and in other countries too, if your trek extends that far.

TIRES BY
LEE *of Conshohocken*

HEAVY DUTY SHOULDERBILT
Balloon
Steers more easily, wears much longer than any tire we know.

LEE BALLOON
A lighter but extremely well made tire.

LEE DELUXE FLAT TREAD
The old faithful high pressure tire. Has been and still is the peer of all high pressure tires.

LEELAND
Balloon and High Pressure
A second line tire. Less expensive, but great money value.

LEE PUNCTURE PROOF
Balloon and High Pressure
Resists nails, glass, etc. For ambulances, commercial vehicles, and any vehicle where time is valuable.

LEE BUS AND TRUCK PNEUMATIC
A big heavy tire which must and does stand terrific punishment.

LEE STAGHOUND
The incomparable solid tire. Will do what no other solid tire can do.

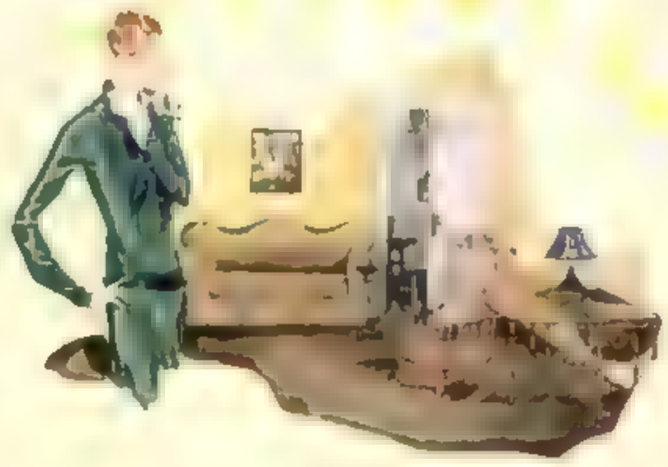
LEE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY

Factories: CONSHOHOCKEN, PA., *and* YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

COST NO MORE TO BUY — MUCH LESS TO RUN

THE QUESTION

"How can I modernize this color scheme ...without upsetting the whole place for days"?



The Answer is Easy!

4 Hour Valspar

CLEAR AND IN COLORS

Dries in 2 to 4 Hours!

The new *4 Hour* Valspar is made to dry in 2 to 4 hours!

What an advantage for *indoor* use! Valspar your floor in the morning and use it in the afternoon.

This revolutionary change gives Valspar—Clear and in Colors—a new convenience and usefulness to you—for drying time means *waiting time.*

You can now be your own interior decorator and harmonize the color schemes throughout your home, so quickly and so easily that it's real pleasure.

4 Hour Valspar is waterproof, wearproof, heatproof and even boiling water won't turn it white. Made both in clear varnish and in beautiful *colors*, *4 Hour* Valspar is ideal for floors, woodwork, furniture, trim and all indoor surfaces which are subjected to moisture, heat, extreme wear or hard use. *4 Hour* Valspar withstands the action of hot soapy water, ammonia, alcohol, alkalis, oils and greases in the way that only Valspar can.

For quick results which *last*—use *4 Hour* Valspar!

In addition to 4 Hour Clear Valspar—
The Enamel Colors are:

Chinese Red	Palm Green	Slate Gray
Cardinal Red	Jade Green	Tile Green
Jonquil Yellow	Coral Sand	Terra Cotta
Argentine Orange	Holland Blue	Tudor Brown
India Ivory	Peacock Blue	White & Black
	Pearl Gray	

The Stain Colors are:

Light Oak Mahogany Dark Oak Walnut

This Coupon is worth 20 to 60 cents

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 388 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I enclose dealer's name and stamps—20c for each 40c sample can of colors specified at right. (Not over three samples of 4 Hour Valspar, Clear or in Colors, supplied per person at this special price.) Print full mail address plainly

Dealer's Name . . . . . .

Address

Your Name

Address

City

Send me these 4 Hour Valspar Colors at 20c each

1
2
3

Send free booklet

S E P - 21 28

The famous Valspar boiling water test

4 Hour
VALSPAR
CLEAR AND IN COLORS

(Continued from Page 74

applause, but I never mentioned this to him. I was agreeably surprised, therefore, when he himself brought up the subject one day. He had just received a flood of invitations for visits to other cities after the tour.

"I can't see how I can accept any of these," he said thoughtfully. "If I go to one city then I ought to go to the others. I wish everybody would see the situation as I do," he went on, and his manner was suddenly very serious. "The New York-Paris flight is past. I suppose that it helped aviation by interesting the people, and probably it had a certain amount of pioneering value. But we need to go ahead in commercial flying, and we should not live in the past. I wish that people would remember my flight to Paris as something that happened in 1927, and then forget me."

I shook my head.

"They won't do it," I asserted, "and you can't very well get them to understand your viewpoint. You are a public figure and everyone insists on keeping you in the foreground."

He was silent for a moment.

"I can either be in public life," he began carefully, "or I can go back to private life. Perhaps it might help aviation if I were to keep on visiting cities and talking about flying, but I think that there are more important things to be done. I'd like to be free to work out some of the scientific problems we ought to solve. Even though regular flying is quite dependable, there is still a lot of research to be done."

Keeping to the Right Course

By the enthusiasm that began to diminish his seriousness, I knew that this research was not of the laboratory, but research which he meant to carry out in the air.

"I must choose between one or the other," he continued. "I believe that the people are already sufficiently interested in flying. I hope they will understand why I want to go back to private life. It isn't that I don't appreciate how they feel. I wouldn't want them to think that at all, for they have been very kind. I couldn't ever forget that."

He smiled as though a little embarrassed, for this was the first time he had ever talked about this subject. At that spontaneous, sincere smile I suddenly thought of an article which had interpreted Lindbergh's manner as an absolute aversion for the crowds that followed him and an ill-natured annoyance at the interested faces turned toward him. I laughed involuntarily. Lindbergh looked surprised.

"It's nothing," I told him. "I can't imagine why those who know so little about you write so intimately of you."

He grinned at this, but said nothing.

I wondered, as I thought over his declared intention of retirement, how many public figures would be so cheerful if removal from this spotlight even were hinted. But it was like him to have considered the question so unemotionally and to have arrived at this decision.

Whenever there was any matter to be settled, he applied his keen mind to it with a seemingly effortless concentration. Nor did he confine the activities of that mind to the solving of problems that arose. If sufficiently interested in an issue, he would argue expertly, and his opponent was likely to find himself soon vanquished by his clear direct logic.

Lindbergh's ability along these lines is probably not so well known. His impersonal, grave method of speaking at ceremonies sometimes gave his listeners the impression that he was undergoing an ordeal. This was a mistake. At no time on the entire tour did he exhibit any evidence of stage fright, nor did he stumble in his brief addresses, which displayed an unusual knowledge of the aviation industry.

Not until the United States tour was almost ended did I fully realize why this nation-wide journey had been such a success. It was not the great popularity of Lindbergh, although it was this, of course, which drew thousands of citizens from every community. It was not the careful preparation and hearty coöperation of the committees, though these were invaluable. Nor was it our own plans or our methods.

The success of that 22,000-mile journey by air was due to the personality of Charles A. Lindbergh. His quiet confidence eliminated any doubt we might have had. His thoroughness averted serious and costly mistakes. In itself, the tour was as much a test of him as the transatlantic flight, though of a different nature.

There were many pitfalls into which he might easily have fallen; many apparently harmless deviations, which if followed, would have marred his brilliant record. But almost instinctively he kept to the right course. His ability to judge those with whom he came in contact was one reason for this unerring progress. Without forming an immediate fixed opinion, he was able to analyze with surprising detail and accuracy the people who came to him with numerous requests. I cannot recall a single instance in which his judgment proved unwise.

With the motto of his air-mail days—The Mail Must Go Through—perhaps subconsciously in his mind, he created a slogan that became a byword with us: We Must Always be On Time.

With Lindbergh as our commanding officer, we followed unhesitatingly where he led, knowing that his decision was sure to be the best. Yet not even the knowledge that he was a world hero could have averted discord among us, and possible disaster, if there had been one false spot in the man who was our leader. But it was not as a commanding officer that we thought of him when our daily association came to an end. The gloom that pervaded our last day was at our temporary separation from a real friend and at the knowledge that we must give him back to a world that clamored for him with unabated enthusiasm. For we felt that his hope of becoming once more just Charles A. Lindbergh was only a dream—destined not to be fulfilled—and that as Colonel Lindbergh he must always carry on, admired and acclaimed, but never again to feel the freedom of a private citizen, for which he longed.

Out of the Spotlight

Months afterward, when the United States tour was history and the Pan-American flight had been ended, I was talking with Lindbergh at a government office at Washington.

As we rose to leave I glanced out of the window toward the main entrance of the building.

"Maybe you'd better wait here in the office while I get a car ready at the door," I ventured. He shook his head, apparently amused.

"There isn't any need of it," he declared. "I've been walking around all afternoon. No one has paid any attention to me."

Perhaps the threatening weather was the cause or other matters may have engrossed those on the street more than ordinarily. To my surprise, we covered the short distance to our destination without drawing the crowd I had expected.

As I left him, a little later, I carried away a new picture of the most talked-of man in the world—Slim Lindbergh—just a little elated at being able to walk down a street unrecognized.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth and last of a series of articles by Mr Keyhoe.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 24)

Greek doughnut-eating champion, arrived and I spent half an hour throwing ticker tape and confetti. At 9:30 there was another blare of trumpets and Antonio Buzazzi Fandango, the champion flagpole sitter from Bolivia, was on the scene. Due to an oversight we were out of tape and confetti and it fell to me to tear up the telephone books to meet the emergency. Hardly had he disappeared when Pierre W. Valjean, the famous Alpine yodeler, was with us.

"I was at once sent to the warehouse for supplies, but naturally I could carry only a limited amount each trip. During my lunch hour I managed to build up a fair reserve, which would have seen us through the day if Quasi Sumarata, the Hindu snake charmer, and Sing Hi Lo, the Chinese juggler, had not come along.

"At four o'clock there was a lull and most of us started for our desks. It was a false alarm, however, for just then we heard another commotion below. This was really the most discouraging of all. After laboring for thirty minutes or so we found nothing worth mentioning was going on. Somebody had circulated a report that Elmo Judkins, holder of the nonstop sleep record, had reached town, but it turned out to be a professor of political economy from somewhere or other." —*David B. Park.*

The Eagle and the Sparrow

AN EAGLE flew high o'er the land,
O'er roads packed with thousands of flivvers.
He saw massive bridges that spanned
The shimmering, sun-caressed rivers.
He gazed at great cities and heard
The Babel of millions of people;
A dignified, studious bird;
He flew over turret and steeple.
And when his keen eyes had their fill
He flew to his nest and was still.

A sparrow flew over a town
That boasted two stores and a station,
A hamlet without much renown,
But great was the bird's exultation.
He chattered wherever he flew
Of what he had seen that had thrilled him;
The marvelous, wonderful view,
The joy and the peace that had filled him—
And when he returned to his nest,
The feathered folk dubbed him a pest.

My friends, coming home from abroad
On ships winging swift as an arrow,
I pray you will read
And tactfully heed
This tale of the Eagle and Sparrow.
—*Arthur L. Lippmann.*

Backing Down on the Long Trail

WHO'S for the open road with me?
Who's for a holiday,
Trudging the high road over the lea,
Over the hills away?
God's good green earth shall be our inn,
And honest hearts our guard!
(See if the open road has been
Recently tarred.)

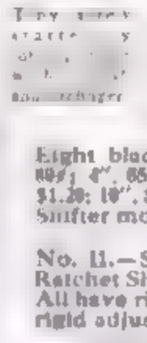
The feet of the young men feel the goad
To be forth on a highway cruise.
(And the motor oil on the open road
Ruins the young men's shoes.)
Little we care what the yokels say
As we hit the outward trail!
(There's a pretty good chance the yokels may
Put us in jail.)

Who will defy the mocking tongues?
Who's for the road's romance?
(Wind in the hair, gas in the lungs,
Tar all over the pants!)
Who will stroll where the motors flit
On a race course twelve feet wide?
Who, in short, desires to commit
Suicide? —*Morris Bishop.*

ADD this pair of "Yankee" Ratchet Screw-drivers to your kit. Ingenious tools . . . efficient . . . interesting to use!

You grasp handle just once and simply turn it to and fro.

The "Yankee" Ratchet drives the screw. Saves your strength and time. Smooth as stem-wind on your watch.



No. 15.—Takes care of pesky little screws. Thumb-turn on blade starts the wobbly screw. Ratchet movement drives it home. Blade ⅛" diameter. Six lengths 2", 70¢; 3", 75¢; 4", 80¢; 5", 85¢; 6", 90¢; 8", 95¢.

Able to ratchet screw home with one hand

No. 10.—For husky screws. Eight blade lengths: 3", 65¢; 3½", 80¢; 4", 85¢; 5", 95¢; 6", $1.05; 8", $1.20; 10", $1.45; 12", $1.60. Ratchet Shifter moves lengthwise.

No. 11.—Same as No. 10, except Ratchet Shifter moves across tool. All have right and left ratchet and rigid adjustments.

"YANKEE" on the tool you buy means utmost in quality, efficiency and durability.

Write for "Yankee" Tool Book—free

Ratchet and Spiral Screw-drivers. Automatic Push Drills. Ratchet Hand, Breast and Chest Drills. Automatic Bench Drills. Ratchet Braces. Bit Extensions. Push Braces. Ratchet Tap Wrenches. Removable-base Vises. Etc

North Bros Mfg Co, Philadelphia, U S A

"YANKEE" TOOLS

Make Better Mechanics

Men whose names figure prominently on the financial page and in the society columns foregather on the veranda of the Ocean Vista Country Club. A distinctive trend is notable in their attire, whether sport or town . . . the ensemble

Related accessories are as helpful to a man's appearance as matched clubs are to his game. Color harmony in haberdashery is today an accepted fundamental of correct style. Every item should blend happily with every other, and with the suit, the complexion, and the hair of the wearer.

Are men thus confronted with a difficult dressing problem? Not at all. For Wilson Brothers Style Committee, starting with the designing of the fabric patterns, creates *ensembles* of shirts, ties, socks, and handkerchiefs to give the best effect with every shade of suit, every personality, every occasion.

And their cost is no higher than for furnishings chosen haphazardly, one at a time, without regard to color harmony.

Shirts • Neckwear • Hosiery • Scarfs • Handkerchiefs • Underwear • Nightwear • Belts • Suspenders • Garters and Novelties

OTHER WILSON BROTHERS ENSEMBLES THAT HARMONIZE WITH THE BROWN, GRAY, AND BLUE SPORTS SUITS ABOVE

A color scheme of tan, brown, and blue, in Shasta cloth shirt, hand-blocked twill tie, English wool golf hose, and French handkerchief with hand-rolled hem.

Shirt with starched collar attached, tie of warp print silk, imported lisle hose, and French linen roll-edged handkerchief, in gray emphasized with maroon.

A rhapsody in blue; shirt of Bond Street broadcloth, corded border handkerchief, diamondette foulard tie, and the new 100 silk hose with Buffer Heel and Toe.

© Wilson Brothers, 1928

WILSON BROTHERS

Haberdashery

CHICAGO • NEW YORK • SAN FRANCISCO • LONDON • PARIS

GRAND CAYMAN

(Continued from Page 13)

imagination can paint as a colonial administrator. You also find, here or there, fancy names painted on the lintels of gateways—Merrendale, Edensville, Dreamland, Sunnyside, Coe's Square. "Square" means an estate. It must be cozy to dwell in a palm-shaded, flower-smothered square, infinitely removed from the feverish world, while forever the boom of long Caribbean surfs dull-thunder on the coral coasts or up the shining sands.

Modern improvements? Running water? Pshaw! The usual rain-water tank is far more in keeping. Who could want modernity in an environment of centuries gone?

You stroll onward, curiously noting perhaps a pair of little sharp-eyed San Blas Indians or half a dozen coffee-colored Hindus off some ship in the bight. None of your languages works in the least on the Indians. They don't even seem to want tobacco. You can, however, make some progress with the Hindus, for one of them talks a bit of Spanish. A tar-black negro boy passes by with a flaming hibiscus stuck behind his ear. With bare prehensile toes he picks up a nail from the roadway and transfers it to his hand, hardly slacking his pace. You wander on, regretting that the new town hall looks so modern, but enjoying the old-time school. The atmosphere in that school seems very dark. It's relieved by a few white urchins. One even is red-headed. Just as you pass, the schoolmaster is larruping the red-headed one. Black schoolmaster makes a fine color contrast with his victim. But the victim seems indifferent to all. Truth be, the larruping is exceedingly mild. Nobody pays any attention. The room buzzes with reading and reciting, all together. Beneath the schoolhouse a brown urchin is gnawing a coconut. A dog is scratching fleas there, in his sleep. Ho-hum! What a drowsy day!

With a Buccaneering Past

Under a huge gnarled silk-cotton tree you find the crumbling walls of an ancient coral fort, built no one knows when, as a protection against the gentleman adventurers who once roamed the Spanish Main. Rusty guns, taken from wrecks, lie half buried in jungle and sand. All round the coast such defenses are scattered. Despite them, many pirates landed on Cayman, laired there, buried treasure there and raised general high jinks there. In those far-off days the two principal lawmakers were Pistol and Cutlass. "There weren't no Ten Commandments an' a man could raise a thirst." A riotous old buccaneering, slave-holding past the Caymans surely had. Along roads leading to Boddentown you still see many stretches of coral walls, built by slave hands long since dust. Piracy, slavery and the sinister brotherhood of wreckers all have left their traces.

An aged man, who seems to have walked right out of the days when Admirals Penn and Venables took turtle for their tall men-o'-war at Cayman, looks over the fort wall at you, and presently tobacco puts you on friendly terms with him.

"Yes, yes," he reminisces, "my grandsir often told me how lots o' deserters from Oliver Cromwell's army in Jamaica settled here. An' many a shipwrecked mariner too. Then there was the Dutch, as in 1677 burned a French fleet in Haiti an' come here with five hundred head o' niggers an' twenty-eight pounds o' gold. Lots of 'em stayed, sor, black an' white. Our early folks stopped piratin', sor, an' took to wreckin'. We was once pirates an' privateers an' wreckers an' hard-fightin' men, an' there was slaves, too; but that's all done now."

Puff-puff goes the ancient's pipe, as he squints at the sea hardly bluer than his keen old eyes.

"Long ago, in Guineaman times, we used to lure ships ashore by false beacon fires. Ah, them wicked old days! Long ago we used to pray the good Lord to send us a ship. One time a whole chorchful o' people run out in a storm to get a wreck. We used to build our houses out o' such, an' fine houses, too—sometimes teak an' mahogany from Indiamen. But them old days is all gone now—long, long gone."

Was there perhaps a tinge of regret in the ancient's voice? Wondrous bold and free those hard old days must have been on Grand Cayman. Now all is peaceful. So quiet has Cayman become that for more than a century only one case of homicide has been known there, and that one was in self-defense.

You muse a while in the crumbling fort and then pass on. The shops are musing, too, about business that never comes and that few merchants seem in the least to want. Apart from two or three stores where you can really buy goods, most of the Cayman emporiums appear to be merely lounging places for mild elderly gentlemen of charming manners, with nothing much to sell and all eternity in which to sell it. You can't buy bread or tobacco or glue or anything you want. It's the Land of No. And making change is a complex problem, in British and American money, till you're all cluttered up with ha'pence, thruppence, sixpence, and Lord knows what. Flour, you discover, is sold by the gallon—"Six pound to a gallon, sor. And eggs, them comes by the shillin's worth, not the dozen." Maybe you decide to purchase a few bottlers, which are an obese kind of banana and good eating when they get fit. "Fit" means ripe. "Too fit" is overripe. Mosquitoes, too, are called fit when the rains "give 'em an inwitation by water," and they hatch out "to blotch you an' begin humbuggin' the whole island, sor, till you got to use smoke pans to live at all."

You enter a shop marked Photographer, only to find its shelves empty save for lots of life preservers. What life preservers are doing as the only visible stock of a photographer you cannot imagine. But then, all Cayman is a bit unreal and unexpected. The photographer, a molasses-tinted gentleman, is busy shaving a customer, for he combines barbering with art.

"No, I ain't got no pict-ures o' the island," he retorts, rather peeved that you want to buy something. "Go take 'em yo'self." You thank him and pass on.

Out of Shakspere

In another shop a genial aristocrat of the old school is drowsing, companioned by a chameleon and a little yellow bird. The lizard, jewel-eyed, is amusing itself by blowing a blue bag under its neck—"showing its handkerchief," as they say in Cayman. It is also passively receptive of flies. The yellow bird is actively going after flies, fluttering among the lean stock of goods.

"Who you is, sor?" the aristocrat mildly inquires. Everybody speaks mildly on Grand Cayman. Voices are soft there, sad, a little plaintive. Caymanians rarely get angry. It takes too much energy. Even when they do, they barely raise their tones. They all speak in a gentle singsong, with the queerest possible accent on the final syllables. Their words, too, are of old time. Cayman speaks an odd dialect of its own—perhaps the speech of Elizabethan England. It all helps the illusion that falls upon you there, the vision of remote antiquity that Cayman folds about you like a mantle. Sometimes you must lend a sharp ear to grasp the meaning at all.

"Who you is and where you stays?" queries the old gentleman, yawning. "You family"—related—"to anybody yur? No, just visit-in'? Vell, it's a good place to visit. I been steamship-*pin'* once—been in other parts. But in my feel-in', no place please me like it do yur. 'Specially if you're in the downward go."

"I hope you don't mean you're sick, sir?"

"Vell, I been punish-*in'*"—suffering—"with run-down blood nigh seven year. Can't walk sturdy nor stand sturdy no more. But business don't bother me much. Days on top o' days, hardly five shil-*lin's*. I'm glad you come to look for"—visit "me. Anything I can do you, let me know. I'll see you some more."

You leave him brooding with his chameleon and his yellow bird, and wander on, feeling that you have glimpsed the age of Good Queen Bess, infinitely remote from ours.

At flaming crimson dawn or in the immense golden glory of noontide it's an inspiring sight to behold a turtle schooner winging homeward to Grand Cayman.

Heeled far over by the humming trades, all canvas gleaming, here she comes now, deep-laden with the monstrous sea turtles that make the Cayman heart rejoice. She's greeted by a "Sail ho!" that rings with very special enthusiasm all the eight miles from the village of West Bay.

Porterhouse or Soup Meat

This "Sail ho!" cry is an exceedingly queer feature of Cayman life. It makes you think the island is a ship at sea. The first man, woman or child to sight a vessel always raises the hail. With a strange, long, dying fall, it instantly spreads, echoed by everybody, whether on the roads, in houses, shops or wherever—perhaps the quaintest and most heart-stirring cry I've ever heard. Long before a vessel has dropped her hook off Georgetown nearly all hands aboard the island know the great event of an arrival.

A crowd always gathers to see anything at all come ashore. I used to love that sight, with immense longboats pulled by sweating negroes muscled like bronzes—pulling them with tremendous sweeps, the blades curiously lashed to the handles. Sometimes the boats would be piled high with tropical fruits, and with a few parrots or a monkey or two as supercargoes. But finest of all is a turtle boat, deep-laden with huge, patient sea monsters. Caymanians load a boat till it threatens to sink under them and think nothing of it. In all weathers they seem to give no thought to freeboard. Sometimes they balance their sailing canoes by hanging outboard over the windward gunwale, clinging meantime to a rope rove to the mast. Such skill in seamanship I've never witnessed anywhere else on earth. You might as well try to frighten a seal by threatening to drown it, as a Cayman native.

Our turtles, though—alas, poor turtles, their respite is likely to be short. Even after the long voyage from Central America, lying tipped over on sweltering decks or under hatches, they find no relief. Once ashore, they presently perish at the hands of a swarthy bare-legged executioner with an ax, himself a marvelous subject for some realistic painter. Slaughtered right on the beach, under the wall topped by the settlement's sundial, their blood dyes the lovely cream-white coral bowlders there. It runs down into the hissing snow-and-azure surf. And thereafter the waiting, watching crowd grows more eager still, for market is opened in an ancient slat-sided building. Crimson-handed negroes in tattered straw hats and long smocks weigh out the turtle meat on ancient rusty scales.

Everybody, with noisy argumentation, buys a sixpence or a shilling of turtle, to be carried home in baskets or a-dangle on thatch-palm cords. Beef is treated in the same cavalier fashion. It can be had only on Saturday, and then not after noon. Sixpence a pound it costs, sirloin or neck—no difference. "You pays your money," but you don't take your choice. Like the clustering cats and dogs, you take what's given you and ask no questions at the markets, some of which are just little tarpaulin-shaded tables under the sea-grape trees, where

Every motorist needs this tape

For trial purposes we will send to Post readers a 35c roll for 25c postpaid

Insulating worn headlight wires

Insulating worn battery cables

Stopping leaks in radiator hose

WHEN ignition wires get old and worn and the insulation cracks—reinsulate! You can do it economically with a few turns of "Extra Service" DUTCH BRAND Friction Tape.

Worn battery cables, head and tail light wires also cause troublesome short circuits.

There are hundreds of uses for this good tape not only around the car, but at home. It's just the thing for insulating worn wires on household appliances, floor and table lamps. Children use it, too, for repairing toys, bicycle tires, etc.

DUTCH BRAND, the "Extra Service" Friction Tape, stays stuck, has long life, won't ravel and resists up to 2200 volts. It is the same tape as electricians use on big commercial work. Costs no more than ordinary tape.

Buy it at electrical, hardware, motor accessory and general stores in convenient 5c, 10c, 20c, and 35c packages.

VAN CLEEF BROS. Established 1910
Manufacturers Rubber and Chemical Products
Woodlawn Ave., 77th to 78th Sts., Chicago, U. S. A.

Another Motoring Need!

Put that new shiny look on faded and perhaps leaky car tops with DUTCH BRAND Top Dressing. It won't crack and is waterproof. Garage and Accessory stores have it in pint cans at $1.00 or sent direct on receipt of price.

FIX-IT with DUTCH BRAND

hang the fresh beef and the ancient steelyards. Cash and carry—on a string—is the rule. Flies? Dust? Who cares? To wrap beef or turtle, on Grand Cayman, would be considered an effete super refinement

Any break in the monotony of Cayman fare is a wondrous blessing. That's why a turtle schooner is so enthusiastically greeted. Turtle there far excels beef. Flippers and all are eaten; even the skin is boiled into soup. There's not much variety on the island. Fish, yams and cassava, conchs and a kind of shellfish called wilks these and bananas and bottlers are not very inspiring. Neither is their "bread-kind" a queer preparation of plantain, sweet potato, coconut, malanga and the like. The principal agricultural implement is a can opener. No green stuff on Cayman; no salads or dainties. As for oranges and grapefruit, the natives inform you that "We don't such a thing." But nobody seems to care. And turtles—they satisfy. A turtle schooner means an island feast. No wonder the "Sail ho!" for a homebound turtler runs more swiftly than the grapevine telegraph of the South American jungle; no wonder it rings so lustily down shore!

The Turtle Crawl

The Caribbean—Grand Cayman lives in and by it. Her life depends on those sunbright sparkling waters. Sailoring, fishing, turtling—these give her nearly all she hath. Her bit of crude agriculture and rope making and the wages sent home by her sons and daughters abroad would never keep her going without her turtle business and that other sea trade of hers—schooner-building. Of course her postage stamps help some. The Cayman stamps are much in demand. Oddly enough, the island's official budget shows sales of stamps to collectors as a regular source of revenue. Last year such sales totaled £465. Cannily, when the market is all supplied, Cayman orders a new issue of stamps. Still, turtles seem to dominate all at Grand Cayman.

By no means all the turtles go to Cayman kitchens—these same being little detached buildings, or sometimes only primitive cabooses where cooking is done in pots set in boxes of sand. Enormous lots of the huge sea monsters are sold in foreign markets.

"Lots of our tortle goes to Key West an' so to New York," a veteran turtler one day explained, as we sat on a pile of mahogany ship's knees under a mango's grateful shade. "We used to ketch 'em right round the island, yur, but now all we'd get yur 'd be water sets." A water set is an empty turtle net, just as a water haul is a line without fish. "We mostways has to go over to the Mosquitta Coast for 'em now. Our tortle schooners is from thirty to fifty tons, with a cap'n and a crew up to twenty men. We got a dozen or more such schooners, ketchin' mostly green and hawk's-bill. Greens'll average 150 pound, though some runs to 400; hawk's-bill 60 to 200. We gets some loggerheads, too, but them ain't worth much except for mebbe a little dried meat."

He explained the rather complicated share system of payment for the catch, and added:

"Takes ten or twelve weeks for a v'yage, to get from 120 to 200 tortle. We goes in small boats round the cays and rocks at night and listens where the greens sleep and where they comes up to blow. Then we sets long nets for 'em, and when they're tangled, we hauls 'em back aboard the schooner. Every weekend we carries our ketch ashore and crawls 'em among the mangras, to recruit and be fed on tortle grass."

To "crawl" a turtle is to put it in a crawl—that is, a corral or pen of logs, usually among mangroves.

"When the trip's up," he continued, while calking hammers from a near-by shipyard punctuated his phrases, "we stows all our tortle on board and takes 'em to Key West or Jamaica or here. . . . Yes, sor, tortles can live nigh a month out o' water. They'll die, though, if they ain't kept cool. Sometimes we dashes water over 'em or gives 'em a drink. But we don't keep the hawk's-bills alive at all. We kills 'em right off, hand runnin', dries the meat an' sacks the shell for the Kingston market. A good hawk's-bill gives us four to seven pound o' shell, worth mebbe twenty-five shil-*lin's* a pound. And there's the water-white shell, worth eight pounds a pound. That's rare, though. We has to give them Nicaraguans two shil-*lin's* a head. Tortles is gettin' scarce now and business ain't what it used to be—not in that, nor no other way for Cayman. Nor, sor, not by a long chalk."

Like a Ship in the Sea

One day a schooner builder took me across the island to an immense bay called North Sound. There the very latest wrinkle in turtleology is developing—a natural crawl in the form of a big lagoon that makes in from the sea. I saw boatloads of immense turtles being taken from a schooner there and duly impounded. Palisades of logs prevented their escape.

Nearly 1000 have already been imprisoned. Turtle grass grows in the lagoon, so the captives board themselves, with no trouble at all to the owners. These owners, by the way, have built an artificial beach where the turtles can lay their eggs. All the comforts of home! Though a few sharks infest this turtlish paradise, the big lazy fellows are increasing fast.

"And the owners net 'em out as wanted, y'understand," my guide explained. "Beats goin' over to Nicaragua for 'em, don't it? Oh, ve're progress-*in'*, even on Grand Cayman!"

If friendliness is a sign of progress, Cayman seems already to have advanced pretty far. Everybody gives you greeting there. You simply cannot remain a stranger. As you wander along the coral shore, littered with old ships' chains and gear, you see the most lovely ocean vistas between palms where tiny red-leg crabs scuttle through snowy sand. You find boats covered with coconut fronds to keep the ardent sun from cracking them; Indian dugouts hollowed from a single mahogany or cedar log and wondrously modeled. All these dugouts come from Central America. Other boats are swung up on davits let into the solid coral, just as if the island were a ship with boats hanging over her rail. Were Cayman really a ship, the sea could hardly be more omnipresent. Mightily alone in the great waters, she goes her own seafaring and peculiar ways.

Her rope making is a queer primitive industry. This rope is made from the unopened tops of the thatch palm. It's strong and durable, used for rigging vessels and many other purposes all through the Caribbean. Oddly enough, the rope makers believe they should gather their palm tops on the day before the full moon. They go miles for those tops, carry them home, sundry and split them by hand into long "pegs," or strips. These pegs they hand-roll into strands which they lay into rope with a crude, triple-cranked device called a cart. The cart is turned in one direction, while perhaps 100 yards off a winch is turned in the other. A triple-grooved cob guides the strands as the rope is formed. It's a day's labor to get enough palm tops for six coils of rope. Three coils can be laid in a day. The rope fetches about a cent for ten feet. Obviously, rope making on Cayman isn't overpaid.

As you wander along from the rope walk on the beach, queer types pass you. Here comes a tattered old one-eyed man, wrinkled, brown as a withered breadfruit leaf, white-whiskered and with toes sticking out of ragged tennis shoes. From behind his bushlike beard, snags of teeth protrude. You chat with him, learn that he's on his way "to buy a shil-*lin'* o' rum, sor," and assist that ambition to the extent of thruppence.

A postal employe plods by with a hunk of turtle meat dangling on a cord. "Take my por-*ter*?" asks a ragged urchin, slyly bold. "Por-ter" seems to mean portrait, photograph. A mulatto woman, splendidly erect, strides onward with a huge basket of bananas on her head. Armed with a machete for a goad, a patriarchal negro drives a yoke of oxen, slow-plodding, in flour-white coral dust.

The Cayman Police Force

Four merry children, of four colors, trot past on a half portion of donkey. In a doorway you glimpse an old African crone seated on the floor, eating rice from a kettle with clawlike fingers. A colored clergyman in full clerical rig pops by you on a spitting motorcycle. You get a salute from a huge-mustached white man in a Panama hat, with starched linen clothes and a broad black silk sash whence hangs an immense silver watch chain that might almost anchor a ship. Behold, here comes a stove-black constable with spotless white tunic, blue trousers broadly striped with scarlet, and white cap bearing the British coat of arms in silver—a figure for any artist. The pageant of life on Grand Cayman fills you with admiration. The constable, though most of his duties are connected with handling the mail, walks with importance and authority. Still, he condescends to salute you, and greatly you admire him.

As you strike into the maze of twisty and narrow lanes back of the town, you then get a view of colored mammies smoking pipes as they cook in oil tins over outdoor fires in banana and breadfruit groves. An aged brown woman, barefoot and bent far forward, passes with a huge palm-fiber basket of coconuts on her back. The basket hangs by its strap across her forehead, Indian fashion. Behind her trudges a groping blind man with a basket of firewood similarly borne. Nearly all Cayman burdens are carried thus. You stop to gossip with the blind man.

"Oh, my goodness an' mercy," says he, "hard times is what I'm havin'. Makin' out pretty bad, sor, fight-in' for my liv-*in'*. Tuppence flour a day is 'bout all I gets. An' the lambago too. Ah, vell, God he'p me, I'm try-in' for the better, not the worst. I'm lame now. A cyar run over my foot an' cripple me. Ah, God bless oonah," as he feels your sixpence in his hand. "Ve must love the good Lard, He's so kind to us every way. Didn't He put it in your heart now, sor, to he'p me out?"

A Contrast to the Background

You notice that his footgear is fashioned from old auto tires, lashed Japanese fashion with palm fibers between the toes and round the heel.

"Yes, sor, wampers is what we calls such footwear now," he informs you, blinking sightless eyes, "but in the blessed Saviour's time them was called sandals." Another keynote—a profound and simple faith, untouched by any breath of modernity. Biblical language still persists on Grand Cayman. Heaven arches very near that tiny island lost in the middle of the azure Caribbean.

"We're healthy, sor," Caymanians rightly boast, with a birth rate of more than thirty a thousand, a death rate of only eleven. "Children's one of our best crops. Never have no epidemics. 'Bout the only manner of dyin' here is to dry up an' blow away."

With more than 4000 population, Grand Cayman has only two doctors. But there's a dentist too. He also mends shoes. I've walked round with him and heard him hailed from various dwellings by folk "punishing" with the toothache. He takes his forceps from his pocket, enters and presently comes out with a shilling or two—likewise perhaps a pair of boots to heel or sole. Hospital facilities also exist, in the shape of a perfectly bare shack far up the beach. There, if indigent, you may lie without any treatment whatever save that given by an old nurse who visits and feeds you to the extent of one and six per diem. One aged and destitute sailorman died in that unutterable loneliness while I was on the island. Like all who perish in the Caymans, he was very promptly buried.

They don't keep you long there—never overnight—for Cayman has no undertakers. When you're hopeless, they start building your coffin. Provident persons sometimes buy their coffin boards a long time before they die, and keep them prudently on hand. One old fellow even had his coffin built many years ago. He's still living.

Despite their descent from what old records call "divers soldiers, planters and privateers," the Caymanians' motto now seems to be Peace and a Quiet Life. Grand Cayman hasn't even an escape-proof jail. The one at Georgetown is only a roofless masonry pen topped with broken bottles. Some time ago the last prisoner was an old negro—Uncle Jim—convicted of petty theft. Did he remain in durance vile? Not he! Though possessing only one leg, he climbed out at night, stole a small boat and—without chart or compass—sailed away boldly to Honduras.

Such was no great undertaking for a man of a race that seems almost to smell its way over the ocean. "Plain navigation" took the Caymanians everywhere, long before they had any instruments at all. A stick held up by night at arm's

(Continued on Page 85)

Most of These Turtles at Key West Come From the Cayman Fishermen. Here They're Being Crawled to Await the Soup Kettle or Shipment to New York

EXTRA MILES OF EXTRA COMFORT

WHEN you want extra service from tires, equip your car with Federal Double Blue Pennants.

Full oversize, extra plies of the more resilient Federal *"Equal Tension Cord"* —cushioned comfort, easier riding.

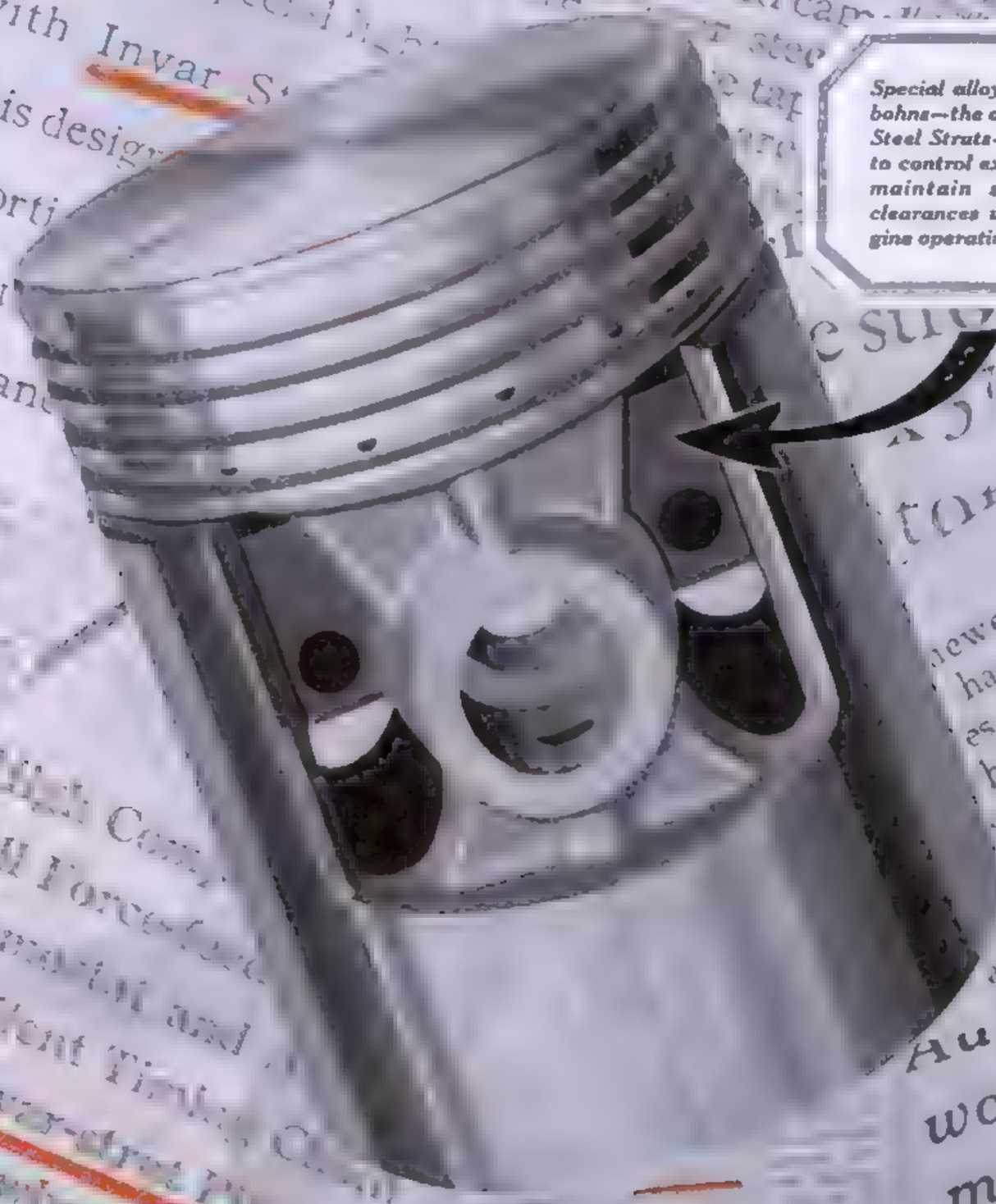
Massive tread—tough, thick, deep-cut traction blocks, *extra* miles, utmost safety and skid protection—contour designed for easier steering...Look for your nearest Federal Agent—you will profit by the extra service his tires give, and by the extra service he gives on those tires.

FEDERAL RUBBER COMPANY
Sales Division, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

FEDERAL
REG. PAT. OFF.
DOUBLE BLUE PENNANT

NOW—almost the

noticeable fact that
of the new car an-
ments contain the
that motors are
equipped with the Invar
Strut Pistons.



Special alloy steel Backbohns—the original Invar Steel Struts—are cast in, to control expansion and maintain satisfactory clearances under all engine operating conditions

Invar Strut Pistons—

which is

worm and gear steering
mechanism. Extra heavy
crankshaft. Invar Strut
Full force feed

entire Industry has standardized on Invar Strut PISTONS

which are

NELSON

BOHNALITE

PISTONS

Always out in front—the car equipped with Nelson Bohnalite Pistons

Herewith are reproduced a few clippings from current motor car advertising. Almost every automobile maker seems to be featuring the Invar Strut Piston which the Bohn organization originally designed and originally introduced.

Invar Strut Pistons! Nelson Bohnalite Pistons! There is no difference. They both are the same.

There is only one way in which you may have an automobile possessing that marvelous peppy acceleration, restful smoothness and satisfying long life which are gained by the use of Nelson Bohnalite Pistons.

That is by buying a car equipped with the Nelson Bohnalite Piston—*the* original Invar Strut Piston.

Always out in front—the car equipped with Nelson Bohnalite Pistons.

BOHN ALUMINUM & BRASS CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Also makers of the famous Bohn Ring True Bearings

To manufacturers: Bohnalite is a new light alloy metal which many manufacturers in all lines are using to advantage. Ask us about Bohnalite.

Irene Bordoni
Prefers Millers
For Safety-Comfort-Excellent Mileage

"My preference for Miller Tires is the result of the safety and comfort they add to my car, and the excellent mileage they give me!"

Irene Bordoni

The new Miller Deluxe 6-ply Balloon pictured below is a new super-type tire for those who demand the utmost freedom from blowouts and punctures. It is built to give extra long mileage and to withstand the roughest service.

IN all of Miller's fine qualities, the one most prized by women is this one Miss Bordoni chooses to call "Safety."

Every woman who drives an automobile knows this—getting there and getting back is largely a matter of dependable tires. And who better than a woman can speak with authority in the matter of tire safety?

To millions of women who drive, Millers have brought a new confidence—a new trust in motoring by themselves.

And, in addition, a remarkable economy that neither women nor men can overlook.

In all the tire field, no tire is built of finer materials than Miller. No tire has finer workmanship. No tire has the benefit of keener research, or broader manufacturing experience.

It naturally follows that *your* experience with Miller Tires will be one of complete satisfaction. One, in fact, that will cause you even to forget you have tires, during thousands of miles of service.

That's why Millers win and hold the respect of women—and are the first choice of men who have a woman's safety to consider.

Miller Tires
REG U.S. PAT OFF.

GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY, of N.Y., AKRON, OHIO

(Continued from Page 30)

length, and with one notch cut for the horizon while another marked the North Star, used to be all they had to give them latitude. As for the escaping Uncle Joe, nobody ever bothered to bring him back. Nobody ever bothers much about anything on Grand Cayman.

Nothing, that is, except their schooners. Those are fashioned with a loving, painstaking care almost unimaginable. The Cayman builders, without engineering education, plans, specifications, blue prints or machinery, construct vessels that are unsurpassed for grace, workmanship, durability and speed. If ever ships were handmade, it's on Grand Cayman. All that the builders have to guide them is a whittled-out model and a rough outline of the sails sketched on a piece of board.

Hand-Wrought Ships

"Yes, sir, we don't use nothin' else," one builder, Rayal Bodden, assured me in his little shipyard. He rested a few minutes from work on the schooner taking form under big tarpaulins that shielded it from the tropic sun. "Every timber, from the keel up, we work 'em out with adz and saw. Knees and all, they're mahogany, ironwood, fiddlewood, pompero and such, growed right here on the island. Hard as steel. They'll stand as long as the world lasts!

"We import our plankin', sticks, canvas and engines from the States. Yes, sir, we cut our sails out on the beach, step our masts with sheers, rig our schooners all complete, and power 'em with crude-oil engines right here. Paint 'em, sir; get 'em all ready for sea. With seven to ten men I can build one like this—seventy foot long and, say, seventy-six ton—in nine or ten months. They're mostly all on orders, for Bluefields or other Nicaragua ports. Biggest one ever built in the Caymans was 250 ton—a wonder she was too. Cost a lot more in the States, such vessels would. Couldn't build 'em there, anyhow; ain't got the hardwoods. Been at it all my life, sir. Learned it from grandfather and father; and my boy there"—he pointed at a sturdy lad drifting out a bolt—"he'll foller it up after me. Engineerin' courses? No, sir! Rule o' thumb, that's all. But these here Cayman vessels sure can sail. They sure do last."

When, after many months of patient and loving work, one of these magnificent hand-wrought vessels is ready, all Cayman turns out to bear a hand at her wedding with the sea. Then comes the day of days, the fiesta, pilgrimage, picnic, jubilee and all combined. By the best of luck I happened to be on the island when a schooner was launched at North Side. As a revival of old-time community sport and labor, with larking, singing, feasting and rejoicing mixed with plenty of hard work, that was a splendid object lesson.

The builders had been "expecting" their schooner for some time, but unfavorable winds had delayed the launching. Now at last, though, all was ready. The new vessel, with a union jack and two American flags whipping against a sky of blazing and unbounded azure, lay a bit drunkenly on palm-log rollers. Out in creamy surfs black men were wading, diving, fixing anchors and tackle. Such a shouting and chattering! Such excitement!

Colorful crowds gathered the girls, of whatever hue, in gayest satins and silks; young men galloping along the beach on wiry little horses; children running and falling down in the sand; cooking-fires of free dinners smoking; crowds lying in the shade of the schooner's stern, shade being at a premium on that sun-glaring stretch of shore.

Merry parties are picnicking under canvas shelters or thatched sheds. Under a palm the orchestra is filling the heat-shimmered air with music of the strangest. Some orchestra! One black man sawing on a beribboned fiddle; another beating a jungle tempo with stick and fingers on a rude homemade drum; a third twanging a guitar to the accompaniment of a fourth who clatters a pair of ox bones. My friend the missionary is helping, too, playing a cassava grater with a kitchen fork, eliciting tones you'd never believe possible.

"Man your falls!" shouts the swarthy master of ceremonies. "All hands! Gals a-hold too!" It brings a vessel good luck to have the girls help launch her. "Walk away with the rope now! Comin' home! Walk away!"

Up the beach, sinking in chips and shavings and fine warm sand, strain a hundred islanders, white, yellow and black, all tugging their hearts out. "She starts, she moves, she seems to ——" But no, she sticks again.

"She's two blocks!" shouts the boss. "Whoa!"

Tackles have to be readjusted amid excited conference. After long confusion—for the launching takes hours—commands reëcho:

"Walk away. Walk back! Walk back on her now, everybody an' the cook! Let's go!"

Even the gorgeous constable bears a hand now, and the schoolmaster, too, stove-black but handsome, with bamboo helmet, snowy linen and big cigar. "She's gine now! She's crack-*in*'!" Fiddle, bones, drum and guitar redouble their labors; the cassava grater rattles as never. A dark-skinned girl christens the ship by flinging against its stern a bottle of—what? Nobody knows, because the bottle is wrapped in burlap to keep pieces of glass from littering the beach.

A Hasty Departure

"Now, all hands! Now, all together! An'—she's floated now! Nothin' diff-*runt*!"

And hooray, boys, and hooray again! With all hands tired but happy, another brave little Cayman vessel becomes a bride of the sea, the all-inclosing, all-important Caribbean.

Just one more picture, and then good-by to Cayman, with its fine white aristocracy of hospitable, cultured English folk, its humble, friendly, cheerful substrata of brown and black. Far more has been left unsaid than said; for all the quaint scenes, odd types, good friends would require many a thousand words. But never mind; I've given at least some glimpse of Grand Cayman, the strange, the far-remote.

Our exit from Cayman was as precipitate as our stay had been calmly restful. One drowsy golden afternoon, into the midst of my work echoed "Sail! Sail ho!" along the surf-white coral shore. A distant whistle boomed. Into sight a ship was moving. Tremendous event!

She turned out to be the motor ship Smaland, deep-loaded with gasoline and eastward bound. Cap'n Tibbetts, interviewed when he came ashore in a longboat, proved good-natured about carrying passengers. But his ship was leaving in a few hours. Such a swift break-up of housekeeping, such a wheeling of baggage on barrows never had been seen at Grand Cayman.

Dusk, after a sunset of saffron and pearl-pink across heaving golden waters, found a crowd assembled at the little barcadere to bid us farewell. Dim-seen, a melodious group of negroes sat on the wall by the old sundial, crooning a song. Lighted windows began to glow. Bats wove mazy patterns with their silent wings against the Milky Way; fireflies twinkled in the coming night.

The Farewell Party

An immense Indian dugout manned by powerful blacks received us and our baggage. More than a score of young folks went out with us to the ship, a mile or so offshore. We cradled over rippling dark tropical waters flecked with the riding lights of schooners, with stars and phosphorescent sea fire, while the Dipper hung low to northward and the Southern Cross tilted kitelike on the sea's other rim. Surfs grumbled in sea caves of gray coral. Constellations seemed ripe with light—ripe like some sort of heavenly fruit all ready to fall into the lap of ocean. The steersman made a statuesque figure in the deepening night.

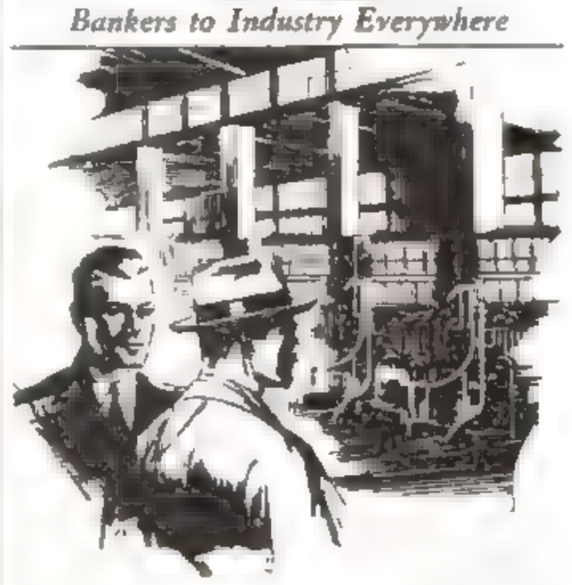
A girl, clear-throated as a lark, began singing. Others joined in, girls and fellows just like our own at home, but there seeming so unspeakably far from what we think of as the world. Something made me a bit pensive. Night, music, stars and all, and then the Caribbean—mystery and longing and pain and gladness all in one—you've got to feel it yourself, to understand.

The wimple of the ship's light drew nearer. We arrived at her vast black side, clambered up a rough ladder, said good-by. What's this? Flowers for us, the foreigners? Oh, ever so many thanks! And good-by, all! The immense dugout moved shoreward, with song drifting after it in a wake of fairyland music. The fresh young voices faded in darkness—"Good night, ladies!" and "Till we meet again!" Faded, died. 'Twill be long ere ever we meet again. 'Twill be never, nevermore.

Church bells were tolling out across the mighty waters, and from Georgetown still glimmered faint, sleepy lights of Cayman homes. On the mast at the barcadere the lantern burned, a small but steadfast star. The Smaland's telegraph jangled. Her engine began throbbing. Off into the Caribbean night we gathered way. Very far, the last song hushed to an echo and grew still. House gleams all melted into the velvet dark. Last of all, the tiny lighthouse lantern dimmed and died.

Our Cayman days of purple, jade and gold, our nights of glowing moonlight and vague dreams, had faded back forever into the starlit immensities brooding that land of pleasant memories.

Bankers to Industry Everywhere



A Credit Sale —for Cash!

A GROUP of textile men formed a partnership to erect a mill and produce a novelty line for which they saw a good market. Although their combined worth was in seven figures they planned to hold their initial capital investment within strict limits. The machinery order went to a manufacturer who met their technical standards and in addition offered satisfactory long term credit.

The C. I. T. Plan

Looms, dobbies, etc., came to over $50,000. The manufacturer accepted a fair cash payment and instalment notes for the balance. The seller did not have to wait for his money. C. I. T. promptly gave cash for the paper, relieving the company of the necessity of using its own funds to bank its customer.

There are broad sales opportunities in the sound application of the instalment method to the marketing of heavy machinery. C. I. T. finance service is now used by manufacturers selling equipment of large unit price as well as by makers and distributors of articles of comparatively small cost such as office appliances and household utilities. By supplying funds and giving service covering all the details of instalment transactions C. I. T. in effect keeps clients' sales on the equivalent of a cash basis.

Inquiries are invited from all interested in selling new equipment on sound instalment terms.

Ask about C. I. T. Plan for

Agricultural Machinery	Newspaper Presses
Automobiles	Organs
Bonding Machinery	Pianos
Conveyors	Printing Machinery
Dairy Machinery	Radios
Electric Appliances	Refrigerators
Embossing Machines	Saw Mill Machinery
Furniture	Store Fixtures
Gas Equipment	Textile Machinery
Hotel Equipment	Washing Machines
Incubators	Welding Machinery
Lunch Wagons	X-Ray Machines

and many other products

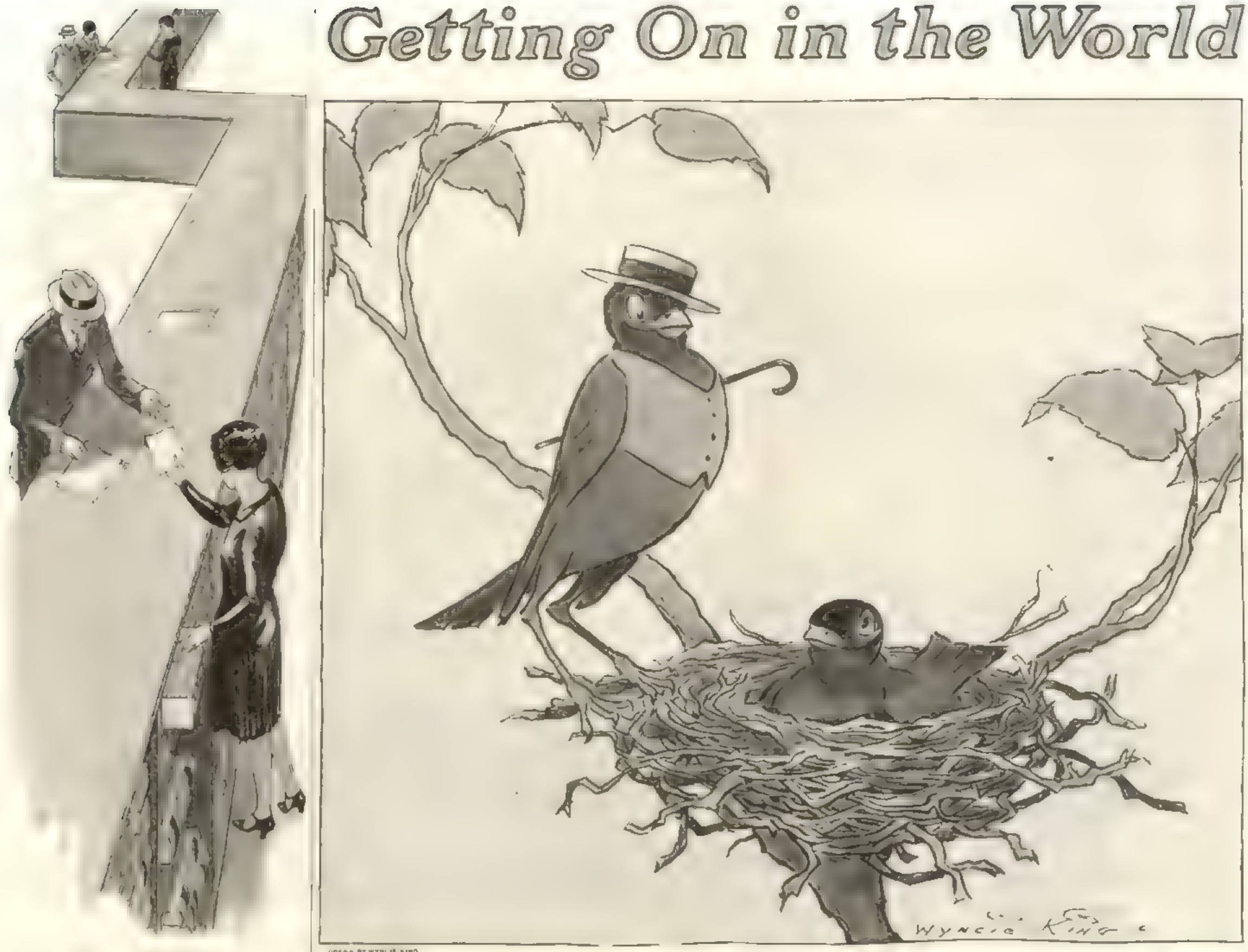
COMMERCIAL INVESTMENT TRUST CORPORATION

One Park Avenue, New York

Affiliated and operating companies with Head Offices in New York ~ Chicago San Francisco ~ Toronto ~ London Berlin ~ Havana ~ Porto Rico ~ Branches in more than sixty cities.

Capital and Surplus $27,000,000

Getting On in the World



STEPPING OUT

Investment Near Home

A NEIGHBOR from an adjoining community came to visit me the other evening. As we sat before the cheery log fire after dinner the talk turned to finance and investments, and he gave me an entirely new angle on the worthwhileness of investing in the stocks and bonds of the public-utility corporations.

"I am just a modest investor," he said. "My investments are made exclusively in the local public utilities in which I am also a consumer. It is from the standpoint of user and co-owner that I consider my investments in these corporations.

"In this land of opportunity there are many possibilities of investment which would pay me greater returns than the public utilities—that is to say, I might be earning larger dollars-and-cents dividends—but from them I could not gain the same measure of satisfaction, nor could I feel the same spirit of genuine citizenship which comes to me with the ownership of the utilities.

"I am proud of the community in which I dwell. I delight in its growth and forward movement. I like to feel that I have a hand in making these things possible. To me there comes the same sense of pleasure in watching the expansion of the electric-light company, the extension of the street-railway lines, the growth of the subscriber list of the telephone company, as I get from the budding and unfolding of a beautiful rose which I have tended and cultivated with my own hands. I can feel this pleasure because I have had some small part, through my modest investments, in making the growth and development possible.

"This sense of well-being, of being a good citizen in fact as well as in name, more than offsets the fact that my dividends from the utilities are not so great in terms of cash as they might be were I to put my money into others of the many opportunities which present themselves.

"I like to be able to see my money grow—to be able to walk down the street and see the work of the men who are laying the cables for the wider reach of the telephone; to see the wires of the electric-light service stretching farther and farther; to note the laying of new tracks and the consequent development of subdivisions. As I note these things I feel my sense of ownership growing.

"Since I have commenced putting my modest surplus into the utilities I find that my circle of friendly acquaintances has increased. I have got to know the men who do the work of construction, and I find them real men and not merely laborers. I find that they, too, have the love of home closely ingrained into their fibers, and in the work they are accomplishing they are finding just as true a method of expression as the artist or the author. It has been worth much to me to know these men in this manner, but I doubt if I ever could have become interested in them had I not felt a direct and personal interest in their work through my investments.

"Then, too, with my local investments comes a sense of security. Day by day, before my eyes, I have concrete evidences of the manner of use to which my money is put. The soundness of my judgment is reflected in the substantiality of the growth all about me. To doubt the continued success of these enterprises is to doubt the future of my city, and this is impossible. Were it possible, the city could not properly be my home.

"And again, I feel that my ownership—small though it may be—is making of me a better citizen. I am more careful of my selection of representation in political affairs. Our city manager and council actually become my employes—men hired to care for my interests—and I use my best effort to see that these positions shall not be filled by demagogues or grafters. I do not want to see in office men who may retard the honest growth and service of the things in which I am financially interested.

"I find, too, that this interest in civic development has grown still further since my first investments in our local services. I give more time and thought and attention to the organizations which have the public weal as their actuating purpose. I am a better chamber-of-commerce member, a better Rotarian, a better citizen.

"Granting the soundness of these investments—and of this phase others may speak more ably than I—I find the utilities good for me because through them, or rather through my ownership in them, I no longer merely live in my city—I am part of it. This feeling I believe to be the real taproot of the tree of patriotism."

—ELWOOD LLOYD IV.

A useful counter made of "Y *and* E" steel files

"Y and E" Counterheight Steel Files utilize the space formerly wasted by counter or railing. Built up from single units, and covered with a handsome bronze bound linoleum top, this counter may be adapted to any filing or storage purpose. See these files at the "Y and E" Store, or write us for literature.

YAWMAN AND ERBE MFG. CO.
752 JAY ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Canada: The Office Specialty Mfg. Co., Ltd., Newmarket, Ont.

"Y and E"
OFFICE EQUIPMENT

STEEL AND WOOD FILES • STEEL SHELVING • DESKS • SAFES • OFFICE SYSTEMS AND SUPPLIES • BANK AND LIBRARY EQUIPMENT

28 valuable suggestions for any home-owner

PHOTOGRAPHS of all sizes of new Creo-Dipt homes designed by leading architects—

Pictures in color showing smart new roof effects—colorful side-walls with the new irregular shadow lines so much admired—

"Before and after" pictures of old houses rebeautified with Creo-Dipt Stained Shingles laid over the old side-walls and roof.

Genuine Creo-Dipt Stained Shingles are made only from selected cedar—100% straight-grained—*specially stained and preserved to resist weather with less upkeep.*

On new or old homes, Creo-Dipt roof and side-walls mean striking beauty and greatly reduced upkeep. On old homes, owners estimate Creo-Dipts over siding reduce fuel bills 15% to 25%.

Send for these helpful photographs today

Your architect, builder or lumber dealer can tell you all about the wide choice of Creo-Dipt colors. Leading lumber dealers everywhere carry *genuine* Creo-Dipts in stock; for 20 years, prominent architects and builders have endorsed them. Mail the coupon below for interesting, helpful photographs.

Creo-Dipt Company, Inc., 1306 Oliver St., No. Tonawanda, N. Y. In Canada: Creo-Dipt Company, Ltd., 1610 Royal Bank Bldg., Toronto. Plants located for easy shipping at No. Tonawanda, Kansas City, Mo., Minneapolis, Minn., Vancouver, B. C. Sales Offices in principal cities. Look for *Creo-Dipt* in your phone book.

28 *INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPHS*

CREO-DIPT

Stained Shingles

CREO-DIPT COMPANY, Inc.
1306 Oliver St., N. Tonawanda, N. Y.

Enclosed find 25 cents for portfolio of large-size photographs of new Creo-Dipt homes by leading architects, new homes rebeautified with Creo-Dipt, booklet of color suggestions, and name of nearest Creo-Dipt dealer, who can recommend a reliable carpenter contractor. (Outside U. S. or Canada, please send 50¢ in money order or international stamps.)

Check ☐ Covering old side-walls ☐ Building new ☐ Re-roofing

Name _____

Address _____

© C-D Co., Inc., 1928

MAY CORN

(Continued from Page 17)

pulled out a roll of bills. The roll was as big as Benny's two fists.

"Say, stick your eye on that," said Nimmick.

There were sixteen hundred dollars in the roll. What's more, he hadn't got it by tapping the till. Briefly, Nimmick had made the money at Riggs, Stringer & Co.'s, and it was only a part, too, of what he had made. He had drawn out this much to salt it away.

The next day there was a new customer in the La Salle Street customers' room. Need it be said the customer was Benny?

Easy come, easy go. It's an old story, the tale of Benny's experiences. Two jobs in May were his first trade, and to margin it he put up one hundred dollars, forty of which was what he had saved up for the rent, while thirty-two dollars and fifty cents came from his pay envelope. Nimmick lent him the balance, and Benny had sweated slightly when he handed the money to Jakes.

"Buy at the market," ordered Nimmick.

"At-a-boy!" said Jakes. However, at half-past one that day May corn closed a cent and one-eighth higher. By the transaction Benny was twenty dollars to the good.

Queer, but in his first trade the dabbler almost invariably wins. If he didn't there wouldn't be so many chair warmers warming the chairs in La Salle Street. And Benny was no exception, his paper profits rising the next day to fifty dollars. But though that was so, and though inwardly Benny was bubbling with excitement, he said nothing to Minnie about it. Minnie, he was afraid, might forget and say something, and if she did and they heard about it down at the Jackson Street insurance office, good night! Hadn't h seen what had happened to Nimmick? However, a lot Benny cared one afternoon two months later when Birge bawled at him, "You, there!" Like Nimmick, he laughed. Already he had knocked down eight hundred dollars! Smackers! Eight hundred little old iron men! To Benny's wonder, though, when he told Minnie about it, Minnie began to weep.

"Well, for crying out loud!" breathed Benny.

"I know, but you've been fired!" wept Minnie resolutely.

She went on weeping. She had heard tales, it seemed, of people who played the wheat and corn pits, and besides always losing their jobs, they also lost their money. Afterward the furniture people came and took the furniture and then they had to move. And there was worse too. Anyway, Minnie knew of a man her father knew about, and she began to tell how he had a nice business—it was cut flowers for the wholesale trade—and how he took to playing the wheat pit and was found later in a furnished room with the gas turned on, when Benny cut her short. Had he lost any money yet? How, too, was he going to lose, the way corn was going up?

"Say, you quit squawking; you hear!" he ordered. Then, putting his hand into his pocket, he drew out a twenty-dollar bill. "There! Go buy yourself a fur coat," grunted Benny.

Minnie dried her tears. She also forgot about the cut-flower tragedian who'd blown out the gas in the furnished room. However, though she wanted a fur coat badly and would love to have one, how was she to get it with only twenty dollars?

"Easy," answered Benny.

It, too, like the new money, was a pipe, a cinch! Ten dollars down, two a week afterward. The wives of all the traders at Riggs, Stringer & Co.'s got their coats that way: in fact, why pay cash even if you have the cash? Cash is needed for margins, and the more margins you have the more corn or wheat you can buy. That, anyway, was what Benny was doing with his. In a brief time his margin was big enough to let him trade regularly—"Ten at a time."

"Say," said Benny to Nimmick, who did the trading for both, "think of this place being here all this time and me not knowing it."

Five thousand bushels is a swell bet for a lot of the La Salle Street chair warmers, ten thousand spells affluence. And Benny—Nimmick still running things—went on coining money. Corn, in short, still was active, and with an uncanny prescience, a sort of inspired divination, Nimmick seemed able to catch every swing. It was a rare thing for Nimmick to get stung.

"Buy," he'd tell Jakes one day. "Sell," he'd say to him another. It was bewildering.

"*Gott!*" exploded Mr. Getz, late of Getz's Ready To Wear. "How do you do it, Nimmick, vat?"

Nimmick was hunched down in a chair, his face morose. The fact is, the more Nimmick went on winning the more morose grew his air. Just a moment before, however, he had given Jakes a quick order to sell thirty May twenty for himself and ten for Benny—and almost the instant the order had been executed May had begun to tumble. What was as queer, too, was that all the other chair warmers had loudly proclaimed they had bought May—gone long.

At Getz's query, though, Nimmick grinned. How he did it—that is, won—was simple. "Luck, Getz; that's all."

There was a little group gathered about him. It's a trait, in short, of all customers' rooms that a group invariably clusters about the monetary winner.

As Nimmick, however, made his laconic reply, there was another outburst from Getz.

"Luck?" he snorted, the snort derisive.

He lurched to his feet. Disgust and disbelief were expressive on his face. "You make me sick, Nimmick! I am sick to my stomach. You got a chart, maybe—a business that makes you sure—or berhaps it is some big fellow—a markget oberador—und he dips you off. But luck? Bah!" No man in the world ever won four out of five trades by luck only. "*Nicht wahr!*" affirmed Mr. Getz.

"So?" smiled Nimmick.

He moved slightly as he spoke. Mr. Twillig, the former South Shore groceryman, had been listening, and as if convinced by what Nimmick said, he wet his lips and now was feverishly rubbing his shoulder against Nimmick's as if to rub off some of the luck. Just the same, though Benny Timlow, too, felt as skeptical as Mr. Getz at Nimmick's answer, Benny himself could get no other solution from Nimmick. In fact, he tried that same day to get it.

It was just after the close. Nimmick, his face slack and haggard as it always was at that hour, was lighting another cigarette.

"How do I do what?" he mumbled, and Benny repeated his question: "Win almost always, Joe?"

For a moment Nimmick didn't answer. He took a puff at his cigarette, inhaling the smoke deep into his lungs, and then, from under his hat brim, he shot a look at Benny.

"Tell me, bimbo," he drawled. "You moved last week, didn't you—hired a bigger flat?"

"Huh?" inquired Benny.

Nimmick sucked in another lungful of smoke. "You bought yourself a car, too, you said—that and a piano for your wife?"

"Well?" answered Benny.

Nimmick laughed, the laugh ironic. Then he jerked a thumb at the quotation board. "Say," he said, "how long do you think, anyway, this is going to last—forever?"

Benny was bewildered.

"Do you mean the market, Joe—the way we've made money?"

It was exactly what Nimmick meant, and Benny mumbled a reply. So far as he saw, what reason was there that he and Nimmick shouldn't go on making money indefinitely.

"Thazzo?" Nimmick drawled.

Looking at Benny for a moment, he flicked the ash from his cigarette. "Listen, kid, I'll tell you something. After you've hung around this joint long enough, there's two things you may learn—only I'm not sure. One is that what goes up always comes down. Another is that where you make money is the same place they take it away from you. Get that?" he inquired.

"What?" faltered Benny.

"The sucker," said Nimmick, "always loses." Benny could only laugh, the laugh skeptical. Nimmick certainly was no sucker, nor was Benny either, felt Benny. Whatever the case, though, it appeared that Nimmick was serious enough. "Get jake to this," he growled: "Today my rakings figure forty-eight hundred berries, and the minute they hit six grand, you watch your Uncle Marmaduke. You won't see him for the dust!"

"Yeah?" mocked Benny.

"Yeah is what, bimbo. Anyways, out in Evanston is a little business—it's in the drug-and-soda line—and the owner wants to sell Four grand is what he asks, and it'll take two grand more to restock and refinish. See? Well, that's that, Benny, and take it from Hiram, you'd better lay pipes to get something the same. I'm telling you, anyways. The minute I lay hands on that six grand, zing!"

"What—quit?" Benny didn't believe him.

"You watch me!" retorted Nimmick.

Four weeks later he made good his word. It was a day Benny wouldn't forget. It was a day, too, that marked a turn in the easy way they'd been knocking down the dollars. The market that morning seemed to go wild. May was near at hand, and one moment the price shot up, only to sag off as swiftly. Feverish. Spotty. Not so good. For once, at any rate, Nimmick seemed to stall. He sold at the opening—went short—and then when May corn began to climb he switched and went after it. At once the market turned, going the other way. Around the office the report was handed out that a big gun—one of the Jackson Street crowd—was deep in on May corn and was trying to get out from under so that he wouldn't be "left with the corpse," as the saying is. That meant, in other words, that he had to get rid of his line before those from whom he had bought forced on him delivery of the actual grain. And Benny, his face moist, watched Nimmick. Already the swift swings of the market had cost them heavily, and, his hat dragged down, the inevitable cigarette dangling from his lips, Nimmick stared at the quotation board.

"Argentine, three-quarters up," droned a voice reading out a flash from the dope. "Kansas City and Omaha selling," the same voice droned again. It was six of one, half a dozen of the other.

"Say," chattered Benny, "what're you going to do?"

Nimmick gave him a sudden look. "What would you do yourself?"

"I—I don't know," Benny faltered.

He wiped his face. Why ask him? Usually when he voiced an opinion Nimmick only coppered it, playing the market the other way. It was a pipe now, however, Benny almost was certain, that May corn was getting ready to do something big. But what it was Benny didn't know. That was the trouble.

"You can't guess?" demanded Nimmick.

"Not a guess," said Benny.

At once Nimmick scrambled to his feet. As abruptly he thrust a hand into his trousers pocket; then drew it out again. He and Benny at the moment were long thirty May—it was at the top, too, that they had bought it—and now May stood poised, ready either to flop or, on the other hand, go kiting skyward.

"May, a half!" piped the quotation clerk, and then things happened.

Benny afterward had only a vague notion of what it all was. As May, sawing back and forth, hit the half, Nimmick snatched his hand from his pocket. Swiftly he glanced at his hand and what was in it, then swiftly he thrust the hand back again.

"Hey, Jakes!" he shouted. Jakes came a-running. "Switch!" Nimmick ordered, his voice cracking. "Switch; then sell eighty May—sixty for me, twenty for Timlow!"

"Joe!" Benny gasped.

He had reason to gasp. If May went against them only a couple of cents or so, he and Nimmick would be cleaned, wiped out. Jakes, too, seemed dubious.

"Hey," said Jakes, "kind of thin on your margins, ain't you?"

Nimmick's face was suddenly violent. "You do as I say, Jakes!" he snapped. And that, it seemed, was Nimmick's final trade. Not more than ten minutes after he had given the order, May corn fell with a crash. At the close it was 2¾ off.

Corn the next day kept on falling, and that afternoon Benny bought a platinum wrist watch for Minnie—though this time it was twenty-five dollars down, five a week afterward. As for Nimmick, that was the last La Salle Street saw of him. He had his six grand—though it was only by a cat's whisker, he said—and once he had the check in his pocket he stopped to speak to Benny.

"Better quit too, bimbo!" he advised

Benny laughed. Quit? Pull out when there still was all that money left in La Salle Street. Not if Benny knew himself! In other words, if Nimmick had been able to trim the market Benny was certain he could turn the trick himself. Wasn't he a specialist now, for one thing? And hadn't he learned every trick and turn of it? If he had, however, the time had proved there still was one trick he hadn't fathomed. The trick, in short, was that system of Nimmick's, the way he had managed to win. If only Benny knew it now!

III

THAT was the rub. Benny never had fathomed it. Already he was almost on the rocks.

"Say! I guess that'll hold you a few!"

It was Mr. Diemold who spoke. He emerged from the inside room—the one occupied by Niblo, the firm's big customer—and in the few minutes intervening since Niblo had led him in there a vital change seemed to have been effected in Mr. Diemold's once almost lachrymose spirits. No longer downcast, he now was fairly strutting, a cigar cocked at a rakish angle from his mouth. Satisfaction, in fact, seemed to ooze from him.

"Yeah? Und vat holts us a few?" inquired Mr. Getz.

At once Mr. Diemold spilled over, his elation bubbling. The news he had to divulge was no less than that he and Niblo now were in cahoots—that is, trading together. "'S what!" the former shoeman said excitedly. "Every day I'm to go into his office when he needs me, and tell him what the market's going to do."

"You mean you dib him off to his trades, vat?" interrogated Mr. Getz.

"That's what!" averred Mr. Diemold.

"*Gott im Himmel!*" breathed Mr. Getz.

There were general exclamations. They seemed to reflect, however, less an opinion of Niblo's astuteness than an unveiled conviction that something must be off with the once shrewd trader's wits. Benny Timlow, though, turned a deaf ear to the talk. True, only a brief half hour before he himself had been startled by Niblo's sudden interest in that joke, the ex-shoe-man, and his phony tips, but now Benny had other things on his mind. He must think—think hard! Once he was cleaned out he knew where he would be, for before him rose the specter that hourly haunted him. It was the doom of having to hunt another job like the one he'd once held in the Jackson Street insurance office.

"May, three-quarters," droned the quotation clerk.

Benny rose, his face set. He must do something—that was the trouble. You can't sit idle if you're a trader—you've got to have action—and over in the corner a news ticker thumped and clacked, grinding out the day's market dope. Now and then one of the office men tore off a sheet which he fastened in

(Continued on Page 93)

A new way to choose Electric Cleaners

Now you can select a model to suit your purse and purpose

For every sort of cleaning about the home, for taking the dirt out of automobile upholstery, and for countless cleaning tasks in offices, hotels, clubs, factories and stores—the Premier Family of electric cleaners offers the right kind of machine for each task.

All three Premier cleaners are scientifically graduated in size to meet a definite need. No longer need you buy a twelve-room electric cleaner for a three-room apartment. And you need not pay a price in excess of your cleaning needs.

That's because Premier now builds a cleaner for the Castle on the Hill and the Cottage in the Vale!

Each Premier model is equipped with motor-driven brush and super-suction. Neither motor nor brush ever requires oiling. Ask an Authorized Premier Dealer to demonstrate the Premier Family in your home. Then select the model that will serve you best—at the price you wish to pay.

PREMIER PIC-UP

½ the size and ½ the price of Premier Duplex, the Premier Pic-Up has the same motor-driven brush and powerful suction. As easy to operate as an electric iron. Indispensable for thorough cleaning of automobile upholstery, stair carpets, and hard-to-get-at corners. Handy in the home and widely used in clubs, stores, hotels, theatres, offices and garages. Equipped with an extension handle for cleaning carpets and moldings.

$20

Price slightly higher on Pacific Coast and in Canada

PREMIER JUNIOR

⅔ the size and ⅔ the price of Premier Duplex but the same dependable quality and performance—the same motor driven brush and super-suction. Ideal for small houses, apartments, and bungalows. Takes up less closet room than a broom! Admirably adapted to homes where cleaning areas are limited. Its action is just like the Premier Duplex except that it takes three strokes of the Junior to clean what the Duplex cleans with two. Furnished with a complete set of attachments free!

$40

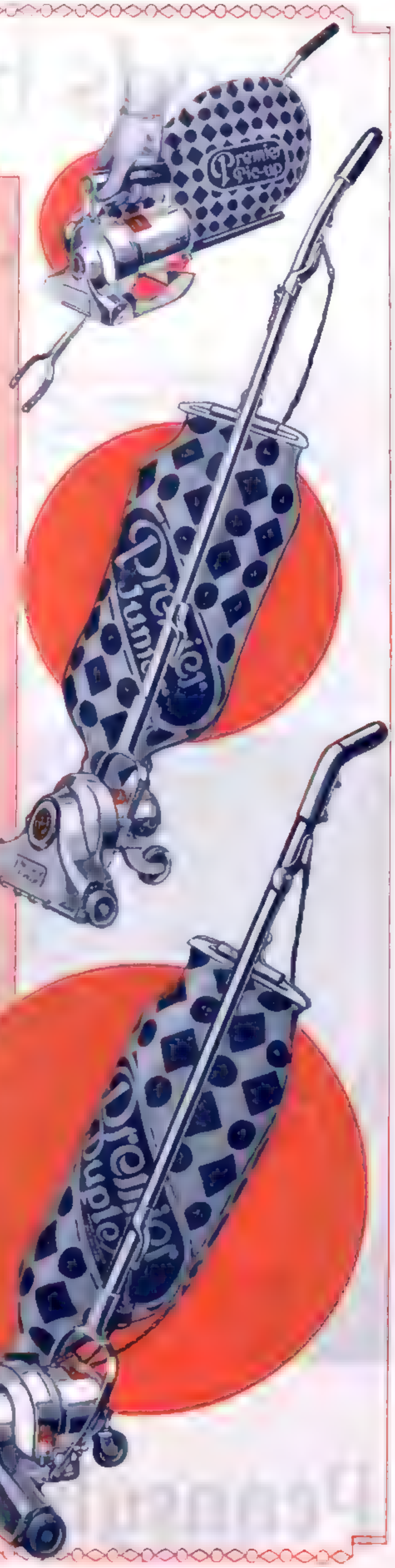
Price slightly higher on Pacific Coast and in Canada

PREMIER DUPLEX

Known the world over for quality and reliability. Hundreds of thousands now in daily use. A Premier Duplex bags *all* the dirt, cuts cleaning time in half, and gives you longer leisure. Truly, you cannot buy a better cleaner than this at *any* price!

$60

Price slightly higher on Pacific Coast and in Canada



The Premier Family

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER CO., INC.
Dept. 507 Cleveland, Ohio

Distributed and serviced throughout the United States by the Premier Service Company, with branches in all leading cities.
Manufactured and distributed in Canada by the Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd., General Offices, Toronto.
Sold over the entire world outside of the U. S. and Canada, by the International General Electric Co., Inc., Schenectady, New York

Roads black with grease yet these tires sing

ONCE you drove in a slow, heavy car over grit-surfaced dirt or stone roads . . . Then *any* tire took firm hold . . . Rubber grips grit . . . Friction treads do their best on such roads.

But today! Fast, much lighter cars . . . Steel-smooth concrete highways . . . Tar-surfaced roads that shine like mirrors, so excessively smooth are they . . . And over all *grease, grease, grease* . . . Two black streaks of grease on every road, with each passing car whirling down its added drop . . .

What tires will hold this modern, greasy road of glass-like slickness? . . . What tires can carry cars safely when raindrops stand like sweat on the greasy street?

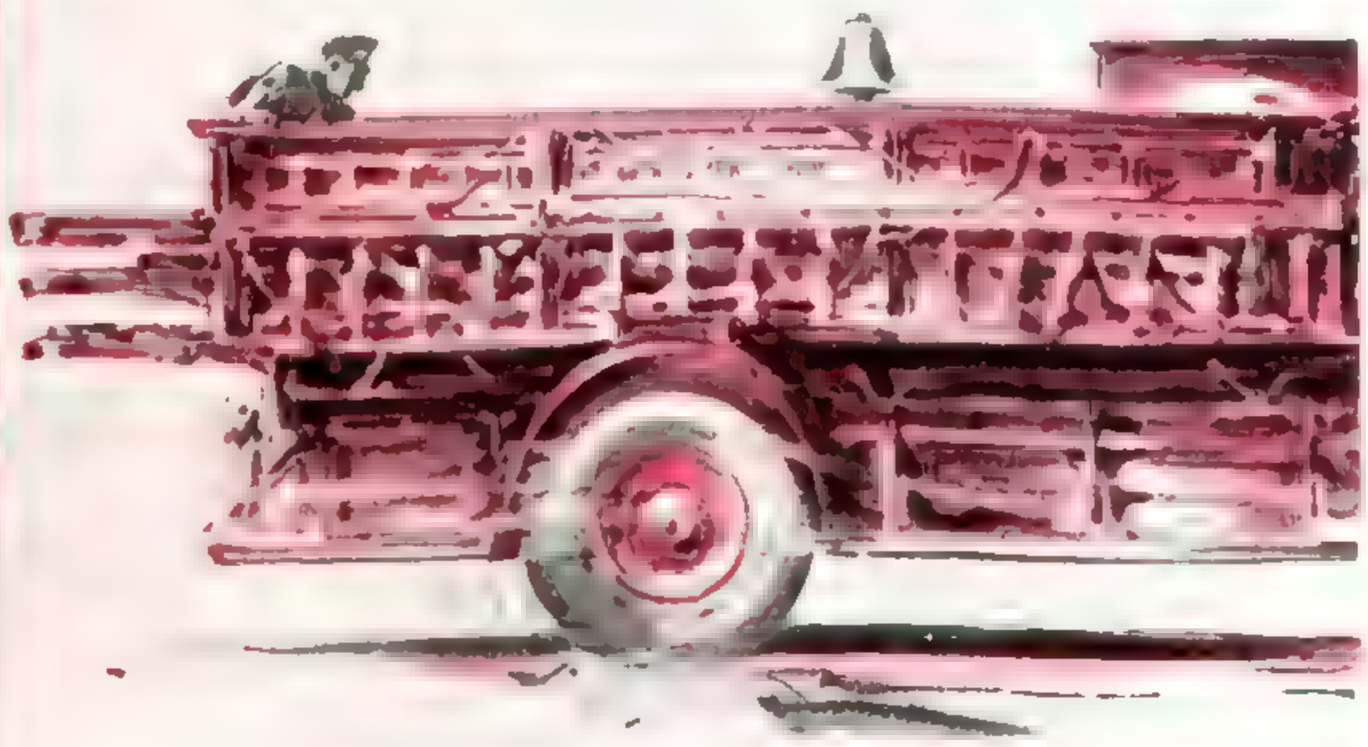
And think again . . . Once cars were driven by men alone . . . Today ten million women drive! . . . Shall they have no greater safeguards against the changing motoring conditions?

Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Tires seven years ago, before the National Traffic Officers Association, withstood the test of rounding a wet, slippery corner at thirty-five miles an hour . . . No skidding . . . The vacuum cups sealed the tread firmly against the smooth, wet pavement.

Now this same vacuum principle, proved under all conditions of driving on the old cord tires, is available in Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Balloons . . .

A new tread that sings once more the "song of safety," the gentle "S-s-s-safe" hiss of the cups as they catch and let go . . . A song many motorists remember and one that once heard is rarely forgotten.

It's a *whale* of a tire . . . Costlier, of course, than ordinary balloons . . . Made



Each cup on the rugged tread of the Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Balloon Tire is pressed against the pavement as the car rolls forward, and is sealed by vacuum suction. It holds fast for an instant and then releases as the tire rolls. The principle of releasing the cups edgewise also prevents loss of speed, the gasoline consumption being no greater than with any friction tread tire of equal thickness and weight.

Pennsylvania VACUUM

—glassy with rain

"S-S-S-SAFE"

of the very finest materials the world affords... The carcass is of selected long staple cotton cord fabric, every tire with six plies, each ply cushioned. Double frictioned with the finest rubber, it is flexible to the point of being almost impervious to external shocks.

The tread is of the densest rubber, providing slow, even wear and mileage heretofore believed impossible.

For those who find the less expensive friction treads entirely suited to their local driving conditions we continue to make sturdy Pennsylvania and Jeannette Balloons which offer exceptional mileage for their cost.

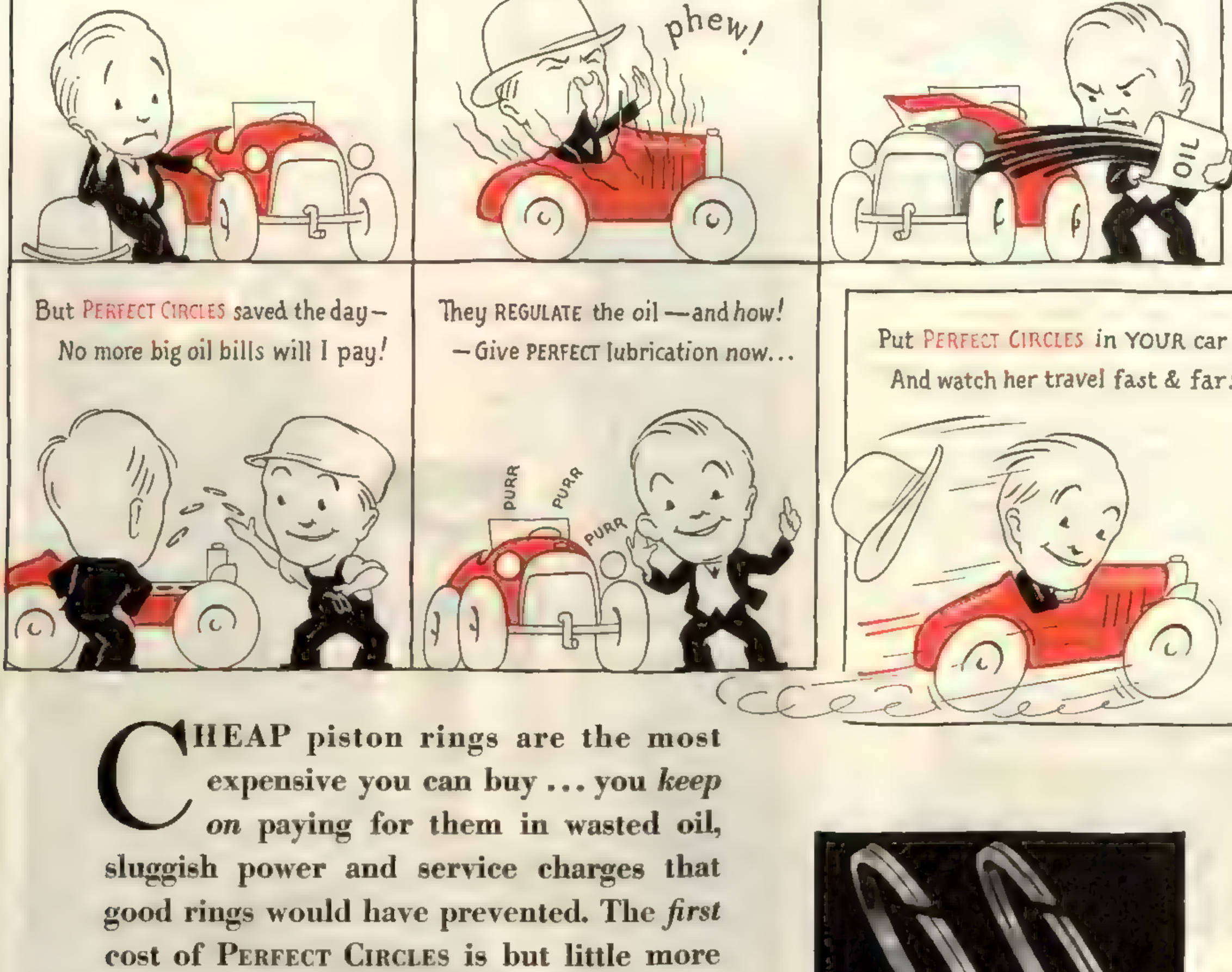
PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO. OF AMERICA, INC.
Jeannette, Pa.

The smoother the road the tighter the Vacuum Cups hold. On a city street, greasy and mirror-like, or on a street car track, the "song of safety" is loudest . . . It dies away on a dirt road where dust and grit enable any tire to get sure traction.

Many cities use Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Tires exclusively on motor fire equipment. They know the dangers of skidding, and how to avoid them. This knowledge has widespread acceptance. For instance, the city of Montreal, Canada, which has recently specified these tires as standard equipment on several new units.

CUP BALLOONS

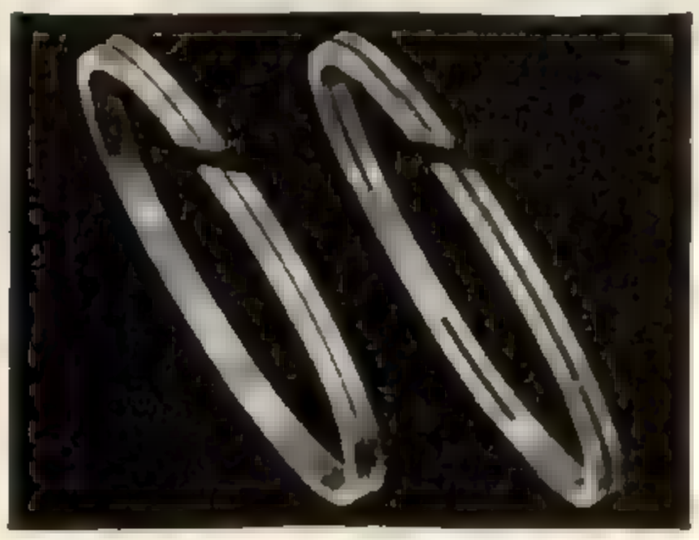
Jingle Joe Takes a Lesson


I once was filled with grief & woe;
My benzine buggy wouldn't go—
That is, I mean, not quick and fast,
For faulty rings let Blow-by past.
phew!
It cost me money, too, you bet,
For oil to keep the gadgets wet.
OIL
But PERFECT CIRCLES saved the day—
No more big oil bills will I pay!
They REGULATE the oil—and how!
—Give PERFECT lubrication now...
PURR
PURR
PURR
Put PERFECT CIRCLES in YOUR car
And watch her travel fast & far!

CHEAP piston rings are the most expensive you can buy ... you *keep on* paying for them in wasted oil, sluggish power and service charges that good rings would have prevented. The *first* cost of PERFECT CIRCLES is but little more than for ordinary rings. It will pay you, mile after mile, to insist on PERFECT CIRCLES.

THE PERFECT CIRCLE COMPANY · HAGERSTOWN, INDIANA
Export Sales Department, 549 West Washington Street, Chicago, Illinois

America's Oldest Volume Producer of Piston Rings



Compression Type, 30c *Oil-Regulating Type,* 60c
Pat. May 2, 1922

PERFECT CIRCLE
PISTON RINGS

(Continued from Page 88

a clip, and scowling, Benny turned over the purple-typed slips. "Argentine: Weather warm, rains." Grunting, he read on: "Local: Cars on track, 286." There was also something about the export trade. "Liverpool slack, no demand." Benny's scowl deepened. How was it Nimmick won?

Nimmick almost always had won. Sometimes his wins averaged as high as four out of five. Once he'd had seven in a row. It was a joke, though, to say he'd done it by luck. A specialist, Benny knew no trader ever beat the pit by just luck. In fact, though it hadn't seemed to work of late, Benny knew the only way it possibly could be done. It was the way all the big operators did it. You had, in short, to be hep to what was going on—jake to every twist of the market. You had to study it, digesting every kink and crinkle: The weather, the local crop, the cash trade—everything. That was the way the big guns—the million-bushel operators—turned the trick. They watched and studied the dope, too, tucking every flash from the wires in their minds.

Then, too, there were charts. Benny had heard they had charts—plotted curves showing former swings of corn and wheat—but though he had tried charts, one belonging to Mr. Twillig, the other a chart Loper had borrowed from a cigar dealer formerly over in Madison Street, neither had seemed much help. Nor had any of the other sure hunches, the weather in Argentine included. If the weather was rotten Benny had bought. If the Argentine weather was fine he had sold. It seemed to make no difference, though, for whatever he did almost always turned out wrong. That was what had driven him into trying stocks, only to get stung there too. A couple of busts more, in short, and ——

"May, a half," piped the quotation clerk.

How—how had Nimmick done it?

The week before, on a sudden impulse one afternoon, Benny had taken the Nile-green roadster from Minnie and headed out to Evanston.

"You go to a movie or something. I've got business," he told Minnie.

Out in Evanston he found the drug-and-soda trade booming. Two clerks behind the marble counter were frantically dealing out sodas and sundaes to a row of customers three deep, and in the background, his sleeves rolled up, Nimmick was bustling.

"Hi! How's the bimbo?" he greeted. "Have a banana split or anything?"

Benny said no. He backed Nimmick into the prescription department and put to him the vital question.

Nimmick grinned. "I told you once, Benny."

"Nix!" Nimmick had told him nothing. "All you said, Joe, was it's luck."

"And so it was," said Nimmick. He switched the conversation. "How's tricks, old-timer?" he asked. Tricks, it seemed, were not so good, and heartlessly, Nimmick grinned. "Yeah, that's something else, too, I told you," Nimmick said.

"Thasso?" returned Benny gloomily.

"The sucker," said Nimmick, "always loses."

Sore, Benny climbed back into the Nile-green roadster and as he kicked down on the self-starter, Nimmick came running out to the curb. "Here, take this! It may help you!" exclaimed Nimmick, handing him a battered half dollar.

"Yeah; what for?" growled Benny, and Nimmick laughed.

The half dollar, he said, was the one on which he'd won his last trade, the deal in which he'd made the final killing. "I chucked it up, heads or tails, bimbo, to see which way to play the market, bimbo," Nimmick chuckled.

That settled Benny. He was done with Nimmick. Nimmick had cleaned up, got away with his pile, but that was no cause for him to razz a fellow when he was on the skids. Just the same, though Nimmick had only laughed, there must be some solution. And Nimmick, too, wasn't the only one who'd won. Niblo, too, was winning. There was some system—one that won—no fear.

"May, three-eighths."

The quotation clerk again. This time, as he spoke, there was again a commotion in the customers' room. As before, its author was Mr. Diemold. His air still jaunty, he had been telling those willing to listen, the way he put Niblo right. There was the dope, first. Every morning, first of all, Mr. Diemold made sure to study the dope attentively.

"'S right. Like I'm telling you," divulged Mr. Diemold. "You gotta know the weather in Argentine, then you have to hone up on export and local. Afterward, there's Liverpool." You never must overlook Liverpool, Mr. Diemold sagely averred. The cables from there did a lot to put you wise—that is, of course, if, like himself, you had the savvy to see it. "F'rinstance, take th' cables this A.M.," he added. By these and that tip—the inside info he'd had—he'd been enabled to advise Niblo exactly what was what. As a purchase, May corn was a pipe, a cinch—like picking up money in the gutter—and having voiced this, Mr. Diemold was saying, "Yeah, me 'nd him's buyin'—buyin' heavy," when all at once he paused "What's that?" Mr. Diemold said sharply.

It was the quotation clerk he addressed. "May, an eighth," repeated the clerk, and his face suddenly moist, Mr. Diemold seemed to lose abruptly his momentary jauntiness. Silenced, his eyes now glued on the board, there again was agitation in his air.

He perhaps had reason for it. May, in the brief interval since the opening, already had fallen three-quarters; and a few minutes later, from the background, Jakes emerged, his face again suave, propitiating. It always was so, indeed, when Jakes had a duty to perform, for no matter how disagreeable the duty, Jakes prided himself on his geniality even under the most trying circumstances.

"And how 'bout a leetle more margins, Dimmy?" said Jakes.

Again Mr. Diemold put up a beef. Indignant, once more he took to waving his arms. "Margins? Margins?" Who did Jakes think he was, anyways? Hadn't Niblo himself already margined Mr. Diemold's account?

"Yes, but Niblo didn't put up the Illinois Trust for you," interposed Jakes.

In other words, the money Niblo had put up for Mr. Diemold already was imperiled, and Jakes, his smile now almost sinister in its suavity, again was warning the customer that he'd have to close him out, when for a second time that morning the door of the private office opened and Niblo reappeared.

"Why—why!" he exclaimed. "And what's the trouble now?"

He was smiling covertly, his thin lips faintly curved. In fact, for a man long the thousands of bushels Mr. Diemold intimated the trader was, Niblo hardly looked as disconsolate as might be thought. A vague air of elation, instead, seemed somehow to emanate from his lean, hardbitted face, and again grasping Diemold by the elbow, as before, he gave the elbow an urbane squeeze.

At once Mr. Diemold turned to him. Indignation—that and a slight note of embarrassment—was in his voice. Just because the market had gone off a fraction, a mere nothing, here was Jakes a-going to close him out.

"Yeah, 'tain't nothing but a little sag!" protested Mr. Diemold. The market always did just afore it got set for a big swing. "Sure!" said Mr. Diemold loudly.

Niblo intently listened. "You think so, Dimmy? You think corn's going right up?"

"Me? Why, in course I do!" Mr. Diemold stoutly avowed.

The reply, conviction ringing in its tone, seemed to satisfy Niblo. Hurriedly he beckoned to Jakes, and as hurriedly, the room manager in his wake, he turned back toward his office.

"Hey, there!" piped Mr. Diemold, anxious. "Don't forget to fix my margins, will you?" Niblo, however, didn't seem to hear. He had stopped at the door of his room, and now was saying something swiftly to Jakes.

Jakes nodded and Niblo spoke again: "Understand, Jakes? Fifty more. And at the market," added Niblo.

"At the market," repeated Jakes.

Benny Timlow heaved himself to his feet. He had caught every word of the hurried conversation. His eyes wondering, his breath indrawn sharply, he was a picture.

"Well, for crying out loud!" he ejaculated.

Then, as Benny stood there bewildered, realization, like a bomb, burst upon his befuddled wits. He had it now! He knew the method Niblo was using to win. It was the same method, too, that Nimmick had used. In other words, the rule being that the sucker always is wrong and Mr. Diemold having vigorously urged Niblo to buy, Niblo secretly had sold—gone short!

IV

SO! IT would be difficult to describe Benny's sensations. Mixed in with his still startled wonder, though, was that throb of surmise, a revelation. The moment was, in fact, as if a wind, surging through the dim recesses of his mind, had swept from its nooks and crannies the last dust and cobwebs of doubt, and as Jakes emerged from the rear office where orders were telephoned to the pit, Benny gripped him by the arm.

"Say," he cried, "he sold, didn't he?"

"Who sold what?" inquired Jakes.

"Niblo," answered Benny, and Jakes drew himself up.

"Sorry," rasped Jakes, and he smiled freezingly. "We don't divulge our customers' trades."

As if Benny cared! He knew without asking and, his voice hurried, he spoke again. "Sell fifty for me, too, Jakes—sell at the market! You get me?" he rattled. "Sell, and sell at the market—fifty!"

Jakes was sorry. The customer's margins didn't warrant a trade of such proportions. "All right, then," Benny returned rapidly. "Make it twenty-five."

"Twenty-five it is," replied Jakes.

The order hardly had been filled when the market let go with a roar. It was a lam, a knock-out. If Benny had had any lingering doubt, the outcome effectually settled it. May corn fell step by step and the customers' room hummed like a hive. All sorts of reports and rumors were in the air, the chief one being that one of the Jackson Street crowd had been caught with the goods, and having been forced by the banks to unload, he now was dumping his entire line on the market. Benny grinned at each report. The dope, he knew now, was just that—dope. Not even the weather in the Argentine now could have got anything out of him but a grin. He knew the trick, the real dope, didn't he? At all events, as Benny assured himself, at last he had the low-down on the game; and at half-past one, when May corn closed two and three-quarter cents under the opening, he crossed the room and touched Mr. Diemold on the shoulder. Broke, sold out again, Mr. Diemold sitting alone in his misery. Never before, in fact, had the ex-shoeman so heartily wished himself back in the Clark Street retail trade again.

"Doing anything?" asked Benny.

Mr. Diemold looked up haggardly. A moment before, Getz had stopped to speak with him, but it was only that Getz might glory, it seemed. Getz, at any rate, was short on May, and inquiring, "Vell, vat now iss der Liverpool caples?" he burst into an uproarious laugh.

"Come eat a snack with me, Dimmy," suggested Benny.

In a near-by restaurant they found a table for two. Benny, still a little weak from excitement, ordered only a switzy and a glass of milk—a switzy is bread and cheese; the cheese Swiss—but Mr. Diemold took soup, an order of pig's knuckles and greens, a glass of sauerkraut juice, coffee and mince pie. It was as if he never again expected to eat, but at the same time, though Mr. Diemold, like every habitual dabbler, might be down, he was by no means out, and presently, revived by the food perhaps, he began to put up what is known in trading circles as an alibi. It was that big Jackson Street operator going broke that had busted him. The dope he'd had had been all right. Nothing was wrong with his dope. In fact, it was only by

(Continued on Page 95)

HERE'S A GOOD WAY

an inexpensive way

TO PREVENT MOTH DAMAGE

LINE EVERY CLOSET *with* SUPERCEDAR

Why fear the moth? Line the closets of your home with Supercedar, *the moth's natural enemy.* Moths despise it. The odor, so delightful to you, is devastating to moths. The cost of the Supercedar you need will be little and a carpenter can do the work quickly.

***Maximum protection against the* MOTH**

Supercedar closets add beauty and value

Supercedar is not a higher priced closet lining, it is a superior grade. Made of genuine "Tennessee" aromatic red cedar, guaranteed 90 per cent or more red heart with 100 per cent oil content.

Some prefer *this way*

While you are reading this advertisement moths may be destroying your woolen blankets, your family's winter clothing, furs, and silks. Eggs laid by the moth miller hatch into little worms with ravenous appetites.

Plans Sent Free In four to six days your most valuable possessions are utterly ruined. You can prevent this loss by preventing the moth.

Thousands of families now have attic storage closets like this, lined with Supercedar. We will send you plans and specifications free, your lumber dealer can furnish all materials and recommend a carpenter to build it quickly. Gives you maximum protection against the moth winter and summer.

Brown's SUPERCEDAR

CLOSET - LINING

Made by the world's largest manufacturer of Tennessee aromatic red cedar

Do not confuse Supercedar with ordinary closet lining and do not [illegible] aromatic with [illegible] red cedar. Send coupon for interesting literature. George C. Brown & Co., world's largest [illegible] of Tennessee aromatic red cedar, Memphis, Tenn.

THIS BOOK with Our compliments

Geo. C. Brown & Co., Memphis, Tenn.
Send me The Romance of Tennessee Aromatic Red Cedar, postpaid, also [illegible] treated in colors.

Name

Address

With the family doctor he *guards* the family health

. . . . . that's why the Independent Grocer features these finer food products

The family grocer stands shoulder to shoulder with the family doctor in protecting the health of the community he serves.

He offers you products whose quality, cleanliness and food value he knows from personal experience. Foods he is willing to place on his own table and serve to his own family.

He knows that MONARCH FOODS build healthy bodies. He knows that the *Monarch* label has stood for the highest quality for over 75 years.

Your family . . . your boys and girls need these delicious, pure, wholesome food products, and . . . you can always secure them through your family grocer who owns and operates his own store.

MONARCH QUALITY FOOD PRODUCTS INCLUDE

MONARCH CANNED VEGETABLES, every vegetable that grows . . . and the cream of the crop . . . *MONARCH CANNED FRUITS,* the "prime pick" of the world's finest orchards . . . *MONARCH COFFEE, TEA AND COCOA,* if you paid a dollar a pound, you couldn't buy finer quality . . . *MONARCH PICKLES,* sweet gherkins, dills, sweet mixed pickles, chows and relishes . . . *MONARCH CATSUP AND CHILI SAUCE,* made from Monarch tomatoes grown from Monarch seed . . . *MONARCH TABLE DELICACIES,* sardines, tuna fish, shrimp, salmon, hors d'oeuvres, preserves, jams . . . *MONARCH SOUPS,* home cooked, from finest vegetables, dairy products, and condiments, by artist-chefs at the Monarch kitchens . . . *MONARCH PREPARED FOODS AND CEREALS* . . . Yankee baked beans, spaghetti, food of wheat and toasted wheat hearts . . . *and the famous* MONARCH TEENIE WEENIE *Specialties.*

MONARCH

QUALITY FOOD PRODUCTS

REID, MURDOCH & COMPANY (*Established* 1853)
CHICAGO, NEW YORK, BOSTON, PITTSBURGH, LOS ANGELES, SAN FRANCISCO, KANSAS CITY, PHOENIX, WILKES-BARRE, TAMPA, JACKSONVILLE, ST. LOUIS

© 1928, R. M. & Co.

(Continued from Page 93)

knowing and studying it that a trader ever beat the market, y' know; and if it hadn't been for that Jackson Street feller, why ——

Benny nodded idly, inwardly amused. In the next room, seated at a large round table was a group of men. One of them was a portly, placid-looking man of benevolent appearance. He was laughing and joking, and as Benny knew, this was the big gun, the operator the banks were alleged to have called.

"See you at the office tomorrow?" inquired Benny.

"Sure," Mr. Diemold assured him.

Once a dabbler always a dabbler—that is, most of them. Once in a while a few get cured—though never mind. Benny was whistling when he met Minnie at the corner of Michigan Boulevard. The instant, however, that Minnie saw him she gave a half-choked exclamation, tears at the same time welling into her eyes.

"And now what?" inquired Benny.

"Benny," Minnie wailed, "the auto man was around this afternoon. He says they're going to take away the car!"

"Thazzo? I thought the canary was dead or something," remarked Benny. Then he added: "Just drive around there and I'll see if he is—the auto man, I mean—take away the car, you know."

He wrote out a check for the unpaid installments and then they drove around to the furniture store and the piano place. The radio man—just for getting gay, said Benny—could wait till Tuesday. And at each place, after Benny had written a check, he was bowed out with beaming smiles.

"Ridin' th' wave! Ridin'th'wave!" he announced, his gayety bounding.

Minnie told him he was the wonder boy. "I don't see how you do it!" she exclaimed.

But Benny did. He had it now indeed. As they say in the customers' rooms, it now was a regular hose pipe, a wow! He had the game beaten all four ways to a finish! And so he had—perhaps. The sucker always loses—so say the seers—and in addition to Nimmick, Benny had heard countless others say it. The trouble before was, however, that Benny hadn't realized the force of the pithy apothegm. Nor had he had the perception to cash in on its terms. Nimmick, of course, had been wise to it, and, a bit startled perhaps, Benny realized now how Nimmick, before he made a trade, always had asked Benny's advice. It was only to copper it, of course, just as Niblo had coppered Mr. Diemold. But all that was a horse of another color. Benny himself now was wise to the saying, "The sucker always loses."

Funny, this thing too. Doubt it, if you like, but there's hardly a commission house in the La Salle Street district that wouldn't like secretly, if the law and the Board of Trade allowed it, to bucket all the dabbler's bets. By bucketing is meant that the broker instead of executing the order, bets that the dabbler is wrong in his guess. And how wrong the dabblers are may be seen by the way the monthly crop of these anxious plungers appear, then disappear, a new crop taking their places. But never mind. Nine o'clock had just struck the following morning when Benny Timlow entered the customers' room. He grinned as he pushed open the door.

The place already was crowded. The break in May corn the day before had brought them running, and how many time clocks went unpunched that day in near-by insurance offices, shops and manufacturing places it would be difficult to say. Or even were the clocks punched, it would be harder to estimate how many of the punchers secretly slipped out again by the back stairs and rear elevators. Clustering around the tickers and the table where the dope sheets were kept, their faces, in their gravity, told the moment's disaster.

Mr. Diemold hung about the edge of the throng. Few, however, this morning, seemed to care to hear his impression of what he termed the situation. Mr. Getz, though, paused for a moment. Being nearly at the end of his resources yesterday when he'd miraculously sold May corn, Mr. Getz now radiated satisfaction.

"*Wie geht's*, Dimmy, und how dis morgen iss der Liverbool caples?" he inquired artfully, but without replying, Mr. Diemold had edged painfully away.

Aside from that, though, Getz's sly jab was not the only jab Mr. Diemold already had received. The instant he appeared on the scene Jakes had hailed him.

"How 'bout a leetle check, Diemold?" he insinuated, adding: "You're in the red ink now, you know." The red ink meant that Mr. Diemold had not only lost all but owed the firm money, and, crushed, he hadn't heart enough left even to put up the ghost of a beef.

As he saw Benny, however, Mr. Diemold brightened. "Hello!" he piped excitedly. "Had a squint yet at the dope?" Benny grinned furtively. He hadn't seen the dope, nor, though he didn't say so, was he in the least curious to see it. Bustling, Mr. Diemold led him into a corner. "Got something to tell you," he whispered eagerly—"something important."

"Anything 'bout the Argentine weather?" inquired Benny, hiding another grin.

It was on the tip of his tongue to ask, too, if Mr. Diemold's news had to do with the export market. He refrained, however, and at once Mr. Diemold began pouring into his ear the revelation he had to make. Come to find out, the shakedown of that Jackson Street operator wasn't what 'd busted May corn. The operator, sure, had got squeezed like Mr. Diemold had said, but the real news was what Mr. Diemold had learned that morning. The bank crowd having cleaned out that Jackson Street bug they'd been gunning for, now was going to switch. May corn, like Mr. Diemold had said first, now was going to hit the ceiling.

"Right away?" queried Benny.

"Right off the bat!" declared Mr. Diemold.

"And how do you know?" Benny asked.

Mr. Diemold looked aggrieved. Did Benny doubt him? Being reassured by Benny, Mr. Diemold proceeded to divulge the source of his information. He had it, it seemed, from a friend who'd had it from another friend who rode in every day on the Winnetka special. A lot of La Salle Street big bugs used this train, and this was how Mr. Diemold's friend had got the info from his friend.

"And how did friend's friend get it?" asked Benny.

Mr. Diemold told him. It was from another friend on the passenger. The last friend had overheard one of those Winnetka fellers talking about it.

"And, yeah, take it from me," averred Mr. Diemold. "May corn ain't only a-goin' to hit the ceilin'; it'll break through—hit the sky. Considerin' which," Mr. Diemold now said hopefully, "that info's worth something to me, ain't it?"

Benny said it was. For his purpose, the info was, in fact, red-hot, right off the griddle, and he agreed to carry two jobs for Mr. Diemold.

"I'll carry them on my own account, though," he added, though he didn't say why. In short, he wasn't going to let Mr. Diemold chuck his good money to the birds. If the ex-shoe-man happened to be right and May went up, it would be tough, of course, as what he'd have to pay Mr. Diemold would be added to his losses. But Benny had little fear he would lose. Five minutes later, after he had escaped from the former shoe man's grip on his coat lapel, Benny rushed into the back room where Jakes had gone.

"Here, Jakes, quick!" he ordered. "Sell ten more May corn at the opening!"

"Pyramiding, eh?" commented Jakes.

"Yep!" Benny nodded curtly, then he added: "And sell five more for me at each half cent down."

May corn opened one-quarter up from the night's close. That meager sign of strength, though, was only brief. Ten minutes later, once more May broke, and at half-past one—the close—it was two and three-quarter cents under the high at which Benny had begun to pyramid. Nothing to it now! He had the game licked to a frazzle!

There was another brief commotion in the customers' room that day. The room was crowded, seats in front of the blackboard were at a premium, and just before the close Jakes bent down and touched Mr. Diemold on the shoulder. Mr. Diemold at the moment was occupying a front-row chair which he had hung to grimly throughout the morning, but as Jakes spoke to him he lurched to his feet, his face scarlet as he burst into an indignant splutter. As Jakes, however, spoke again, Mr. Diemold again became silent. The blackboard already had told him the story. Even the two jobs that he supposed Benny had bought for him had been wiped out, and, shambling across the crowded room, he went out at the door.

Benny caught a glimpse of him as he went.

"Here! What's up?" Benny asked; and Jakes informed him: "That old blah-blah's chair was needed, that's all," said Jakes, and Benny darted away. To lose Diemold now would never do! Without Mr. Diemold where would he be left? Hurrying, almost at a run, down the street he overtook the dejected figure.

"How 'bout a little lunch, Dimmy?" he invited.

Mr. Diemold nearly wept. Tearful though he was, however, astonishment was in his air. The info he'd dished out to Benny that morning must have cost Benny dear, he figured, but yet here was Benny asking him to lunch again.

"Well, senst it's you who asks me," he agreed.

Soup, fish and a sirloin with German frieds, another glass of sauerkraut juice and coffee with apple dumplings was what Mr. Diemold ordered today. And again after he had eaten, Mr. Diemold eagerly put forth another alibi. Funny he hadn't seen before what the facts was, the real situation. All the time, too, it had been right under his nose, though 'twasn't till he'd gone through the dope again that noon that he'd happened to catch it. Yeah.

"And what was that?" eagerly asked Benny.

"The roads," announced Mr. Diemold—"farm roads!"

He paused in the act of tucking away a hearty knifeful of dumpling. Queer. Real curious he hadn't tumbled. First time he'd ever let a thing like that get by. Anyways, with all the fine weather they'd been having, the country roads was in tiptop shape. So, of course, all the hicks had taken at once to hauling corn to the local elevators.

"And that's what done the biz," affirmed Mr. Diemold. "Those rubes had all be'n holdin' out, hangin' back with all the corn they had in their cribs, and on'y waitin' a good chanst to dump it in on us and bust the market. Sure! They otto be a law again it!" declared Mr. Diemold.

Benny let him amble on. So it was them farmers now, was it?—though that was not the point. What Benny was eager to learn now was, would Mr. Diemold be at the office in the morning?

No. Not tomorrow morning or any other morning. Not if Mr. Diemold knew himself. He was not the man to let that feller Jakes insult him twicet. Why ——

"How 'bout Gus' place?" inquired Benny.

Gus' place was a cigar store near the commission house. There was a back room where you also could get liquid refreshment—that is, if you knew Gus and Gus knew you. Ere Mr. Diemold, however, replied to the query, his air grew momentarily absorbed.

"Funny," he mumbled, "you wantin' t' meet me. I heered today, too, you sold May—went short after me tippin' you to buy."

"I? Who told you that?" blustered Benny.

As Mr. Diemold couldn't seem to remember, Benny didn't press the point. "I'll tell you what," said Mr. Diemold: "You see me fust thing in the morning, and by then I'll have the situation all lined up. Savvy?"

"Fine!" Benny agreed.

Fine it was too. Revamped, reinvigorated overnight, Mr. Diemold was quite his old self again. "'S right 'bout them hicks,

Be the Handy-man around the house! Surprise your wife and earn her lasting thanks by weather-stripping your doors and windows with Tac-Ezy . . . It will mean a cleaner, warmer, more comfortable home—and you'll get a big dividend out of it in greatly reduced coal bills! All the tools you need are a hammer and an old pair of scissors.

Tac-Ezy is:

1—packed ready for use.
2—easy to install.
3—free from waves and buckles.
4—relief for overworked heating systems.
5—as lasting as your building.

Now is the time to put on this Money-Saver

Tac-Ezy METAL WEATHERSTRIP

—Anybody can!

Summer—while it's warm outside, while doors and windows can be kept open—is the best time to put on Tac-Ezy. You can equip the whole house on Saturday afternoon, or by working a few hours in the evenings. Once installed, Tac-Ezy needs no attention. It lasts indefinitely.

Hundreds of testimonials from home-owners prove that Tac-Ezy *does* stop heat-waste, and that anybody can put it on. You can prove it for yourself without risk.

Tac-Ezy is guaranteed to pay for itself within two years, or your money back!

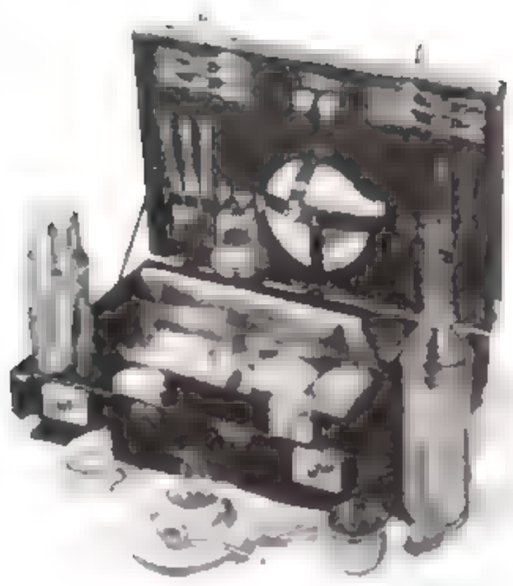
Here is our Proposition

Put Tac-Ezy on all your doors and windows. If in *your* judgment it hasn't saved its cost within two years in fuel alone, just return it to us and we will refund your money.

We'll supply Tac-Ezy direct if your dealer has not yet stocked it. *Send Money-Order or Check, $1.30 each* for ordinary windows; *$1.80* for average doors, stating width and height of your doors and windows.

GENERAL WEATHERSTRIP CO.
(Associated with the Monarch Metal Weatherstrip Co.)
5100 Penrose St., St. Louis, Mo.

TRADE MARK
Tac-Ezy
Metal Weatherstrip for Doors & Windows



A Good Start Toward a Good Picnic Lunch!

THIS attractive "Thermos" Motor Kit settles, once and for all, the food question on picnics and motor trips. *Keeps* hot drinks hot—cold drinks cold — and foods clean, neat and appetizing. Be sure you get a *Genuine* "Thermos" Motor Kit, for none but the genuine gives "Thermos" satisfaction.

No. 257 Motor Kit, Suitcase Style (complete for 6 persons). $42.00
Other Motor Kits from $10.00 up

Canadian prices on application

THE AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE COMPANY
366 Madison Avenue, New York
Chicago • Cincinnati • San Francisco
Norwich, Conn. • Huntington, W. Va.
In Canada: Thermos Bottle Co., Ltd., Toronto

Genuine
THERMOS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE
VACUUM BOTTLES

Remember, only Genuine Thermos can give Thermos Service

FASH ON WELT
ENNA JETTICK
Health Shoe
$5 COMBINATION LAST $6

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA
Narrow and Extra Narrow Wide and Extra Wide

"A boon to those women who have been obliged either to pay high prices or take poorly fitted shoes."

You no longer need be told that you have an "expensive" foot.

Your dealer or **Enna Jettick Shoes**—Auburn, N.Y.
You'll Stride with Pride in Enna Jetticks

PATENTS BOOKLET FREE
BEST RESULTS HIGHEST REFERENCES
PROMPTNESS ASSURED
Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, 724-9th St., Washington, D.C.

the farmers! I dug right into it, and those rubes is makin' to bust the market wide open!"

"Then you think we should sell?" asked Benny.

"It's a knock-out, a killing," voiced Mr. Diemold. "Sell, of course!"

Benny, short at the moment close to forty thousand bushels, was breathless when he reached Riggs, Stringer & Co.'s. In a minute or two the Corn Pit would open, and he launched himself at Jakes.

"Quick, Jakes! Switch that trade of mine—I want to buy. At the opening put me long fifty May at the market!"

"Fifty it is," nodded Jakes, writing it down.

May opened a quarter to a half off. A half hour later, however, after backing irresolutely to and fro, it suddenly gave a jump and went climbing, the price kiting an eighth to a quarter at every transaction.

"Hey, Jakes!" called Benny. He had made another sudden resolution. Why be a piker? Why not make a killing while the killing was good? "Jakes, buy me ten more at each half point up!" ordered Benny.

Jakes grinned covertly as he wrote the order. "Seen anything of Dimmy this morning?" he asked.

"What?" countered Benny.

"Getz and Loper are both looking for him," drawled Jakes.

Though they might be, Benny didn't say where Mr. Diemold could be found. And again, that afternoon, May corn closed two cents up from the price at which Benny had bought. Bubbling over then, his elation getting the better of him, he gave way to another impulse. It was to ring up Evanston and give Nimmick the news of the killing he was making. But out of Nimmick he got scant satisfaction. Benny, in fact, hardly could believe the cool, drawling reply that was voiced back to him over the wire.

"What's that?" he snapped as he heard it and another light laugh sounded in the receiver.

"Just what I said, bimbo. The sucker," repeated Nimmick, "always loses."

Benny slammed the receiver back on the hook. As he turned away he saw Mr. Getz standing close at hand.

"So!" said the late proprietor of Getz's Ready to Wear, his face furious.

"So what?" interrogated Benny.

It had not gone well that day with Mr. Getz. Still short in May, he had been caught by the swift comeback of the market and had lost heavily. Now, his face working, his jaws champing up and down as if he chewed, he advanced nearer.

"Preddy smard, ain'd you? A regular such-a-much you think yourself, vat!" he snorted.

"What are you talking about?" growled Benny.

"Vere do you hide friend Diemold?" abruptly demanded Mr. Getz.

It was then that Benny got the news. He gaped as he heard it. The news was that the whole office was wise to what was going on—or so it thought. In short, the gossip was that Diemold, by some hook or crook, had at last got hold of the inside dope, and that, to keep him from divulging it to the other traders, Benny had him hidden away.

"My eye!" breathed Benny.

He refused, however, to divulge Mr. Diemold's whereabouts, thus fully confirming Getz's darkest suspicions; and slipping out of the customers' room he rejoined Mr. Diemold at Gus'. Gloom again sat on the ex-shoe-man's brow.

"Yes, I'll eat with you," he droned; "on'y I don't see why you ask me. What I don't see, either," added Mr. Diemold, "is that you've got money enough left to pay the check." It seems, in short, that by telephoning from the cigar store he had learned how the market had tumbled, and a slight suspicion now in his voice and eye, he inquired, "What'd you do, anyways—buy or sell?"

"You told me to buy, didn't you?" artfully returned Benny.

They lunched, Mr. Diemold establishing, toward the end of the meal, still another alibi. This time it was that the short interest—the Jackson Street crowd—to encourage the farmers to dump more corn, had run up the price a couple of cents or so. Tomorrow the price would slump again. But when Benny asked eagerly "Then hadn't we better sell again?" Mr. Diemold grew absorbed. "You wait till morning," he mumbled. He wouldn't say till then. It was too early yet to make sure.

As they parted at the corner the ex-shoe-man, however, seemed to lose part of his reticence. "Say, could you slip me a ten-spec ker? I'm kinda short," he said, and taking a roll of bills from his pocket, Benny was handing him ten dollars when Mr. Diemold spoke again; this time hurriedly: "You'd better make that a twenty," he directed.

Benny did so. He grinned gayly, too, as Mr. Diemold hurried off.

In spite of that, though—his gayety—in spite, too, of the fact that the new system was daily proving its value, there was a slight uneasiness in Benny's feelings the next morning as he hurried toward the meeting place. The uneasiness, it seems, was due to the fact that, as he turned the corner, who should emerge from Gus' doorway but Mr. Getz and Mr. Loper. Still further, as Benny entered the cigar store Mr. Diemold was paying for a cigar with a fifty-dollar bill. And that Getz and Loper had given Mr. Diemold the bill Benny had no doubt, any more than he had for the reason the bill had been given. What was queer, though, was Diemold's surprising activity as well as elation. If uncertain the day before, now he was conviction itself.

"You gotta buy—buy heavy!" he announced. He'd just seen a man who'd had a look at the United States Government crop report, now already on the presses. The floating supply, the report showed, was grossly overestimated and —

Again Benny was breathless when he reached Riggs, Stringer & Co.'s. He was long on May—he'd have to switch in a hurry—but as he pushed open the door to the customers' room he halted. Getz and Loper had Jakes in a corner, and pad and pencil in hand, Jakes was scribbling down an order. What the order was Benny heard too.

"Und buy—buy at the markget!" Getz was saying.

It was all Benny could do to keep from laughing.

He knew at a glance what had happened. Having paid Mr. Diemold for his tip, they had taken the tip as a straight tip—the goods—and waiting his time, Benny gave Jakes his own order. It was to switch again—go short. Thus, judge of Benny Timlow's consternation an hour later when May corn, turning short in its tracks, with a rush shot upward.

"May, an eighth! May, a quarter!" One by one the quotation clerk called out the rising prices. "May, a half! May, three-quarters!"

"Yah!" boomed Mr. Getz, now on the right side of the market and vociferous in his excitement. "May she hits der roof!"

It seemed so too. Something was wrong. Sunk down on his chair, Benny stared at the board.

V

WHAT goes up always comes down. It was Nimmick who'd said it. Conversely, what goes down often comes up again. But what Benny remembered most was the other remark Nimmick had made. And with that gadding in his mind he scrambled to his feet and elbowed his way across the customers' room. He, at least, was no sucker—or so he maintained. He knew now what had happened. It all was due to that boob Diemold—this the exception that proves the rule. Diemold, in short, for once had been right.

(Continued on Page 99)

Flathead Lake, Glacier National Park, Montana

DISCRIMINATING LUMBER DEALERS

are every day bringing added beauty and happiness to thousands of homes by selling Upson Quality Products. The Upson sign on a dealer's yard stamps him as a merchant who puts quality above price—a good man for you to know.

continuously from 1922 *thru* 1928

Sprawling plaster cracks are so unnecessary with Upson! Just a few cave quick, easy work, and any room in your home can be made a practical and endurable permanent beauty as the one above — all cracks, pa[illegible]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

the acknowledged wallboard leader of America

IN 1922 Upson Board was acknowledged as the wallboard leader of America.

In 1928 this *leadership* is even more overwhelming!

Upwards of 9,000 discriminating dealers who value quality above price—and thousands of conscientious contractors—are recommending Upson Board more enthusiastically than ever before—for walls and *ceilings* in the finest interiors—especially for re-covering old plaster.

Upson Board is a proved success! Used in nearly 1,000,000 buildings—Upson Board has the enviable record of less than one complaint to every 8,000,000 feet sold and used!

And Upson Fibre-Tile—companion product to Upson Board—has likewise won world-wide acceptance. It is a crackproof yet inexpensive wall-tiling, that can bring alluring color to bathroom, kitchen, laundry or business. Comes unfinished—easily decorated in any of the smart color schemes so much the vogue.

Certified tests prove that genuine *Blue Center* Upson Board and Upson Fibre-Tile excel in resistance to jars, blows, heat, cold, moisture—even ordinary leaks, as compared with heavy, brittle boards. Upson Fasteners (patented), make Upson Boards the only wallboards that can be applied without nail marks.

Try Upson Board to "do over" one ceiling and Upson Fibre-Tile in your kitchen or a bathroom. Then you will see for yourself why Upson products dominate their field.

UPSON
BOARD and FIBRE TILE
THE UPSON COMPANY, THE UPSON POINT, LOCKPORT, N. Y.

THERE'S ECONOMY IN THE *EXTRA* QUART

Quaker State Medium Motor Oil is made from the very best stock man has yet discovered—100% pure Pennsylvania grade crude. This stock is first refined to the point where ordinary oil refiners would consider it ready to be sold and used.

Then it is put through *still another* refining process—the famous Quaker State "Extra Step." This draws out of it the 25% of non-viscous elements present in ordinary oils. And gives you *four* full quarts of lubricant to the gallon, instead of three, or less.

And this 25% greater lubricating efficiency is directly translated into smoother running, greater power, lowered upkeep, and far longer life for your car. A good garage or service station near you carries Quaker State. Look for the road sign and the green-and-white sidewalk sign.

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CO., OIL CITY, PA.

Other Quaker State Products Are:

QUAKER STATE HEAVY MOTOR OIL
QUAKER STATE COLD TEST OIL
QUAKER STATE TRACTOR OIL
QUAKER STATE AERO OIL

35c per quart

Higher in the West and Southwest

"THERE'S AN *Extra* QUART IN EVERY GALLON"... *because it's SUPER-refined*

(Continued from Page 96)

So, collaring Jakes: "Switch, Jakes—buy!" cried Benny. He returned to the quotation board. There he hardly had seated himself, however, when May corn again turned in its tracks. By fits and starts it edged upward three-quarters of a cent, and wrong again, as he now knew himself to be, Benny rose and bolted out at the door. There was some cog loose in the system. The one way to discover it was to tackle Mr. Diemold.

At once Benny had it!

Down the street Mr. Diemold sat in the back room at Gus', a suspicious-looking bottle at his elbow.

"Hic!" he said as Benny burst in on him. From Benny streamed a flood of words and Mr. Diemold gravely nodded. "I get you," he acknowledged. "It's as you say—hic. I did give Getz one tip and I gave you another, and if you want to know—hic—why—hic—I done it, it was this way: I got kinda sick seeing my tips always go wrong; so I figured if I give one feller a tip to buy, the other feller a tip to sell, one tip of the two had juss got to be ri—beg pardon—right. And that's why I done it—hic!" said Mr. Diemold.

"Oh, and so that's what you did!" Benny cried bitterly. Mr. Diemold nodded, said "Hic!" again, then "Beg pardon." Benny gave another exclamation. "And which tip did you give me?" he demanded.

Mr. Diemold considered for a moment. "Why, the right one—I mean, the one that was wrong," he replied.

Benny could have struck him, such was his exasperation.

"Well, what was it you told me?" he demanded heatedly. "Did you mean I was to buy or to sell?"

Mr. Diemold sadly shook his head. "I can't remember. Have a little drink, won't you? Hic!" he replied.

But buy or sell, whatever the case, that the ex-shoe-man was wrong in his theory that if he gave one tip to buy, another to sell, one would have to be right, was evident when Benny steamed back to the customers' room.

Again, spotty and feverish, May corn had sagged again, and out in front of the blackboard Jakes was tackling Getz and Loper.

"How 'bout a leetle check?" Jakes was saying, and together Getz and Loper were putting up a vociferous beef. On Mr. Getz's part, in particular, it was a beef of such sonorous quality as the customers' room rarely had heard and seen, but Benny didn't wait till Getz shouted himself into exhaustion. It was no time now for trivialities.

May corn hung for the moment ready either to leap skyward or, on the other hand, to sink into the depths, and Benny thrust one hand into his pocket. In the pocket was the battered half dollar Nimmick mockingly had thrust upon him.

"Heads or tails?" said Benny, and gave it a flip.

If it came down heads he meant to switch and sell. If it came down tails he would let his line of May corn ride as it was—that is, long. He knew now, at any rate, the value of any system—the way he'd imagined he could beat the game. It was like all the rest of it—the dope, the straight tips—all the bunk, the weather in Argentine included. This was the way, anyhow, Nimmick had settled it. It was with this same half dollar and ——

"Heads or tails?"

Zing! The coin fell, and as it fell a cry leaped from Benny Timlow. Escaping from his nervous hand, it appeared, the half dollar had fallen into a near-by cuspidor and now stood cocked up on edge in the sawdust.

The telephone in the drug store rang abruptly. It was about half-past one, and as the soda trade at that hour is often thoroughly brisk, the proprietor was helping the two clerks behind the counter. Wiping his hands presently, however, he hurried toward the booth.

"Hello—Nimmick's," he said; "Joe Nimmick speaking." A moment later he spoke again. "What!" he exclaimed. Then, a loud laugh escaping from him, he gave another exclamation: "Well, for crying out loud!"

Benny Timlow was at the other end of the wire. "I'm through; I'm finished, Joe!" he was saying. "It was like you said. I almost got away with murder—only I didn't—and if you say so I'll come right on out."

"Gee," exclaimed Nimmick, "you don't mean you dropped it all?"

"No, not all, Joe. There's still some left."

"And you want to stick it away in the drug trade, what?"

"That, or I'll take a job even, Joe," answered Benny.

Nimmick whistled. "Say, I guess I was wrong, bimbo. The sucker doesn't always lose."

"Yeah? And how do you mean, Joe?"

"Why," said Nimmick, "sometimes, like me and you, he gets cured."

THE DARK SECTOR

(Continued from Page 34)

itself as such are apt to do. The big car slowed, stopped. Gifford stepped down and said in a pleasant casual voice, "Thanks tremendously. Sorry you don't feel like coming in, but of course I understand. Tomorrow, then?" And the next minute the limousine had rolled on its way and Gifford looked smilingly at the startled reporters.

"Mr. Derring ——"

"Yes, I'm Gifford Derring, gentlemen. Back home safe and sound after a brief excursion in the beautiful country of amnesia—if that's what you call it."

"Mr. Derring, first of all we want to tell you how delighted we are, how rejoiced the whole country will be to learn of your safe return."

Sincerity rang in the voice of this speaker, and the expressions on the faces of the others indorsed it fully.

Gifford was really touched. Here, where he had expected an onslaught of questions, braced himself to meet them, came instead this graceful speech.

"Thank you," he said simply. "I appreciate that more than I can say. I suppose you would like to know all about it, but there really isn't such a lot to tell. When I came to suddenly in the hospital I was bewildered and thought backward seven years, to a time when I had a crash on the polo field. I felt absolutely well and wanted to get out of there. It seemed to me that they would try to detain me, so I just naturally got up and dressed and beat it."

Pencils were scribbling busily. Gifford glanced toward the house that was partially screened by maples and other trees bordering the drive. He noticed a gardener mowing the beautiful lawn with a motor machine.

"Yes, sir, we found that you just managed to catch the Boston boat. What happened then, Mr. Derring?"

"Well, I seemed to have lost out a chunk of about seven years. At that time my father was worried about my health and insisted that I take a cure. But I felt so well and strong that I couldn't stand the thought of that. I wanted to be foot-loose, so I went out and found a steamer just about to leave for Eastport and went aboard her. I was still rather vague when I landed the next morning. But the air was clearing and I crossed to Digby. There was an old family friend of ours who lived not far from Digby and I looked him up and he straightened me out and sent me home." He smiled. "So here I am, all sound and sane—back to normalcy, as you people like to put it."

"I'll say you are, sir," said a boy reporter.

"But weren't you terribly stiff and sore when you came round, Mr. Derring?" one of the older men asked.

"Not so much as one would think. It soon passed. The chances are that, believing myself to be falling to my death when I jumped from the plane, I passed out on the way down—went into a sort of catalepsy. You may have heard the story of the experiment in psychology on the man sentenced to be guillotined?"

"No, sir. What was that?"

"Instead of dropping the knife on his neck they sluiced it with a glass of ice water and he rolled over dead. The same may have happened to me, but incompletely. As a result, I landed utterly relaxed on spongy ground and took no injury—like dropping a sack of loose bones. The parachute may have helped a little. Well, anyhow, here I am, all taut and drawing, as sailors say. And now, gentlemen, I'll have to ask you to excuse me. Please remember that I haven't yet seen my wife, and that meeting is scarcely for publicity." He smiled.

"Naturally, Mr. Derring. Do you mind if we shoot a few pictures?"

"Not a bit—only please be quick about it."

The shutters clicked and reels reeled. Gifford faced the ordeal calmly, well poised, unmoved. It was far less trying than he had expected, and it had been made easy largely by the courtesy of these representatives of the press.

"Could you give us a little more later, sir?" one of them asked. "All this is entirely out of the ordinary. No wonder the Germans couldn't kill you. It would need a superdreadnought to do that."

"Tomorrow morning, perhaps," Gifford said. "You'll really have to excuse me now. I'm pretty tired, and in a hurry to see my wife and children."

He gave them a friendly nod and started up the path beside the driveway to the house. "Out of the ordinary?" Gifford wondered what they would have thought if they could have guessed the actual truth—that he was seeing this new and beautiful home of his for the first time with the eyes of his present consciousness; that not one stick or stone of it was in the least degree familiar; that if he were to meet his children trotting about the premises in care of a nurse he would not know them from any other children, did not even know their names. Doctor McIntyre, who seemed to have thought out every detail, had omitted this one. And most amazing of all, that he was not even so much as acquainted with the wife to greet whom he had excused himself to the admiring and sympathetic bevy of reporters. What, he wondered, would they have thought of that?

Now, as he walked slowly toward the beautiful house, his heart began to get out of control again. Also fatigue was beginning to manifest itself even in his splendid physique. He began to revisualize Drusil—an odd name that seemed to be a syllable short—from the only glimpse that he had ever consciously got of her. He remembered her charming profile best, the straight forehead on the same perpendicular with the resolute boyish chin, and between these charming featurings the small straight nose that trifled with the classic Grecian and gained a piquancy by its slight upward and outward slant. He remembered the sweet mouth with its wide sweep and well delineated lips, slightly everted as if in a juvenile pout. There had been a fascinating mobility to them when she spoke. He saw again the graceful setting of her head, the pretty *nuque*—that caressing French word for the back of a shapely neck. The sweep of her lissom figure fell in line and in sweet accord with what was required of such a head and bust—*svelte*, pliant, supple as the body of an otter and as trim and round, with no doubt a similar strength rippling beneath, that seductive combination of round slender body and extremities that are contoured in a generous fullness of beauty and of grace. She would be a little taller than the average, he thought, and perhaps a little more fully proportioned throughout—the physique of a soft and tender matron still draped in youth. His recollection of her hair was inexact because it had been silhouetted against the light, but it was profuse and lustrous, he thought, whether dark or fair, and its fine eddying wisps had made a sort of nimbus round her head.

But apart from so much beauty indicated rather than detailed or distinctly drawn, what was it, he wondered, that had so stirred the ruthless hedonist that he had been, and that on his awakening he still thought himself to be? Previously, pretty women, beautiful women, good women, bad women and women at the same time good and bad had been mere pleasurable features in his careless life, joyous episodes toward which he had felt a sort of pagan irresponsibility. He had never taken a love affair seriously. Such contacts had held the mirthful carefree abandon of nymph and faun, and when they had threatened to cut deeper he had paid his shot in any coin acceptable but that of liberty, and gone his way. Yet he had felt instantly at sight of Drusil a lure that clamored for shackles, not on her but on himself, or welded round the heart of each and held by an infrangible chain.

Could the hypothesis of Doctor McIntyre be correct, that some deep cells of memory were struggling for expression? If so, then they must still ignore recognition of that symbol that is the flesh. Gifford had not the faintest stirring of any consciousness that he had ever seen this woman before. She could at most, he felt sure, be merely the incarnation of his dreams and ideals, a polarization of ether from the vortices set whirling by thought.

The poignancy of this dream picture of Drusil now steadied him as he neared the house. It seemed to Gifford that his love for this unknown woman was streaming out ahead of him, like the flame of a torch carried in a following wind. Whatever the reason for it, however strange she might be to him, yet this fact remained—that he loved her with a passion that was in itself a source of strength. Such passion overrides mere embarrassment, smothers individual self in its clamor for duality, disregards the convention of acquaintanceship. It is something apart that walks alone until able to merge. Gifford, with the image of Drusil in his eyes, scarcely saw the strangeness of this place that was his home. Its importance lay entirely in the fact that it contained the mysterious desired woman on whom the eyes of his renaissance had first opened.

Such thoughts as now filled his mind can scarcely be described at all, and even then only clumsily and slowly. They possess a fourth-dimensional quality that is instantaneous, their inflowing and outpouring synchronous. Possessing and at the same time possessed by them as he walked along, Gifford was at the same time entirely aware of his surroundings. They impressed him to a less degree in the same way that his mind picture of Drusil impressed him, like the materialization of a dream. Most persons, even young men of reckless life, think sometimes of the sort of house that they would like some day to build, the arrangement of the grounds, the landscape gardening.

And here now this dream home appeared to have materialized itself, which is not so strange, considering the fact that it was largely of Gifford's own planning.

(Continued on Page 102)

New Chrysler "75" Prices—Royal Sedan (illustrated), $1535; 2-Pass. Coupe (with rumble seat), $1535; Roadster (with rumble seat), $1555; Town Sedan, $1655. (Wire wheels extra.) All prices f. o. b. Detroit

Chrysler—The New Style

In the new Chrysler Sixes—the "75" and the "65"—Chrysler now sets striking new measures of beauty, when the artistry of an industry was seemingly at its height—new measures of performance, beyond even the sparkling Chryslers of other days—new measures of value—lower prices . . . . ¶ It is expected of Chrysler that it shall provide the public with new style, new performance, new quality, new value. For it is the outstanding genius of Chrysler engineering, research, and manufacture that periodically they produce new extraordinary offerings, beyond anything else the industry provides in performance and style . . . . ¶ It is natural, therefore, that the public has acclaimed these new Chryslers as surpassing all that has gone before —

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR

New Chrysler "65" Prices—Coupe (with rumble seat), illustrated, $1145; 2-Door Sedan, $1065; Business Coupe, $1040; Roadster, $1065; Touring Car, $1075; 4-Door Sedan, $1145. All prices f.o.b. Detroit

that Re-styles all Motor Cars

as ushering into existence an entirely new motoring style that re-styles all motor cars . . . . ¶ In view of the unique degree of beauty, power, speed, luxury, comfort, efficiency and value of the new "75" and "65," it is not at all strange that the country is today more than ever enamored of Chrysler—more than ever Chrysler-wild.

Features—New Chrysler "75"—New Chrysler-created slender profile radiator *—thermostatically controlled integral radiator shutters—new "air-wing" full-crowned fenders—new longer, lower, roomier bodies—upholstered optionally with fine mohair or broadcloth* ***—new arched window silhouette—non-shatterable glass in windshield—new "Silver-Dome" high-compression 75 h. p. engine, using any gasoline*** *—7 bearing counterweighted crankshaft—75 and more miles an hour—new longer chassis with new duplex-channel frame—* ***new light action internal expanding Chrysler hydraulic four-wheel brakes*** *—Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers front and rear—spring ends anchored in live rubber.*

Features—New Chrysler "65"— *New larger engine —65 h. p.—* ***"Silver-Dome" high-compression head using any gasoline*** *—65 miles and more per hour—* ***counterweighted 7-bearing crankshaft, only car at or near this price with this costly feature;*** *new slender profile radiator—new bowl-shaped lamps—beautiful cowl moulding and cowl lamps—new, longer chassis and longer, wider, roomier bodies—* ***new arched window silhouette—*** *new "air-wing" full-crowned fenders* ***—new internal expanding Chrysler hydraulic four-wheel brakes, unaffected by weather conditions—*** *Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers, front and rear—spring ends anchored in live rubber, instead of metal shackles.*

Correct Store Illumination Increases Sales Volume!

—"our Sales have been favorably affected by the superior illumination obtained from GuthLites."—

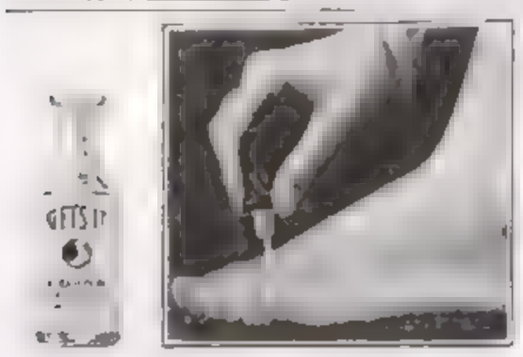
Lieberg, Inc. Department Store, Pasadena, California.

Such has been the experience of hundreds of progressive establishments. Merchants everywhere are awakening to the influence of correct store illumination on sales volume.

GuthLite is Better Light because it eliminates glare and shadows. It gives 16% more usable light than any other enclosed unit. It is not an expense but an investment in success; the profits on your increased sales more than pay for the installation—Attractive, low-priced ($4.90 up, in quantity); very economical.

Ask your dealer to show you the New GuthLite, or write the

EDWIN F. GUTH COMPANY
2615 Washington Ave. St. Louis, Mo.
Makers of the world-famous Brascolite



Touch a Corn

With this amazing liquid

Acts like an anaesthetic
Stops pain in 3 seconds

INSTANTLY and at once, you can wear tight shoes, dance, walk in comfort. Then soon the corn or callus shrivels up and loosens.

You peel it off like dead skin. No more dangerous paring.

Professional dancers by the score use this remarkable method. Acts instantly, like a local anaesthetic. Doctors approve it. Removes the whole corn, besides stopping pain at once.

Ask your druggist for "Gets-It." Satisfaction guaranteed. Works alike on any corn or callus—old or new, hard or soft.

"GETS-IT" *World's Fastest Way*

FREE
School Advice

A personal service for parents. Send us [illegible] personal evaluations of more than 300 private boarding schools the country over—offering a wide choice of every desirable type of education, environment, location and price. A free [illegible] indicating age, past schooling and approximate yearly expense. Ask for free copy of our Guide Book to Private Schools. Address

M. MERCER KENDIG (A.B. Vassar College) Dir.
Red Book Magazine School Dept. D
420 Lexington Avenue New York City

(Continued from Page 99)

After one of the five injuries received in France, he had been sent to Deauville, to the Hôpital Auxiliaire 33, which was the newly finished Hôtel Royale. He had at that time been impressed by the Norman architecture of that region and had told himself that if ever he built a house it would be of that style, of rubble stone and wood, with big beams let into cement and window flower boxes filled with geraniums and a driveway with Normandy poplars and tiled outbuildings, garage and stables, with glazed tiles and *faience* cats and dogs and things perched on gables.

Here it all seemed to be, much as he had imagined it, and with the sea spread out beyond. Fast work, for six years, Gifford told himself; still new but not raw. In America, and with unlimited wealth behind the pay roll, a certain amount of seasoning can be built into a new place, well-grown trees transplanted, big flagstones shifted from the beach or fields or quarries to a terrace that assembles itself by the magic of the Midas touch.

As he walked up to the front entrance, his heart trip-hammering again, the big door swung open and a butler came out, as if struggling with an impulse to rush. Gifford recognized instantly his father's manservant John Kenny. There was slight change in this retainer, and what there was improved him. A little more girth, a silvering from gray, a general ripening rather than aging. Kenny bore forward beamingly.

"Mr. Gifford! And you walking up as if coming in from a stroll round the grounds!"

"Well, Kenny, that's safer than the way I tried to come the last time." Gifford shook hands with the butler, who seemed inclined to embrace him. "Where is Mrs. Derring?"

"Now there, Mr. Gifford, Mrs. Derring and the children drove to meet the boat at Eastport. I wonder you didn't meet them on the road. And how are you, sir?—though there seems no need to ask."

"I seem to have come out of my trance all wound up and set to go, Kenny. After the first few hours of confusion I came back where I belonged as far as general feelings go. But there are still a good many things I can't seem to remember. Doctor McIntyre says that will pass. The doctor just dropped me at the gate. He thought I'd better come in under my own power, just to show that I'm all right."

"It's a miracle, sir. But then, you were never one to give in. All the same, you must lie down and have some rest after traveling all day. Doctor McIntyre telephoned that you would be coming by the morning boat from Digby, and then Mrs. Derring got the maps and figured out the distance and how long it would be taking you."

They went into the house—a beautiful interior. Kenny led the way up the broad stairway and to a spacious corner suite. Gifford discovered, with another of those flushes that might have been fatal to a man of brittle arteries, that here were his rooms, and Drusil's. As his eyes encompassed them that dreadful feeling of shameful fraud again enveloped Gifford.

He bathed; then, instead of yielding to Kenny's insistence that he lie down, dressed in the fresh clothes the butler laid out for him. Drusil would learn on inquiry at Eastport that they had crossed the bay by a special boat, Gifford reasoned, and she would then return at speed.

He wondered if the chartering of a special boat might not have been a tactical move on the part of Doctor McIntyre to give him a little added time in which to orient himself; to try first what might be the effect of familiar environment, his lares and penates, on Gifford's lapse of memory.

If so, it had failed. But Gifford was, on the whole, glad that Drusil had not been at the house when he arrived. It enabled him to refresh himself and to shave and change.

Kenny brought him tea and sandwiches, which, strangely enough, he relished; then, on Gifford's promise to lie down, he went out. Gifford slipped on a kimono and lay down on the wide window seat. The weather was warm, the screened window open and a fragrance of flowers and of fresh-mown grass wafted in. The vernal season is late in Maine, so that the air now was of spring rather than summer. Gifford reflected that six years ago on this date he had been just a week married to Drusil.

Gifford sprang up from the window seat and began to move restlessly about the room, to examine its more personal appointments with an idea of locating himself more accurately in the personality that he had been before this abominable flying accident had detached him from it—set him back by seven years.

A large room that served as Drusil's boudoir, beyond the spacious bath, contained no bed; while another room *en suite* was evidently a sort of glorified wardrobe of his own, with closets that contained more clothes for every sort of occasion than it would seem that any one man had the right to possess. There were city clothes and country clothes, a choice of outfits for sports of various kinds—golf, tennis, polo, fishing, whether in Florida for tarpon or for salmon in some Canadian stream, for quail shooting in the Carolinas or duck shooting over frozen marshes, yachting costumes and flying suits, one of these alone of all that sartorial collection a familiar one that was a veteran of the war.

The walls of this room were scarcely visible for a vast array of photographs, *passe partout*, souvenirs of many events, principally of a sporting character. A huge dressing table with reflecting mirrors was covered with toilet accessories that aroused Gifford's contempt. How in the devil had he ever come to acquire all this truck, and why?

The horrid conviction gripped him suddenly that in these past six years he must have become a sybarite, a fop. Even in his former life he had never been that species of male. Had he become pampered, luxurious? The sporting accessories and his full firm muscles assured him that he had kept himself in fine condition, but a man might still be hard in body and soft in his head.

It struck him then, glancing round the walls, that a good many girls and women were in evidence in these photographic records, many of which appeared to be new, recent. Here was a yachting picture, where he appeared to be teaching a laughing girl to steer. Another showed him in a group of campers, with the same girl. There were swimming pictures in which the glare of sunlight against scanty costumes that were still *en règle* gave a startling effect of nakedness; and there were snow pictures, riding pictures, all sorts of pictures that it seemed to Gifford in his mounting anger might be labeled indiscriminately Gifford Derring and His Girls. In some few of these a pretty woman who might have been Drusil appeared inconspicuously, but he could not be sure, and this fact enraged Gifford even more. What in the name of all common sense and decency did a man who possessed a wife like Drusil want of all these near-hussies, anyhow? And what could Drusil think about it?

The conviction then bore down upon him like a thunder squall that this Gifford of modern days was very far from being the exemplary character that Doctor McIntyre had given him reason to believe. Or perhaps the learned doctor knew nothing of these silly relaxations.

Teetotal he might have become and remained, eschewing also vulgar pastimes, low company, and five days in the week an efficient and hard-working business man. But in his moments of leisure, here evidently was the way in which he was wont to relax himself. Gifford knew that type of rich upper-class sportsman of excellent hygiene, always in the pink of training, heavy dresser, hearty eater, nonsmoker, nondrinker and always a sleek bean. So that was the sort of individual that since his father's death and his large inheritance he had become!

The clothes told their story. The beauty-parlor array of toilet aids and accessories indorsed it and all these girl-and-women pictures proved it. Here was one of them all but in his arms, another astride his shoulders as he stood, a splendid statue of an athlete in perfect training, on an aquaplane. . . . Phaugh!

Thrusting his hands into the side pockets of his coat, Gifford stood contemplating the room with a frown. Evidently Drusil had not yet objected to these silly philanderings of his—or did she secretly deplore them while trying valiantly to hold him close to her?

Gifford turned to a beautiful *bois-sculpté* table of Italian Renaissance on which were set some books, a vase of flowers, some photographic portraits in pretty frames. How these dainty intimate properties of Drusil's contrasted with his own shameless flagrant souvenirs in that male harness room! His eyes rested absently at first, then with a sudden burning interest, on a big photograph of two babies, side by side. The idea struck him like a fragment of bursting shell, an éclat, that these little darlings were his own—and Drusil's. He snatched up the heart-shaped silver frame and devoured the picture with burning eyes. These sweet babies with their bright smiling faces were his. Gifford's gaze went on to a larger picture on the wall. Here they were again, some year or two older, seraph faces, chubby arms, sturdy little bodies—and that smirking harem of pampered society trollops in there ——

He set down the photograph and stepped to the bell, pushed it, then looked round hungrily for another portrait of his children. Yes, there was one framed on the wall opposite. My word, but they were lovely youngsters! A boy and a girl, the boy a year or two the elder. "*Le choix du roi*," as the French say. The boy would be fair, like himself; the girl dark, or *châtaigne*, as he felt instinctively that Drusil must be. What were their names? Gifford wondered. Gifford Junior, probably, with such a name to perpetuate as Judge Gifford Derring had made of his own. And the girl would probably bear a surname of Drusil's family, whatever and whoever they might be.

There was a light rap at the door and Kenny entered. Gifford turned to him with a frown.

"Kenny, I've come back from this smash with changed ideas about some things. Get a man or two and a big hamper or packing box or something and go into that dressing room of mine and take down every picture that's got a woman in it and cart it away. For the time being, put the whole lot in the attic or storeroom or any old place where they will be out of the way and out of sight."

A curious gleam shone for an instant from Kenny's eyes and his well-featured face seemed to lighten. These breaches of a disciplined expression were instantly suppressed.

"Very good, sir. I'll do that right away, sir."

"Before Mrs. Derring gets back, if possible. Then while you're at it, just clear my dressing table of all that junk. Leave me only what might be needed by an officer and a gentleman to keep himself properly policed."

"Very good, sir."

"Then when you have thrown those rotten photos on the dump, just scout round and collect some portraits of Mrs. Derring and the children and put them up in there for the time being. I'm going to have that room done over differently. Tomorrow I'll weed out the superfluous clothes. No man that is a man needs the wardrobe of a Georgian beau, anyhow. . . . Am I right?"

"Well, Mr. Gifford, you wouldn't have given it much space a few years ago," Kenny ventured.

"In many ways I'm back to where I was about seven years ago, Kenny, though that's between ourselves. I've dropped a big chunk out of my memory, and for the

(Continued on Page 105)

The story of White Coal

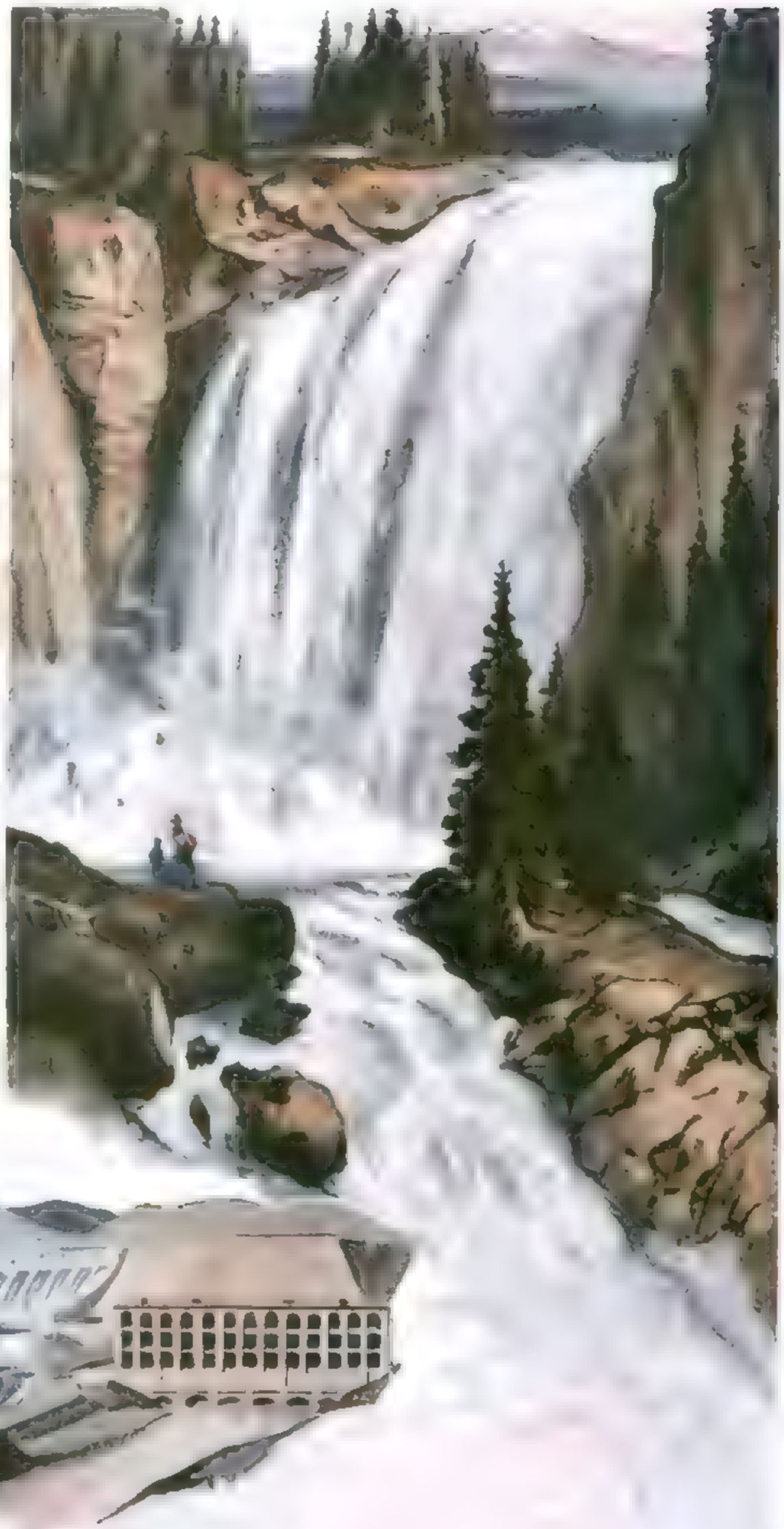
From melting snows, lakes and springs high up in the mountains comes a swelling flow . . . faster and faster until, at the brink of a rocky cataract, the waters pitch and plunge wildly to the depths below.

Here the fury of the maddened stream is brought in leash; its force harnessed to the giant wheels of dynamos whose revolutions create vast stores of electrical energy—"white coal."

The "white coal" that comes from the mountain streams carries Milwaukee trains for 660 miles across four mountain ranges—smoothly, swiftly, silently. No soot—no smoke—no cinders. Travel in the open observation cars of the new Olympian is a novel and pleasant experience. Forty per cent of all the electrified railway mileage in the United States is included in The Milwaukee Road's transcontinental line.

Available for industry, as well as transportation, "white coal" is an important factor in the development of The Milwaukee Road's West.

For a copy of booklet or detailed information on any subject concerning this railroad, address The Milwaukee Road, Room 884, Union Station, Chicago



FAMOUS TRAINS

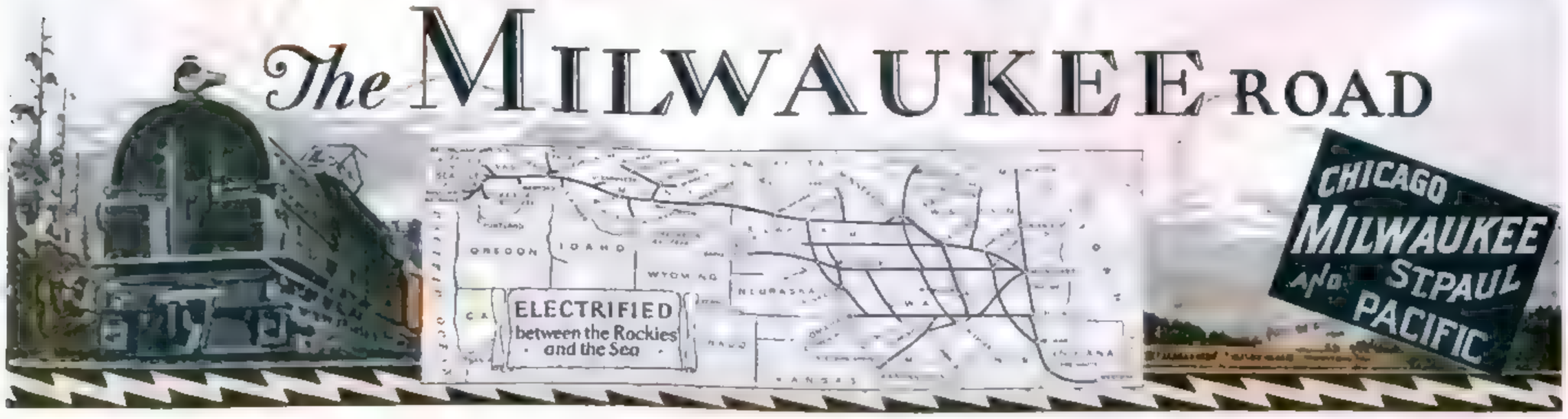
The Olympian
Chicago - Seattle - Tacoma

The Pioneer Limited
Chicago - St. Paul - Minneapolis

The Pacific Limited
Chicago - California

The Southwest Limited
Chicago / Milwaukee } - Excelsior Springs / Kansas City

The Arrow
Chicago / Milwaukee } - Des Moines - Omaha / Sioux City



The MILWAUKEE ROAD

Cities Service Produces Gasolene and Oil For Its Own Use As Well As For An Ever-Increasing Public

TO conserve its investment of hundreds of millions of dollars in public utilities serving electricity and gas to millions of people, the Cities Service organization produces and uses only the finest oils and gasolene.

To keep its many giant turbines and generators giving constant efficient service, the Cities Service organization exercises the greatest care to maintain supreme quality in every step of production from well to refinery. Otherwise entire cities and sections might be plunged in darkness and power for thousands of manufacturing plants cut off.

The public may buy through the Cities Service organization's Service Station System in 25 states the same oils and gasolene on which Cities Service has spent millions in pre-testing and perfecting to meet the strictest specifications of Cities Service public utility companies.

No finer gasolene and oil are attainable at any price. You are obtaining the very same products used by this $800,000,000 organization.

Broadcasting by the Cities Service Concert Orchestra, assisted by the Cities Service Cavaliers, on Fridays at 8 p. m. Eastern Daylight Saving Time through the following stations of the National Broadcasting Company: WEAF, WLIT, WEEI, WGR, WRC, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WEBH, WOC, WCCO, WDAF, KVOO, WFAA, KSD, KOA, WOW.

Cities Service Company, 60 Wall Street, New York City

Cities Service Oils & Gasolene

(Continued from Page 102)

first time since I found that out, I'm glad of it. When I make any breaks, as I'm bound to do, just stand fast and keep mum."

"Mum's the word, sir."

"Prompt me a little if you get the chance. I tell you, Kenny, I've forgot an awful lot, and whether it comes back or not remains to be seen. Do you notice any marked difference in me?"

"Now that you speak of it, Mr. Gifford, your voice sounds like it did just after you were married. Crisp, sir, like the crack of a whip, more positivelike."

"Well, let's hope it stays that way. . . . All right, Kenny, get a hamper and a man or two and clean up that portrait gallery in there. Make it snappy. Never mind if you smash a few. In fact, I shan't be angry if you smash 'em all."

"What about the pictures of Mrs. Kilbourne, sir?"

"Them too. Now you mention it, collect them first and put them at the bottom of the heap. All portraits of ladies except those of my wife are henceforth a dead loss to me, Kenny. So are their originals."

"There's a Providence in it, Mr. Gifford."

"That," said Gifford, "is precisely what I told Doctor McIntyre. 'Providence' is right. There's going to be a clean sweep."

Kenny went out to start on his glad mission of helping the master put his house in order. Gifford wondered how much Kenny knew of his philanderings, if such had actually occurred. He crossed the room to Drusil's corner, that subtly revealed itself.

On a little ornamental escritoire lay a memoranda book and a letter in a sealed envelope. The seal was stamped with the crest of the Derring arms. Gifford turned the letter over and was startled to find it addressed to himself, in name only. He picked it up and tore open the envelope, then read:

Giff Darling: It breaks my heart to write you this, but I feel that the time for it has come. The fault is mine, or at least the folly is mine, for being just a stupid, loving, hot-hearted earthling who can never seem to get enough of the Martian she was so fond and foolish as to marry.

My one great dread at that time was that I should not be able to hold you close always and forever. I've felt that the time must come one day when my limitations must manifest themselves, and you would feel the need of a wider scope. I'm afraid I've been too much of a glutton for your love, too free a spender of it, and without enough of a reserve fund, to pay for all I ask.

The trouble is, Giff dear, that I lack the mental qualities a mind like yours requires in a wife, a mate. My intellect is on a lower plane, the nurseries and basements and pantries of life, sitting in the ashes, like Cinderella, while yours mounts with the flames.

I can't blame other women for being charmed by you and charming you. But oh, Giff darling, don't let them blunt your keen edge, as now there is danger of their doing! Don't let them spoil and soften my eagle husband, who came to me with his broken wing. This is not the cry of jealousy, but of love.

When you read this I shall be on my way to France with Giff and Anne. I'm afraid the poor babies no longer mean a great deal to you, Giff. Still, I know you are going to miss us frightfully at first, because *as fond* you love us. Then, if you keep on missing us, you need only to come to us. I wonder if you will.

Darling, this decision rested on whether or not you were to come to me on our wedding anniversary, and if business or some other interest could find reason enough to keep you away. I do not blame you. My folly—for I can't quite call it a fault—has been that I have asked too much, wanting to remain the bride of six years ago today, when by all rights I should have taken my place as contented matron, realizing that a man like you cannot be held forever on a leash of woven kisses and muzzled by them.

Here it is, the hour of our wedding six years ago—four o'clock—and all that I have of you is a mass of flowers that make me cry and a telegram that makes me cry harder. And all that I want is you, and you and you.

We leave tonight by the State of Maine Express and sail tomorrow at noon. Forgive me, Giff darling. As I write I can hear a plane buzzing round somewhere and now it has stopped suddenly, as if in mid-air. But I know it can't be you, because you promised me a year ago to stick on terra firma for my and the children's sake. All our love,

D.

For several moments Gifford stood petrified with this broken-hearted letter in his hands. The shock of its information was less perhaps than if he had been mentally the man to whom it had been written, because in this new—or rather former—personality he surveyed the Gifford of a fortnight earlier not as himself, but as another person.

And he surveyed that person with an infinite disgust. The jar to his perception of him was the less because his examination of the dressing room had already given him a slant on what sort of man this pampered individual had apparently become.

The chances were, he thought, that only Drusil, and possibly to some extent Kenny, had been furnished this true portrait of the Gifford Derring of today, and these two would have kept their knowledge to themselves. It explained the sudden glow of approbation that Kenny's well-trained features could not entirely suppress on receiving orders to clean out that contemptible inner closet of Gifford's softened self.

It was not hard for Gifford to reconstruct what must have happened. Drusil had gone down to Camden early, to open up the place for the summer, taking the children with her. Gifford had remained in New York, claiming stress of business that might have been true enough, or possibly a camouflage for something less commendable. Then, as their anniversary approached, Drusil had written him the impassioned love letter that he had found in his pocketbook, which had first puzzled, then disturbed him. She had made this loving appeal a sort of test of his devotion. Evidently she must have had sufficient reason to fear that he would find some pretext for remaining absent—enough for her to have made reservations for a transatlantic passage if her doubts came true.

She had written this letter at the eleventh hour, when they seemed to have come true. But Gifford, also at the eleventh hour, had been seized with remorse. Perhaps her former appeal may have just reached him. It was owing to some impulse of delayed decency that he had decided to break his promise about flying and had accepted the offer of this dissolute youth of his acquaintance, the same sort of chap that he had been himself, to be flown to Camden, hoping to arrive in time to save the day for Drusil.

That plane she mentioned as having heard buzzing round, to stop suddenly, as if in mid-air, may have been the one in which he had come, heading over to land on the wide sweep of lawn when it got suddenly out of hand. Possibly the ink on this letter had scarcely dried when the phone rang and Drusil learned that he had crashed.

So here was the situation completely changed for Gifford. Instead of returning the model husband, the exemplar of conjugal devotion that he had been led to believe, he now found himself nearly at the antipodes of that person. Drusil, broken-hearted at a recalcitrance that she could no longer endure, had been on the point of leaving him when the high air cast him down almost at her doorstep—a *coup de théâtre* entirely worthy of the fatuous grandstand player that he had always been, Gifford bitterly reflected.

But something else, something besides mere loss of memory, had happened to him during that period of catalepsy. He had thought himself, on recovering consciousness, to have been dry-cleaned in body, but it looked to him now as if instead of that he had been fumigated and aired in soul. He was neither the Gifford of seven years before nor the Gifford of twice that number of days before.

He was something new—a Gifford cleansed and invigorated in heart and mind and soul. His earthy vehicle had been all right enough before the crash.

Here, as a result, was the present situation altered. The loss of his memory had suddenly become an asset rather than a liability. Doctor McIntyre, in total ignorance of the relations existing between Drusil and her husband, had put up a strong and rational argument that Drusil ought not to be deprived of those sacred memories that every woman who is a wife and mother holds most dear. But what in the name of common sense was there to hold dear in a husband who for some time past—some many months, no doubt—had been gradually softening and deteriorating in manliness?

And for Drusil, loving, ardent, temperamental in her sweet and honest way, this had not been enough. She did not reproach him—blamed only herself—but found it incumbent on her self-respect to leave him, whether temporarily or permanently depending wholly on himself. She accused him of no infidelity, merely deplored the loss of his fine edge. He had been, it was plain enough to Gifford, rapidly approaching that worst of all states that is neither vicious nor violent, but of the easy-going self-indulgent who lives for the culture and enjoyment of his body alone.

These thoughts were slow in passing through his mind, because they required a certain considering deliberation; and now, as they became crystallized and adjusted, Gifford was aware of a stir in the room beyond.

Kenny and his helper were in there starting the work of dismantling. Gifford felt a sudden impulse to go in and help in this task of setting his house in order, physically and morally, and to speed the work along. But he realized, fortunately, that what he chose to do must be done sanely and with no hint of exasperation that could be misconstrued.

What he had just learned now steadied him. All his uncertainty was gone. He saw his path set clearly before him. What Drusil needed was not psychology, but love. Perceiving in him what he had actually become, what price was she apt to put on the loss of a memory that included in its washing out so much that had been detestable?

Her letters showed clearly enough her need, that for which she was being starved. And it was at this psychological moment of his reflections that he heard outside the purring of a big high-powered car, the plaintive whine of brakes and a sudden shrill clamor of little children.

VI

"MOTHER first!" cried a clear, ringing, enraptured voice as Gifford came down the last of the broad stairs into the spacious central hall. A radiant glowing girl of a woman rushed across the intervening space and Gifford found himself in the clasp of strong round arms, a face that was like a cluster of June roses culled in a sun shower crushed against his own. Lips that were fresh and firm and eager clung to his.

And all the time small hands were tugging at his trousers, the skirts of his coat, and high treble little voices were clamoring ecstatically for their share in the love feast, their own tangible assurance that here was daddy come back safely from some vague and awful place. Both knees were being hugged as these sturdy climbers started to swarm up him.

The convulsion subsided a little—enough for Gifford to lift first one, then the other small, chubby and convincing pledge of greatest human promise and crush it to his chest. No memory at all was vouchsafed him in these ecstatic moments, nor did it seem to be required. His whole heart poured out to meet these beloved strangers.

He found himself then seized by both shoulders and held at arm's length opposite a tear-stained face, while a pair of wonderful violet eyes blinked away the tears and searched him as if to the very soul. Drusil, he perceived, was lovely beyond all his imaginings. And there was no artifice about her. She was real to the core—as real as a Christmas dinner to a hungry hunter, and the board set not only with food but with flowers in profusion.

"But you perfectly wonderful old darling," she cried, "you look even better than you did before! You look as if you had been soused in a fountain of youth. Younger,

Detroit Staggered Grip Belt Lacing eliminates costly delays and cuts production cost in all sizes and kinds of plants—wherever belts are used. Although it costs only a cent an inch Detroit Belt Lacing pays big dividends in time and belts saved and in speeding up production. Detroit Belt Lacing is easily and quickly applied.

The shape of Detroit Hooks, the angle at which they lock into the belt and the Bakelite Pin with which they are joined are features which make a Detroit joint outwear two or more ordinary joints.

Send the coupon for a free sample of Detroit Lacing and put it to any test.

DETROIT
BELT LACING

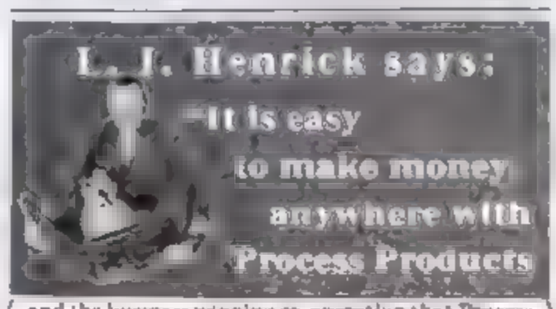
Belt Lacing Tools — Bakelite Pins — Belt Cutters
Detroit Belt Lacer Co.—Detroit, Mich.
Ball Belt Lacer Co. of Canada—Hamilton Ont., Can.
Nuttall & Cooper Co., Manchester, England

Detroit Belt Lacer Company,
Detroit Michigan

Gentlemen:—Kindly send me FREE sample of Detroit Belt Lacing together with instructions for using.

Name

Address



and the business winning co-operation that Process gives to Process salesmen."

Mr. Henrick is making a notable record in successful salesmanship in Los Angeles, as is proved by the amounts earned by him in single days during different seasons.

A November Day $96.00
A February Day $45.00
An April Day $58.00

We want ambitious men and women who are looking for an opportunity to make this kind of money, as representatives in every town to take orders for our nationally known lines of individually Monogrammed Business and Personal Christmas Greeting Cards, Commercial and Social Stationery, Announcements, etc. We pay liberal commission in cash every day, also liberal monthly bonus to producers. Apply at once, writing me personally.

Manager Dept. 10
THE PROCESS ENGRAVING CO., Inc.
Troy at 21st Street, Chicago, Illinois

SELL Made-to-measure Clothes at $24.50 and make
$50.00 to $75.00 a week

MANY of our salesmen make much more. You can easily earn big money if you are a steady worker. Fine all-wool clothes, made-to-measure. Satisfaction guaranteed. Commission of $4 to $8 a sale paid at once.

Write for full line

STRAND TAILORING CO. INC.
DEPT. I BALTIMORE, MD.

YOU WIN! Nothing to lose—everything to gain. Write about our spare time cash plan. Earn up to $1.50 or $2.00 an hour.
The Saturday Evening Post, 684 Independence Square, Phila., Pa.

ELCAR

WITH THE

Shock-less Chassis

The twelve comfort features of the *Shock-less Chassis* make possible that delightful riding ease which increases your enjoyment of the sturdy, beautiful ELCAR. Here, too, are silence, slow wear, enduring service. The new "120" Eight-in-Line, its ELCAR-Lycoming motor developing 115 horsepower, is a revelation of beauty, grace and style advancement. Its price, made possible by ELCAR manufacturing advantages, spells unequalled value. The ELCAR dealer will gladly demonstrate.

20 superb models, $1295 and up, f. o. b. Elkhart, Indiana

ELCAR MOTOR COMPANY
ELKHART, INDIANA

stronger, more wide-awake. And you must have been going all night."

"I wasn't going, Drusil," Gifford said. "I was coming to you—and these."

"Gifford, you're changed. What's happened? Are you really you? What did you bring back for me from over there?"

"This—and this—and this." He drew her close again. "And no end more. But I paid a price for it, my dear. I left a lot behind."

"Well; I don't care. What did you leave? . . . Hello! What's all this?"

There was a scuffling of footsteps on the stairs. Kenny and his helper were coming down, a large clothes hamper between them. On the top of it was the large portrait of a woman, and it was a pretty woman, in an evening dress that hid the light of few charms under its bushel of gossamer. Gifford, looking back over his shoulder, caught an expression on the butler's imperturbable face that was half defiance, half dread. The back stairs were the proper exit for that load, as Kenny was perfectly aware.

"That's some of it," Gifford said, his face crimson. "I left the originals back there in the void."

"Giff " Drusil's eyes were starry. "You read my letter? I forgot. I meant that you shouldn't see it."

"I read it," Gifford said. "But the orders for this house-cleaning were issued before I found the letter. They needed no indorsement."

Kenny asked sedately, "What shall I do with these articles, Mr. Derring?"

"Chuck 'em on the dump," Gifford said crisply. "No, we don't want to litter up the dump. Set 'em aside somewhere, and the first chance I'll give them a ride out on the bay and slide 'em overboard."

"Gifford, what's happened to your voice? It sounds as it used to years ago." Drusil stared at him with a startled look. "It's lost the fat sound."

"Good. It's not all that's lost, that layer of superfluous adipose. I've quite a lot to tell you, Drusil, and the sooner I get about it the better."

"Are you really quite well?" The starry eyes softened, became maternal. "I can't understand how you could be—but are you?"

"Better than I've been for years. I've come through it like an old-time clipper ship through a hurricane. Lost a deckload of stuff—some of it useful, no doubt—but there's nothing gone that can't be replaced. It's rapidly getting replaced."

"You always were cryptic, darling. But there's something queer about all this. I can't quite get it." Her eyes clung to his. "If ever you'd had a twin brother, I'd say that it were he."

"The better twin," Gifford said. "Well, let's say we drowned the weak one. There was a lot about that beggar that wasn't any good."

A nursery governess had appeared from somewhere. Drusil turned to her.

"These children are famished," she said in French. "Take them to their supper, please. It's past their time."

"*Bien, madame.*"

The governess spoke quietly to small Giff and his sister Anne. The little boy was standing with chubby legs apart, one finger between teeth that were like kernels of green corn, staring intently at his father. Anne, holding the hem of her mother's skirt, was also regarding him with a puzzled look; and Gifford, glancing at her, wondered if this tiny girl also felt a strangeness in him, some alien quality about which her infantile instinct was not quite sure. The pair of them made no protest at being led away. Little Giff began to tell the governess in voluble baby French about some incident of their ride: "*Un chien qu'a manqué d'être écrasé* ——" They both appeared, Gifford observed, to have learned not only the French tongue but French obedience.

He caught the dark eyes of the governess resting on him with a curious look, in which there seemed to be a faint reproach, and it occurred to him perhaps she might be a member of the household personnel of some years' standing and to whom he should have spoken

Drusil said as the children were led away: "Giff, darling, you ought really to be resting. There's such a lot I can scarcely wait to hear—how you happened to come round suddenly and get up and dress and bolt off in that amazing way. Doctor McIntyre didn't tell me much on the phone. Merely that you appeared to be absolutely sound and strong and entirely normal except for some big gaps in your memory. Nobody knows what to make of it. Come up and tell me all about it while I change, old dear."

She slipped her arm round him and started for the stairs.

As they went up, Gifford asked, "How about that chap who was in the plane with me?"

"Ned? Oh, he's all right, thanks to your prompt action. It was like the old real you to bundle him out at the cost of your own chance to land alive. I suppose that in a crisis like that it's natural for the mind of a certain sort of man to work only one way, and not to think about his wife and children—instinct, rather than a *beau geste*."

"I'm not so sure," Gifford said. "My life seems to have been composed of *beaux gestes* and other *gestes* that are not so *beau*."

"Where did you get that new voice—crisp and crackling? And how much have you really forgotten?"

"More than you can possibly realize, Drusil—more than you may be able to believe. All this is new to me. I'm seeing it for the first time."

"Not really, Giff!" She paused at the head of the stairs. "How could you forget your home surroundings and yet remember us—and yourself? . . . Where is Doctor McIntyre?"

"He thought it better to drop me out at the gates and go on to the Inn, not to let it appear as if I'd been brought back in charge of a specialist. There was a bunch of reporters at the gate. I gave them as much of the dope as it seemed good for them to print and then asked them to lay off me until tomorrow. They were mighty decent and considerate. I don't think that one of them suspected that any part of me was A. W. O. L."

"What part of you, Giff?" Drusil paused again at their bedroom door and looked fixedly into his face. "What are you holding back, old sweet?"

Gifford thrust her gently into the room, stepped after her, then closed the door. Drusil turned again and looked at him perplexedly.

"Giff, do you know that you are exactly as you were at the time of our marriage! The expression of your face, the look in your eyes, tender and burning, the crisp jerky way you speak and the old slang. There's that same positiveness about you that is neither sharp nor hectoring. I noticed it when you spoke to Kenny. It was like an echo of my Giff of long ago."

"That describes me, Drusil. I am an echo. You must prepare yourself for a shock. Or perhaps it's better for you not to be prepared. Drusil, I don't remember one single thing that I've seen or known or that has happened to me since that crash I had on the polo field years and years ago—before I first met you."

Drusil received this statement much as might have been expected, which is to say that her mind was able to receive and to appreciate it only in part. Even that much was not to be entirely accepted as the truth. She looked more puzzled than bewildered, for there is a shade of difference, and to Gifford's infinite relief she did not appear to be very much dismayed.

"But, Giff," she protested, "if that were entirely true, then you couldn't possibly remember me—the children."

"Drusil, I do not. I wasn't going to tell you this, but now I see plainly that I ought. But it isn't quite so bad as you might think.

Continued on Page 108

THEY look exactly alike. You can't tell the difference between strictly fresh eggs and cold storage eggs by merely looking at them.

Lamps also may look alike, but there are vast differences in their quality. MAZDA Lamps give more light for the amount of electricity used. That's why it is important to look for the trademark MAZDA.

The economical housewife asks for Edison MAZDA Lamps by the carton. The carton prevents breakage and assures a convenient supply of lamps whenever sockets need re-filling.

Edison MAZDA Lamps represent the latest achievements of MAZDA* Service, through which the benefits of world-wide research and experiment in the Laboratories of General Electric are given exclusively to lamp manufacturers entitled to use the name MAZDA.

*MAZDA—*the mark of a research service.*

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

"It pictures the Road Behind"

Look ahead—see behind—in America's finest Tire Mirror

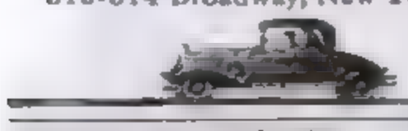
THE NEW
ROSCO
LOCK-ON
TIRE MIRROR

for all imported and domestic cars carrying spare tire or wooden, wire or disc wheel at side. Instantly adjustable. A snap of the finger locks this attractive, practical mirror in shake-proof position. Theft-proof, loss-proof . . . removed only when unlocked by you. Never rusts . . . made like fine table silver . . . of solid brass . . . nickel-plated . . . equipped with high-grade lock and finest plate glass mirror. Crystal clear vision always assured. If dealer cannot supply you, write direct, specifying size of tire.

Model 2308-BD—Like illustration above, with DeLuxe, bevel edge manifer plate glass mirror and high grade lock, with two keys. List Price each $13.50

Model 2308-D—Same as Model 2308-BD except with plain convex glass mirror. List Price each . . $11.00

A. W. ROSEN & CO.
Manufacturers of fine Automotive Accessories for nearly a quarter of a century.
610-614 Broadway, New York City



—SHOW—
All Wool Tailoring
$23.50
LARGE SIZE SAMPLES DO IT, MEN!
$12 a day
IN ADVANCE
Make $12. A DAY Full or Part Time
PIONEER TAILORING CO.
Congress and Throop
Dept. U1185, CHICAGO

Cut Cleaning Costs in YOUR Business
Right now, every factory, industrial plant, school, dept. store, theatre and office building has a
Tell Us Your Cleaning Problem
INVINCIBLE VACUUM CLEANER Co. Detroit, U.S.A.

LAW Free Book
Write for free book today
Blackstone Institute 307 N. Michigan Ave., Dept 260 B, Chicago

LAW
STUDY AT HOME Become a lawyer. Earn $5,000 to $10,000 annually
NOW, LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 771-L, Chicago. The World's Largest Business Training Institution.

(Continued from Page 106.

Mentally, you may be a total stranger to me. But I seem to remember you in my heart."

"And what about the children?" Drusil cried.

"The same. I wasn't acting a part when I met you three just now. But in your case it was different. I had just come round when you and the nurse, or superintendent, came into my room in the hospital. I lay there shamming unconsciousness, trying to get some bearings on what had happened. I watched you as you went over and sat by the window. I had no idea at all of who you were—couldn't remember ever having seen you in my life before. But my heart went out to you. I fell in love with you on the spot."

"But, Giff, all this is outrageous! It's unbelievable!" Drusil cried. "And then why did you get up and dress and run away?"

"Because I heard you speak about your husband. I thought, of course, that you were married to somebody else. It wasn't until I met Doctor McIntyre that I found I'd lost seven years. All that happened in that time was a total blank. It is still a total blank up to the time that I woke up in the hospital—and then you came in and I watched you, and listened to your voice, and fell in love with you."

The tremendous idea was by this time beginning to percolate Drusil's mind, to permeate it. Gifford, tensely watching her lovely face, was aware of this, and dreaded to see what the effect might be. It was impossible for him to realize fully what might be Drusil's conception of the relationship in which this astounding knowledge placed them. He could view it only in part, without being able to feel with Drusil's sensibilities except vaguely. Gifford was unable to perceive that though she might be for him a thrilling delightful stranger, yet she, even while obliged to accept that fact, could not possibly in mind or in heart find any alien quality in himself; that despite this weird infirmity he was still body of her body, flesh of her flesh, her husband of years, the father of her beloved children, now returned to her as if from the dead and with a lapse in his memory of her. And even more than that, perhaps, something now told her that he had returned not only as her husband but as her ardent lover. Therefore Gifford was totally unprepared for her reaction to what she had just learned.

Instead of exhibiting dismay, alarm, aloofness, Drusil cried with rapture: "Why, Giff, if that's true, then you are right back where you were the day you married me!"

"Drusil, then you're not horrified? You don't feel as if you had lost a husband and got a stranger back?"

"Indeed, I don't! I feel as if I had lost a husband that was getting tired of me and got my lover-husband back. Oh, Giff darling, it's amazing—outrageous—rather terrible if you like. But don't you see how heavenly it is? It explains all that I've felt from the moment I laid eyes on you just now. I knew that there had been some wonderful mysterious change, but I had no idea how great it was—how heavenly. These last two wretched years seemed to have been wiped away—evaporated like night mist in a valley when the sun gets up. Your eyes were pouring out your love for me. Why, Giff darling, you haven't taken me in your arms like that, kissed me like that, drawn out the very soul of me, for years!"

Her voice broke. Gifford caught her eagerly and crushed her close. It seemed to him that they were swept up in some sort of a stupendous vortex of rosy flame and borne in it to transcendental heights.

VII

THE day broke with a chorus of bird songs, for in this northern latitude it was scarcely more than a fullness of spring. On that green littoral drafts from the sea mingle with land breezes sweet with the sedative odor of pine balsam and many flowers and the tonic odors from the shore. Drying kelp and the tang of brine blended to make a sleeping potion.

A vesper thrush that sings also for matins sounded a sweet reveille for Gifford. He awoke slowly, luxuriously, every cell and fiber of him announcing its renaissance. This awakening was of the most delicious sort, where the mind returns to conscious function before the body, still relaxed, and enjoys its contemplations with no physical demands to distract them, like a spirit untrammeled, yet with its earthly vehicle conveniently at hand.

He wondered if any of his memory had crept back to him during those dark hours that were yet so bright. Gifford was almost glad to find, on brief effort, that it had not.

He thought now that Drusil still slept, but as he turned slowly and carefully to bring his vision into better bearing on this loveliness, her bare arms slipped up slowly round his neck, drew down his head until their lips met.

"Gifford darling, has it come back?"

"Memory?"

"Yes." Her tone was sleepily anxious.

"No, sweetheart."

"Well, I'm glad of that. This is better. After all, memories are sweet only because of what first makes them. I've been vaguely haunted all night by the dread that I might wake up and find it all a dream—that you mightn't love me so much—like before."

"Drusil, it would make no difference now. It would be the same if I remembered everything. It hasn't been all the loss of memory. There has been a whole lot gained."

"All the same," she murmured, "I'm afraid."

So here, thought Gifford, was a fresh miracle. Drusil, instead of the constraint that he had feared, or the mourning for lost memories, was rejoicing in their banishment—dreaded only their return. Who could have anticipated this? Certainly that distinguished specialist in mental disorders, Doctor McIntyre, had not. But then, he had not known the truth. Or if possibly he had suspected it, then he was a very canny man.

"This dark sector is going to have its drawbacks, sweet," Gifford said. "I don't know one blessed thing about all this big business of mine. More than that, I'm not sure that I want to. Unless something happens, I'll have to get out of it for good."

"Then let's hope that nothing will happen," Drusil murmured drowsily. "I've hated it for a long time."

"Also," Gifford pursued, "it makes me something of a fraud. What price my righteous wrath about all those pictures and things in there, when I don't remember a blessed—or cussed—thing about any of those women? And yet something tells me that I'd have had 'em scrapped anyhow. I've got a theory about that."

"So have I," Drusil said. "About all of it—and you. It came to me last night."

"What was yours?" Gifford asked.

"Well, Giff, I believe that this change of heart came over you before your crash. It may have come in the plane, when you discovered that Ned was blind drunk and the engine was missing and the steering gear gone wrong. Perhaps you believed then that you were not going to get out of that jam alive, and you had one of those ante-mortem revelations. The trashy old curtains were jerked aside and you saw things in their true light. You got their real values—your love for me and mine for you and the love we both have for the children. They blazed out against all this other rubbish that's been enticing you. Perhaps you made some sort of covenant—not a bargain, but an offering, a votive sacrifice in your heart."

"You've said it better than I could have done, Drusil. The only difference is that I went back a little farther. I think I got your letter, delayed, and that my clear vision was restored right then. I think it was on that account I broke my promise about never flying again. I may have felt you tottering on the brink, ready to leave me. Then later, in the plane, it all came over me as you have described. I believe that I was loving you to death as I fell to my death, except for the grace of God, and that I came back to consciousness in that same state of heart."

"That was it, Gifford. You aren't entirely my lover-husband of six years ago. You were dear then, but you are dearer now. There's been something deeper and sweeter and stronger, as if you were that darling boy, and a great deal more besides. That's my feeling about it, at least."

When Doctor McIntyre got into his car and drove away that afternoon, he sat for a few miles deep in thought.

His error in regard to Gifford had been, he now perceived, complete. But that referred only to his wrong conception of the sort of man Gifford must have become shortly prior to his airplane accident. After all, the learned specialist could scarcely have been expected to know that man.

But he saw him now as one surfeited with bounties, overfed with them and turning his eyes afield. The doctor wondered if any mortal nature were strong enough to support an opulence that is complete—youth, health, beauty, position, an admirable record of past meritorious service, honors, wealth, domestic conditions that would seem to be perfection.

Gifford's evidently had begun to crumble under the strain of such a weight of riches. Doctor McIntyre could visualize the sort of man he had become. He was familiar with the type and utterly detested it—more than he detested vice or crime or cruelty or dishonor, and he did not believe that Gifford had yet been touched by any of these.

No, he had merely begun to soften, to lose his temper and fine edge. He had become a sleek, handsome, perfectly tended, perfectly healthy and, to the casual observer, entirely charming male human animal, with scarcely any spirituality at all. Doctor McIntyre's searching subtle questionnaire of Drusil, with whom he had talked alone, failed to discover any moral delinquency whatever in her husband. Gifford was industrious, capable, regular of habits, kind and affectionate in his family life, admired and beloved of those with whom his contacts had been, evidently free of even the minor vices of most good men's daily lives, his régime that of an athlete in constant training—and that was all.

There, it looked to Doctor McIntyre, had been arrested his evolution into a man of higher type. Not going forward in this respect, there would have commenced a retrograde movement with advancing age. The whole of him would have been contained, as Walt Whitman protests that a man is not, "between his hat and his boots."

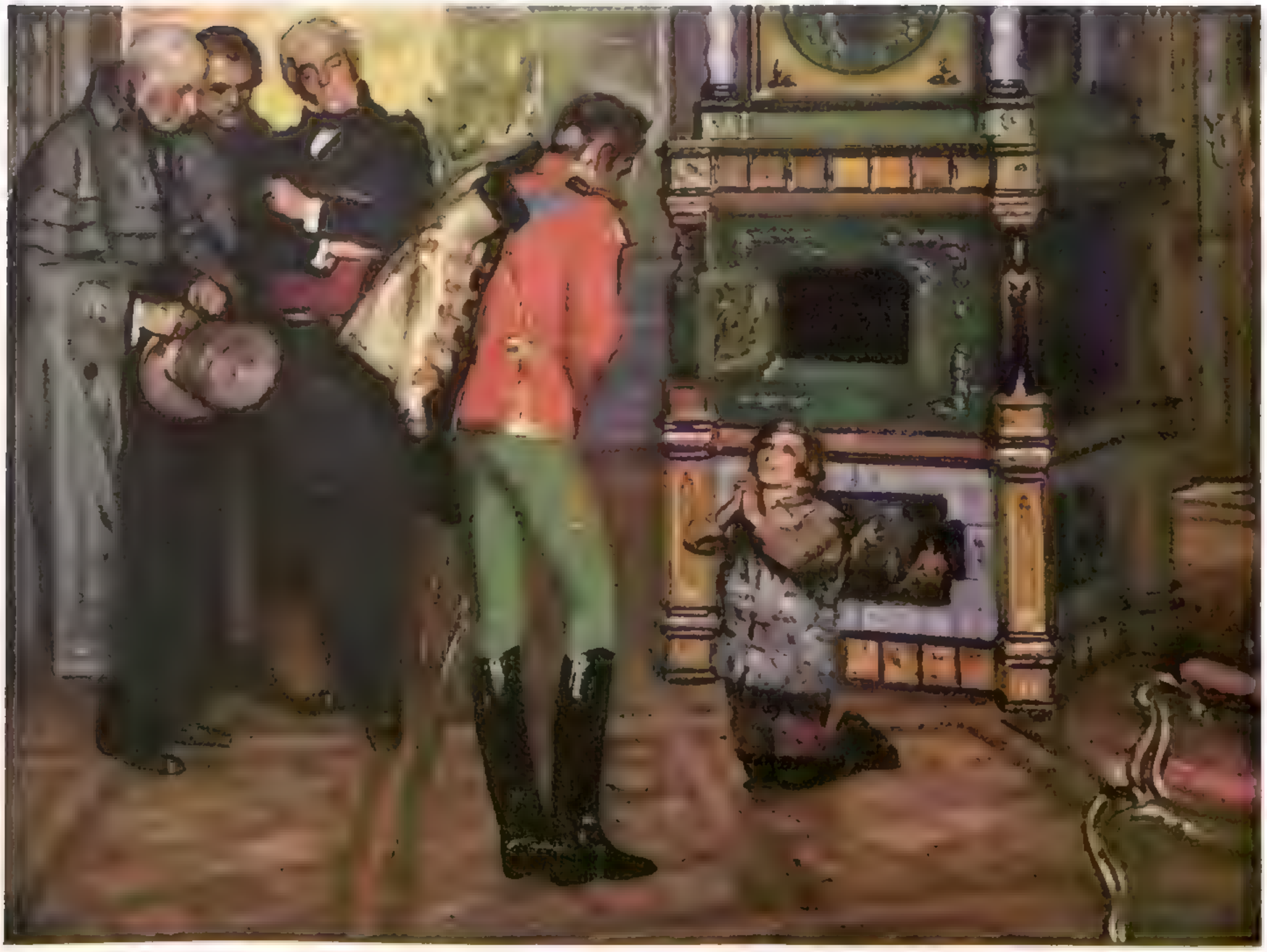
This arrestation of development appeared to have occurred within the past two years. And now, as far as Gifford was concerned, these last two years and all their content had been abstracted from him, with about five years more besides. They might be returned at any time, whether gradually or all at once, and the question was now: What would happen then?

Weighing this problem, Doctor McIntyre was inclined to agree with Drusil, who at the end of their interview had passionately exclaimed:

"I don't want his memory back. I want him as he is, to go on from here. I don't care if his business goes to pot, if his friends and acquaintances say that he has partly lost his mind as the result of this accident. Perhaps he has, but he has got something in exchange. He has got back what he was losing fast—and that's his soul."

The doctor could not blame her. He smiled a little to himself, reflecting that Drusil had not told him the whole truth. What woman in love with her husband, he wondered, might not be willing to exchange the perfunctory husband of her seventh year of matrimony for the lover-husband of her honeymoon?

(THE END)



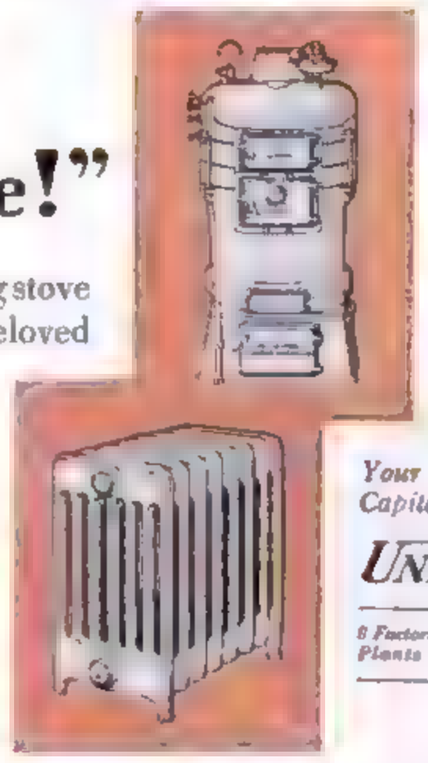
"Pray let me stay with the Nürnberg stove!"

TO little August in his humble home in Tyrol, the Nürnberg stove was a household god. So Ouida tells the touching story, beloved of generations of children.

Even greater and better than the sun, he thought it. For the sun goes away nobody knows where all the long, dark, cold hours. While just a little bit of wood, and the beautiful stove made summer all the winter through.

So utterly devoted to this giver of heat and health, this light of the hearth, was August that when his poverty-stricken father sold it, he hid inside it. Two days and a night he traveled. Finally, arrived at the royal castle of Berg, he sprang from its doors, pleading with the king who had bought it to be permitted to live near his great good friend, the Nürnberg stove.

The story of August may stand as symbolic of the vital part in daily living played by the modern heating plant. A friend of man, it diffuses not merely warmth, but comfort and health. And it does so never-failingly if it is a Capitol boiler. Such is the certainty of *Guaranteed Heating*,* a written warranty of the exact number of radiators that any Capitol boiler will satisfactorily heat.



Thus, scientifically and with certitude, the Capitol contractor selects the boiler for your home. There is no danger that it will prove inadequate in days of sudden cold. No risk that it will be larger and costlier than your needs.

Thirty-eight years of heating experience and a nation-wide organization are back of Capitol boilers and their binding guarantee of economy. Ask your contractor, and write for a free copy of our illustrated book, "A Modern House Warming."

★GUARANTEED HEATING

Your contractor receives a written guarantee on the heating capacity of every Capitol Boiler. No other heating equipment assures you satisfaction so definitely.

UNITED STATES RADIATOR CORPORATION

6 Factories and 33 Assembling Plants Serve the Country — GENERAL OFFICES DETROIT, MICH. — *For 38 years, builders of dependable heating equipment*

THE PACIFIC STEEL BOILER CORPORATION

Division of the United States Radiator Corporation, builds welded steel heating boilers for large installations—business buildings, factories, schools, hotels, and large apartments.

Guaranteed Heating WITH

Capitol Boilers

AND RADIATORS

LOOK FOR THIS EMBLEM!

Swim for health and beauty!

SWIMMING aids health and beauty, say prominent physicians. It gives you muscular development and suppleness, easy grace and poise. Your lungs are benefited by the regular, deep breathing which every swimmer must master.

Swimming, too, is slenderizing. No other method can compare in giving you a healthful trimness of body . . . quickly and safely!

Swimming is a world of fun! When other forms of entertainment pall, get up a party of friends and swim! There's a happy camaraderie about this sport that adds to your enjoyment

And now through its 200 pools and beaches, the Jantzen Swimming Association offers you the finest facilities, absolute sanitation, competent instruction and perfect safety.

Whenever you swim at these pools or beaches, you are assured of these high standards at all times. For membership can be retained only by strict observance of Association rules

Send for free booklet: *"Swim for Health and Beauty!"* by Norman Ross, former world's champion swimmer Jantzen Swimming Association, Headquarters: 693 Sandy Boulevard, Portland, Oregon.

Jantzen Swimming Association
OF AMERICA
Sponsored by
THE GRAVER CORPORATION
Engineers and Water Manufacturers
East Chicago, Indiana
ROBERTS FILTER MFG. COMPANY
Filters and Recirculating Equipment
Darby, Pennsylvania
WALLACE & TIERNAN
Chlorine Control Apparatus
Newark, N. J.
JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS
Swimming Suit Manufacturers
Portland, Oregon

"LE COUP DU SOT"

(Continued from Page 15)

"H'm. You're about twenty-six and your own man. Very well. You can do as you please, I suppose. It's a young man's privilege. Now it so happens that the finest old-time master in France is down here. Go to him, and may God walk with you. But remember, I wash my hands of the whole affair. I detest the childishness of dueling, but I love the madness of young men. You are a fool, an idiot, an imbecile and a pig-headed brat. I hope you get a neat one that puts you flat on your back for a month, so that you will have plenty of time to let your mind crawl with the thought of your idiocy." He pulled out a piece of paper and scrawled upon it:

Hyacinth Nourric
Villa Ker Maria
Somewhere near the Col des Quatre Chemine

"And if you mention this to your father I'll whip you black and blue with the flat of a saber. Tell Nourric I sent you, and go to blazes. . . . No, I won't have a drink." John Haydn Rollish stood up and smoothed the ends of his white mustache carefully. "But I'd take the pinking you'll get to be your age once more." His pale blue eyes twinkled for a moment; then he put on his hat and went into the tea lounge.

The Villa Ker Maria stands on the fourth terrace above the roadway. There is a high rubble wall around the garden, green tufted with feather moss and powdered at the top with vicious segments of broken bottles set firmly in weathered cement. There is broccoli and *fenouil* in the garden, with carnations for the perfumeries of Grasse on the upper terraces. There are chickens and an old brown hound with frayed ears who sits all day in the sunshine swishing flies with his tail and watching the cat with his lazy Provençal eyes. You climb up ancient stone steps to the house itself—a marvelous affair of green shutters and washed pink stucco painted to represent brick, with a strip under the eaves that is a masterpiece. There the painted bricks crumble away into jagged holes—gaps in which one sees fern fronds meticulously drawn and blue sky and in the center hole, directly above a painted window, complete with drawn curtains and folded back shutters, a bird in full flight. The fresco is faded, but the effect is original and quite startling, especially on rainy days or at night.

Old Hyacinth Nourric was sitting in a rush-bottomed chair, working on his automatic fishing machine in the shade of the portico. A wonderful thing, you comprehend? With it, it is not necessary to pay attention to fishing. Set it, bait the hook, and when a fish nibbles, the mechanism springs upward and hooks it. Thereafter the reel winds in and a bell rings. You wake up. *Voilà*, a fish, is it not?

The old maître listened gravely to Murty's story and nodded his understanding at intervals. His face brightened at the mention of John Rollish's name.

"A strong épéeist, you understand? Perhaps a little heavy in the wrist, but a good fellow. A type of the old days, is it not? If I could have had him when he was young I should have made a swordsman out of him—a champion."

Murty went on and told of his dilemma.

"But of course," said Nourric. "*Out—oui.*" He said it sharply on an intake of breath, and it sounded like "Way—way." Each time he said it he nodded casually, as if Murty were trying to sell him a cow or an insurance policy—nothing more. He crossed his legs presently and pulled at his shaggy black mustache, with his eyebrows wrinkled up as high as they would go. Then he stood up. "It is nothing, you understand? These Italians. It is nothing. There was Lupo many years ago. They do not have the finesse. But three days! A week maybe—a month? But no, an *affaire d'honneur*, and me, I have sickness of the stomach. H'm. Still, if I could have you longer—me—I would make a great swordsman of you, you understand? You have the build; you are young and will have the quickness, and me I am Nourric, is it not?" He thrust out his chin and glared at the old brown hound.

Murty wondered if the old fellow had been drinking.

"And then, I am an ancient military, you comprehend? Nine diplomas as a military master. Once I have seen an affair of the pistol; twelve times of the sword—twelve times. The pistol—it was *drôle*. I have seen the affair with sabres—*coup à nez—pouf—par terre—plein de sang*, is it not? But three days——" He pursed his lips and tugged ominously at his mustache. "It is a short time—but these Italians!" He turned his head quickly and spat. The dog jumped. Nourric stretched out his right hand and pantomimed a one-two and a counter six. "*La vitesse*, you understand, *pas des grands mouvements.*" He clasped his hands behind his back and took a short turn up and down the flagging. "But three days—it is not enough, and me—I have sickness of the stomach. I am here because of that. But we shall see. I remember, it must have twenty years—this affair of the pistol. One, two, bang! The one ball has passed this good fellow's ear, taking off the bottom—*pouf—par terre—plein de sang.* But the other—it has gone into this bad character's eye."

"Killed him?"

"Ah, way." Nourric jerked his head casually. "But we shall see." He stalked suddenly into the house and came out with two *épées* and two masks. "Like this," he said. "Always." He went on guard, lunged fiercely and yelled at the top of his voice—a short, sharp bark of a noise. "You understand? It is nothing."

Murty put on the mask, waved his *épée* viciously, lunged and yelled.

"Now I am your Italian," said Nourric. "*Voilà, attaquez!*" Murty flourished the blade mightily till it flashed like fire in the sunlight, beat ferociously on Nourric's and lunged with a wild howl. Nourric parried easily and riposted from habit, but stopped his point before it touched Murty. "I am difficult, you understand?" he explained confidentially. "Nobody can touch me, of course. I am Nourric. But this Italian—he is not me. He will be easy. Now, I will show you the great thing—*le coup du sot.*" He twirled and circled his blade wildly over his head and lunged. Murty imitated him, whipping his blade madly for a second and pinking it home on Nourric's wishbone with another yell.

"Good," said Nourric. "With that, you do not worry. It is invincible—*le coup du sot*—you understand?" He took off his mask. "You play chess?"

"A little," said Murty.

"Good; we will play." He reached into a drawer of his work table and set up the board. "These Italians," he muttered—"*pouf.*"

The next day and the next Murty climbed the steps to the Villa Ker Maria every morning at ten and every afternoon at two.

Enrico Saggio and Forfora, Di Refugio's man, came up separately to Ventimiglia by car, and, not daring to bring weapons with them, Forfora went on to Nice to get the blades. The Signor di Refugio put up with a friend at Mentone and Enrico went on to the Ambassadeurs in Monaco, where he telephoned Powell and Murty. They came up on the tram in separate compartments, and before daylight the next morning they were off in a closed car for the place that Enrico had picked for the affair. The car took them well inland, and when they approached the frontier a faint gray flush lay over the hills. They got out in a little wooded lane and walked across the line on foot.

"You must know," said Enrico, "that he will not dare to kill you, for such a thing would ruin him, but he will try to hurt you to get even with your brother-in-law and your sister. Eet is to be expected."

Murty nodded and shivered slightly. It was one thing to talk and think and live with this thing in sunlight and the warmth, but quite another to face it nakedly in the cold damp mists of morning. It was as silly as going home in the daylight after a costume ball, as useless and aimless as cutting one's throat. He walked up and down with Tom Powell while Enrico went out to look for the Di Refugio party. Murty stopped solemnly, and taking a flask of Martel from his pocket, he uncorked it and swallowed a dollop.

"Not too much of that, old son," said Tommy. "You want to know which way is front anyway."

"Thomas," said Murty, "you do not know the art of swordsmanship as I do. In a quarter of an hour I shall probably be stretched upon the greensward bleeding grievously, and the less I know about it at the time, the happier I will be. Hence the treatments at regular intervals—just enough each time to fill the lobe of a gnat's ear—that I have been administering to myself since I got up."

"Give me that bottle."

"No," said Murty. "It would be useless, for I have two more. You don't understand. Every ten minutes the feeling creeps into my soul that by breakfast time I will be a corpse. When it does, I wet my tongue, just enough to fill the left eye of a centipede, roll the elixir back into my throat and become once more my own man, a veritable *beau sabreur*. Thus I keep up my morale for ten more minutes, during which time I know that it will be the elegant Di Refugio Pei Poveri who falls victim of my trusty blade, not me."

"In that case," said Tommy, "give me a snort too."

"Verily, but a moiety only, until afterward."

They came presently, wrapped in belted trench coats, hands sunk in pockets and collars turned up. Forfora had the weapons in a brown canvas bag slung from his shoulder by a leather strap. He and Enrico conversed *sotto voce* for a few moments; then Forfora went over to Di Refugio and Bolliré, the other man. Hank came up to Murty.

"I do not know if I have done right, but eet is quite regular. We have endeavored a friendship—a meeting again, as you say—and I have said you are not a swordsman."

Murty, with his back turned to the other three, wiped his mouth, put his flask into his pocket and frowned. "Why did you do that?"

"Because, my friend, I act for you and eet is best. You have commissioned me."

"Oh, all right. But I don't know how you know I'm not a swordsman, when I don't even know whether I am or not myself yet."

Forfora beckoned to Hank, and the two stood apart for a moment talking. When Hank came back again he bowed slightly. "The gentleman has said that the Signor di Refugio is willing if you should withdraw the challenge." He bit his lips. Powell looked at Murty's frowning face and across at the three Italians.

"But look here. I don't know anything about all this silly code," he said, "but that looks like backing down. What about the slap in the face? He started it, didn't he?"

"That," said Hank, "is precisely what I have said. I have said the first insult is with their man and eet is to him to withdraw and apologize. But eet is my duty to tell you he won't do that."

"So it's up to me to crawl, is it?" snapped Murty. "Well, I won't; besides I'm getting cold and I'm sick of this. Let's get it over with."

"Very well." Hank bowed again and went over to Forfora. A few minutes later

(Continued on Page 112)

ADD HOURS *to your* Summer Playtime
POSITIVE AGITATION

WHAT a difference you can make in your summer cleaning! No more hot, tiring sweeping and dusting. No more days wholly spent in battling summer's dust. With The Hoover to aid you, your cleaning tasks can be shortened by hours—and your efforts lightened amazingly.

For The Hoover cleans faster—cleans more easily—cleans more thoroughly. Repeated tests demonstrate unmistakably this super-efficiency. Under actual home conditions The Hoover removes more *dirt per minute*.

Its ability to remove more *dirt per minute* is due to its remarkable cleaning principle—exclusive with products of The Hoover Company—"Positive Agitation." It adds to sweeping, which removes the lint and thread, and suction, which gathers up the surface dust, a deep-beating which flutters out the heavy low-clinging grit which other methods fail to reach. In addition it lifts and straightens the rug nap and restores the brightness of the rug colors.

Why not have a demonstration in your home of the Hoover's ability to remove more *dirt per minute?* Because d.p.m. represents the real gauge of electric cleaning capacity, you should have this test before buying *any* electric cleaner. Telephone your *Authorized Hoover Dealer*.

Cash prices: Model 700 Hoover, $75. Model 543, $59.50. Dusting tools, $12.50. Floor Polisher, $7.50. Easy payments if desired. Only $6.25 down. Hoover dealers will make you an allowance on your old machine.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO
The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

The HOOVER
It BEATS ··· as it Sweeps as it Cleans

Nothing too good for the Home You Live In

CHAMBERLIN WEATHER STRIPS

"How well they bar the storms of Dust and Sand"

NOT only in winter but also in summer the protection that Chamberlin Weather Strips provide is out of all proportion to what you pay for them. When compared to the cost of your home they are the smallest kind of an investment. But it is questionable if any money you spend for home equipment goes for a more vital purpose or one where the best and only the best can meet your needs. ¶ Windows and doors are admittedly the weak spots in any building. To permit them to open and close the builder must leave around each a clearance crack equivalent to a hole the size of a brick. Since there is no other practical way of sealing this crack, Chamberlin weather stripping becomes a sheer necessity and for a possible small difference in price you can't afford to be without the protection and service which Chamberlin guarantees to give. ¶ Chamberlin Weather Strips serve a purpose throughout the year. You need them to keep out dust, soot, sand and rain as well as to bar out draughts, to keep your home evenly heated, and to save fuel in winter. There is no more convenient time to have Chamberlin Weather Strips installed *than right now.*

CHAMBERLIN METAL WEATHER STRIP CO., INC.
West Lafayette Boulevard, Detroit, Michigan

Over 100 Sales-Installation Branches throughout the United States

CHAMBERLIN WEATHER STRIPS
SINCE 1893 · THE STANDARD

Genuine Chamberlin installations carry the Chamberlin name or trade-mark—Reg. U. S. Pat. Office.

Manufacturers and Installers also of Steel Casement Weather Strips—Roll Screens—Automatic Interior Door Bottoms—Interlocking Brass Thresholds—Window and Door Calking—Window Vents and Brass Kick Plates.

Chamberlin Metal Weather Strip Co.
West Lafayette Boulevard — Detroit, Mich.

Give me some idea how much it will cost me to Chamberlin Weather Strip my home, _____ windows _____ doors.
Send me some Chamberlin literature, too

Name _____

Address _____

(Continued from Page 110)

Bollire drew out the two swords. Di Refugio threw off his coat and handed it to Forfora; then he stripped down to his shirt and opened it at the throat. Murty, watching him, took a final dollop and did the same, and presently the two were facing each other across eight feet of dew-drenched grass, with Saggio and Forfora flanking them.

"You will," said Forfora, "engage and fight until blood is drawn, when the affair will be considered finished."

Hank translated it into English for Murty.

"You will," continued Forfora, "in the case of intervention by the police or authorities, remain standing where you are, as it has been considered the best thing to do. And now, if the Signor di Refugio Pei Poveri will not"—he glanced to his left, but the Italian shook his head—"or the Signor Williams will not withdraw the challenge?"

Enrico bowed across and said, "No, *signor.*"

Forfora raised the two points with his fingers until they touched. Then holding his hand up, he stepped back a pace and a half and dropped it sharply.

"Engage!"

There was a moment's pause; then Murty, letting out a bloodcurdling yell, whipped his blade viciously over his head and down in a flashing circle, and as Di Refugio stepped backward in amazement, sprang forward wildly and lunged. The point tore through the fleshy part of Di Refugio's shoulder and came out behind. He gasped, dropped his own blade and slapped a hand to the wound. Murty looked at his sword for a moment, shrugged and handed it delicately to Hank. Hank's mouth was open and his eyes were blinking rapidly in astonishment. Murty dusted his hands, took his coat from Tom Powell, who stood by speechless with amazement, and shrugged into it.

"I'm hungry as hell," he said. "Let's go somewhere and eat."

There was an awkward pause, filled with Di Refugio's verbal indignation. Never had there been such an outrageous thing. He talked thirteen to the dozen and waved his arms like a man possessed. Meanwhile Bollire and Forfora tried to tie their handkerchiefs around his shoulder. Hank spoke to Forfora for a moment; then he came over to Tom and Murty. Tom was laughing silently, with his hand to his mouth and his back turned.

Murty, smoking a cigarette, was saying, "*Vous voulez*—I am an ancient military, is it not? Nine diplomas as a *maitre d'escrime* and I stoppeth one of three. Is it all over, Hank?"

Hank's grin trembled from ear to ear.

"The honor," he said, "is satisfied. But who cares? What about eet? What does eet matter? Gosh, beeg boy, how I am hungry!"

Three days later John Haydn Rollish and Hyacinth Nourric were sitting before an iron-topped table with a red-and-yellow-striped awning shading them from the heat of the sun.

"There was Lupo," said Nourric, "and there was I. The people like me and they cheer. Lupo they do not like because he is Italian and I am French. We engage. I lunge. Lupo parries and ripostes, but I am quicker. Lupo lunges—*pouf*—his pantaloons split in the back. The people laugh ——"

"Yes. I know all about that," said Rollish, "but what I'd like to know is how this young friend of mine ——"

"You understand?" smiled Nourric. "These Italians—*pouf!*" He spread his hands.

"No, I don't understand," Rollish persisted. "Some of the finest *escrimeurs* in the world are Italians and this Di Refugio is one of the best amateurs in Rome. Now what about it?"

Nourric leaned back and tugged at his straggly mustache.

"You understand, I am old and I have sickness of the stomach, but I am a great master. Nine diplomas as a military *maitre d'escrime* and seventy-two times ——"

"I know you are an old fool."

Nourric grinned. "*Non, mon cher ami;* old, but not a fool. Your friend has come to me and said, 'I must fight a duel in three days with an excellent swordsman.' Now a little swordsmanship is worse than no swordsmanship when it is matched with good swordsmanship, is it not? If I know just enough to know what my opponent is doing, but not enough to stop him and do it myself, I am in a bad way?"

"Naturally."

"So I have taught your friend *le coup du sol* and he has win."

John Rollish stared. "You taught him what?"

"*Le coup du sol.* It is a trick I have invented, you understand? Me—Nourric. It is invincible with luck. Nobody knows it but me. It is so clever only I could know it—nine diplomas as a military *maitre* ——"

"But look here—*le coup du sol*—the fool's cut? What the devil is it?"

Nourric folded his arms majestically and his eyes twinkled.

"You are an épéeist; you will appreciate. I will tell you. What I have taught your friend is to yell. What I have taught him is to wave his sword wildly like a tricolor and jump quickly from the beginning and stab—*pouf.* What I have taught him is the fool's cut. He is so quick from the start that this Italian is amazed and does not know. Never in his life has he seen a swordsman so wild and foolish, so he jumps back astonished and—*pouf*—he is touched. *Voilà*, the fool's cut. What I have taught your friend is nothing! What he has is good luck. These Italians—*pouf.*"

John Rollish stared in amazement; then he laid a hand on the old fellow's shoulder.

"Nourric, you are the cleverest master in France."

"Me?" Nourric shrugged. "I am Nourric, you comprehend?"

"I do," said Rollish. "You couldn't have done better than to teach him nothing."

Murty Williams came around the corner suddenly.

"*Eh bien?*" Nourric stretched out his hand. Murty, all grins, came over and sat down.

"Return of the faithful, sir," he said. "Letter from Margaret this morning. I'm the talk of Rome, it seems. Positive old hero, me. Formal letter from the bro'-in-law and a lot of other silly rot. Whole column in the paper. Seems it's a great thing."

"Of you," said Nourric, "I will make a great swordsman. You are young and quick. I am old, but I am Nourric. You will come to Paris with me and start at once. In one year—two—you will be champion, with your length of arm and quickness. I will make of you a terrible, a grand épéeist. You will gain many prizes. You ——"

"Not a chance," grinned Murty.

"But why? Everything is in your favor. You will be terrible, invincible."

"No." Murty shook his head. "Never again."

"But it is nonsense. *L'escrime* it is noble—a proud sport—and you I will teach carefully from the very start. I will teach you all I know. You are supple. You are young"

"Nope," said Murty. "Rather know nothing."

"But why?" Nourric spread his hands in astonishment. "But why?"

"Well, it's this way: I'm going back to Rome in the morning. Can't tell; might have to fight another duel sometime. In case I do, rather just stick to the *sol's* cut. It's safer in the long run—much safer. And now, a champagne *d'honneur?*"

"Me," said Nourric, "I have sickness of the stomach, you understand, but yes. Nine diplomas as a military *maitre d'escrime*—what is a little sickness of the stomach? Me—I am Nourric, is it not?"

How An Old Prejudice Gave Way to a New Idea in Garden Planning

Home and estate owners rarely have planned a garden without some thought of fence protection. But many times their choice of fencing has been based on personal preference for one type or another, rather than the ultimate purpose of invisible protection for a matured landscape planting.

Today a new conception influences landscape architects and is finding expression everywhere, in gardens large and small. Fence is selected for maximum protection during the tender youth of gardens, and minimum visibility later when they mature.

Cyclone Chain Link Fence closely meets these requirements. It is impregnably strong to give adequate protection. Plants and shrubs grow up around it undisturbed by outside influences — then it merges with the background thus created and becomes an integral part of a beautiful garden. Privacy is obtained and at the same time beauty is unobscured.

Cyclone representatives are ready to give you the benefits of their broad experience in working with architects and owners, in the application of Cyclone Fence from this new viewpoint, with fence as the basis of garden planning. Do not hesitate even if your garden is small.

The Cyclone Fence Company maintains a nation-wide chain of warehouses, with factory-trained erection crews, to insure prompt service on installations of any size. Fencing for residences, estates, schools, playgrounds, factories, property of all kinds. Address nearest offices.

The Mark of Dependable

Cyclone Fence

© C. F. Co. 1928

CYCLONE FENCE COMPANY — *Main Offices:* WAUKEGAN, ILL.

Send 25 cents for "Beauty in Gardens," a beautiful collection of typical gardens by noted designers, with text by Roger B. Whitman and other well known authorities on garden planning. Thousands of copies have been sold. You will be surprised and delighted

CYCLONE FENCE COMPANY
Waukegan, Illinois

Enclosed is 25 cents for my copy of "Beauty in Gardens."

Name

Address

WHEREVER you go you hear the same opinion from fellow tourists:

"U. S. Royal Cords are better today than ever before."

Royal Cords give you everything: High Mileage, Tough Tread, Comfort, Safety, Acceleration, Easy Steering, Road Grip, Fine Appearance.

Ride on Royal Cords. Specify Royals. Always replace with Royals.

United States Tires are Good Tires

LADY MOUNTAIN
Zion National Park, Utah

Of all the majesty the world can offer you ... what more satisfying than the mountains of our own Great West! Your car will take you there - in comfort on

U.S. ROYAL CORDS

NO BETTER TIRES MADE TODAY

UNITED STATES RUBBER CO

SWAG

(Continued from Page 4)

baker shop, Crab and me went back to the same little park.

Maybe the reason I think of school is because of the little ring my mother gave me when I got through the ninth grade. Crab saw the ring the next morning, and that started plenty. The night had grown chilly, even if it was summer, and our clothes were like sponges filled with cold dew. Inside I felt kind of rusted by ice water. I was stiff as a formal rehearsal like Crab pulls off now. But Crab saw the ring and his eyes popped wide open.

"We can get chow if you'll loosen up on that ring," he said. "Ain't you game to loan it to uncle?"

"Whose uncle?" I remember cracking. I was an awful boob in them days. Not so much now, but then I was a sap sure enough. Crab laughed again, and it was like the sun coming up and shining its warmth through our damp clothes.

"Uncle Isaac," he said. "He's the best-known uncle in the world. He gives all his relatives money. All they have to do is leave jewelry with him an' pay heavy interest. How much is that ring worth?"

"I dunno. My mother gave it to me when I got through the highest grade in public school. That was only a few months ago. The ring's as good as new."

Crab caught my hand in his and raised it up where he could look it over very carefully. He cocked his head on one side, reached up with one hand and twisted his ear to spit again, then asked, "It's real gold, ain't it?"

"Sure," I said, "it's real gold all right. It's marked right inside: 'Fourteen carat.' The red stone is a ruby doublet—that means a very thin ruby pasted on a very thick somethin' else. That is what Kruger the jeweler told me after I got the ring. Kruger owns the jewelry store down near the post office back home."

"Uncle will know," Crab said. "Mebbe we could get some money on this. Shall we try?"

"Sure. I hate to let the ring go, but breakfast ——"

"We can't eat ruby doublets, that's a sure shot," Crab answered. "Us fer Uncle Isaac an' some hefty chow!"

At the thought of food he went into his crab walk again, and we laughed and walked off toward the center of the city—that is, we walked to what we called the center of the city.

The place we found was really the back end of the center of the city, if you know what I mean. In big cities it often happens that the best street in town is only a block away from one of the worst. Big cities are like big apartment houses. The front is gold and the back dingy fire escapes, tangled clotheslines and rubbish piles. The two are only a hundred feet apart. I know this, because Crab lives in a swell joint now and I have looked out his back window.

Crab seemed to know where to go. He found a place that was not open yet, but he said it soon would be and we could hang around there and get breakfast money for my ring. While we waited, men were hurrying along the street on their way to work. Trolley cars were clanging past. Even that early in the morning the section was pretty noisy. Women stood on the iron steps leading up to tenement houses too. They brushed their hair back with big red hands and it seemed to me that they talked an awful lot. I guess women do.

Our bum clothes did not attract much attention there. All the men running to the trolley cars carried tin dinner pails, and they wore thick shoes that were stained and showed signs of being worked in.

Right near the place where Crab said we would get the money there was a little stand. We saw a foreigner come there and unlock blinds that closed the place in. It was not more than ten feet long and three or four feet deep; but while we watched him, he spread out shelves for counters and dragged out more junk than I thought the place could hold.

When he had got ready to open up and do business, the little stand looked like a Christmas tree. It was all tacked up with bright-colored signs and hung with everything from spinach, that the foreigner held under a faucet to freshen, right down to long strings of white-and-yellow-looking things that looked like funny onions, but were really garlic.

Then along came a man and stopped in front of the door to the place where we were going to get breakfast money. I slipped my ring off to be ready, and it kind of gave me a pang to do it. But I never let Crab see that.

All my life I will remember the man who came to open that dingy door. I have good reason. So have the police and lots of people who were robbed. But I will come to that part later.

He was an old man—how old nobody could ever tell by his looks. He was shrunk up in the body, and in the face too. His shoulders seemed like they had grown up the back of his neck, and his head stuck out of them just like a young tree that has shot up under a wall and been pushed aside. He had a beard that covered most of his face. I guess he never gave it any care. It was blackish-gray in color and the hair was coarse and wiry. His nose was the biggest I ever saw. It stuck straight out and, because of the way his neck grew, seemed always to be pointing at the ground.

His clothes were old and black, and they shone like bright sunshine on a calm lake. His coat was long -a Prince Albert, I guess they call them. With his hunched-up shoulders and his tipped head, his body rested in a way that made the coat stick out behind his knees.

"That's Uncle Isaac," Crab grinned. "You better let me handle this deal, huh?"

"Take the ring," I said. I handed it over, and Crab twisted his ear and spit and pretended to be doing some heavy thinking.

"We'll give him a chance to get the joint opened," he said at last. Then we turned away and walked slow up to the corner. I stood there watching the foreigner with his funny store and his swaying garlic strings; the women standing on the rickety and dirty steps talking across the street to one another, telling how hard it was to get their husbands up and away to work.

Trucks began banging over the cobbles of the street. A policeman sauntered along and looked at us, then stopped to talk with the foreigner. A yellow dog, dirty as the spinach the foreigner held under the faucet, dodged around the corner and sniffed at my legs. Then he ran along the sidewalk toward the stand and I told Crab to look at him.

"You can get ideas there," I told Crab. "That dog ain't learned to keep his tail behind him. He runs like he was bent in the middle."

"He ain't so good," Crab grinned. "Watch this!" Then he twisted up his knees and stuck his hips out some way and pretended that his hat kept falling off. Hungry as I was, I had to laugh right out loud. I watched Crab there until I heard a sharp yelp and looked toward the stand.

The little yellow dog was legging it down the street hell bent. It had stopped and sniffed around the food at the stand and the cop had kicked it halfway into the street. I saw that the cop was looking at Crab and laughing.

I always had lived in a small town. The city is a lot different from the country. In the country little dogs don't get kicked.

Crab had a cigarette left, and he lit that and we walked back toward the pawnbroker's shop. On the way the cop stopped us and laughed at Crab.

"Who the devil are you?" he asked. "I never seen you around here before."

"I'm Crab Daniels," Crab told him. "I'm goin' to be an actor."

"Damned if you ain't got a good chance, at that," the cop grinned. Then he turned back to his talk with the foreigner and we went on. I kind of held my breath when we went in the door of the pawnshop. It had that kind of a look about it. And there was a smell too—a smell I never can forget. Not anything I can describe—just a sort of smell that was different from any other smell on earth. It seemed to come from the dust of the shadowy rear room of the place, to creep out into the air from the holes in brass cornets that hung on a wire back of the window, from shelves that held a million different kind of things. I never saw such a place in my life. There was everything in there from the cornets to dice and fireplace tools and very, very cheap and yellow jewelry.

The old man was behind a glass case that was so scratched the things inside it looked like they were under a smoke screen. I thought the place and everything in it must be hundreds of years old. I guess if anybody ever wanted to buy anything there they would have to bring their own vacuum cleaner.

Crab went up to the old man. I saw that the queer old bird had put on a black skullcap that fitted down among the wrinkles on his forehead. It made him look a lot like a wary old crow in a sunbonnet. While the old man looked Crab over, my buddy was fishing in his pocket for the little ring. When he brought it out he tossed it on the glass case and it rang loud. I got another pang. My mother would hate this business.

"How much, uncle?" Crab asked in a way I thought kind of fresh. Even if this guy was a sort of queer one, he was old. In the smaller towns where I was used to living, old people get respect from kids like Crab and me. But he did not seem to notice.

There was a small and very dirty gilded cage that stood at the end of the glass counter. It was a cashier's cage like you see in restaurants, except that it was old and bent and dirty and some of the little spikes along the top were missing. The old man took the ring and went down behind that cage. We followed him.

Back there he rummaged among some dusty papers and found a pair of gold-rimmed glasses. The lenses were very thick and small and the ear bows were kind of green. When he put them on I saw that his hands were brown and gritty-looking and the skin was as scaly as an alligator's. The glasses hooked over his big nose and hung there crooked. The nose was bigger than the arch of the glasses. I almost laughed out loud. I wondered if he was looking through the glasses at all.

Finally he held the ring up under a little lamp and snapped the light on. Underneath, his finger nails were black as ink. The smell of the place had begun to make me hungrier than ever and I hoped he would loan us plenty on the little ring.

"Where'd yuh git this?" he asked after a minute. His voice was like the rasp of a split board when you thump it against the ground. Besides hearing it I felt it.

"My mother," Crab lied quickly.

"It's only worth a bit," the old man sneered.

"We only need a bit," Crab answered. "How much'll you lend us?"

The old man looked at the ring again, and then he seemed to cock his ear like he was listening for something to come from that dark back room. I listened, too, and I did not hear anything.

After a minute the old guy said: "Yuh sure your mother give you this ring? I have to report all loans to the police, young feller. If this is stole, they'll git yuh fer it."

"My mother give it to me," Crab said. "How much?"

"Mebbe fifty cents," the old man grunted. Then he dropped the ring on a

(Continued on Page 117

80 Million Gillettes
4 Billion Blades

Gillette

"American" Pulleys helped make them

Shaving faces and shaving costs.

The fine quality and low price of Gillette products are a tribute to modern manufacturing methods—to a painstaking attention to every detail of plant equipment making for more efficient and economical operation.

"American" Steel Split Pulleys have long been a part of Gillette's plant equipment.

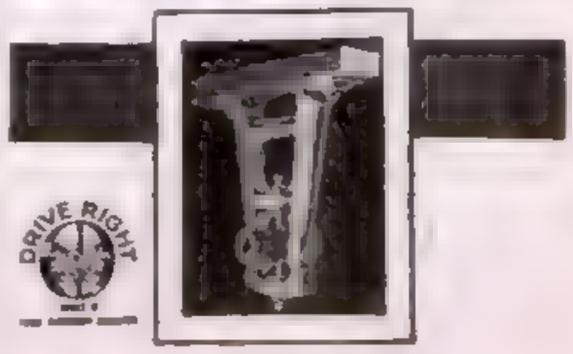
In fact, a list of the plants in which nearly seven million "American" Pulleys are contributing valuable power, time and labor savings would read like a "who's who" of world industry.

Do you know the "American" features that are responsible?

Let us tell you.

The American Pulley Company
PRESSED STEEL
PULLEYS HANGERS HAND TRUCKS
MISCELLANEOUS STAMPINGS
4200 Wissahickon Ave. Philadelphia, Pa.
For nearest distributor, see MacRae's Blue Book

AMERICAN
PRESSED STEEL HANGERS | STEEL SPLIT PULLEYS
PATENTED PATENTED



ELGIN PARISIENNE WATCH $35

MADE BY ELGIN

STYLED BY AGNÈS, PREMET, JENNY

GREAT COUTURIERS OF THE RUE DE LA PAIX

© Elgin, 1928

(Prices slightly higher in Canada)

Entrez les Parisiennes . . . brilliantly modern, radiantly smart, vividly, unmistakably French.

For ELGIN turned to Paris for designs in *l'art moderne* . . . and now the miraculously precise, time-truthful ELGIN movements are exquisitely sheathed in *chic*.

So today your ELGIN PARISIENNE begs prettily (in a most intriguing French accent) for a place upon your wrist . . . to point the time to you and your timeliness to everyone.

And begs to join your hat and your handbag, frock and flower, shoes and shingle, in composing the perfect *ensemble*. The PARISIENNE is the final French and fashionable touch that emphasizes your entire smartness as an exclamation point accents a sentence.

Made by ELGIN...dressed by the Rue de la Paix!

Presented at a price born of ELGIN'S great efficiency, great volume and rich experience.

MADAME AGNÈS

The Madame Agnès . . . Moderniste Extraordinaire . . . artiste . . . a leader in brilliant Parisian circles . . . and the designer of this exquisite ELGIN. The case is fashioned with enamel . . . and originality. Jade, black, or ruby enamel, but the originality scoffs at mere description. $35

MADAME CHARLOTTE

Directrice of the House of Premet

The Premet . . . "Costume by Premet" has ever been the hall mark of distinction in the smartest places of the world. "Watch by Premet". . . what *chic*, what charm is conjured in the phrase, and borne out in this lovely oblong of jade, black, or ruby enamel $35

MADAME JENNY

The Madame Jenny . . . This notable member of the Haute Couture has gone straight to the heart of modern art, captured a lovely motif, and placed it upon your wrist. Brilliant as one of her famous frocks . . . and just as exclusive. In jade, black, or ruby enamel $35

(Continued from Page 115)

little board that stuck through the cage, and there it wabbled in grooves a million hands must have worn. It was a cinch to see that he would rather keep his fifty cents than loan it. I looked at Crab.

"It's real gold," Crab said. "I want a dollar."

The old man was listening again, his queer head tipped sideways. I listened too. Then Crab listened, and we all three just stood there without speaking or moving. I did not hear anything.

"Fifty cents," the old man said at long last. "Fifty cents—mebbe seventy-five, but that's all. Cheap ring."

"Gimme seventy-five," Crab snapped up the offer. "We gotta eat."

Just as soon as he said that the old man picked up the ring and laid it back of him on a ledge. Then he opened a big book and dipped a scratchy pen in a dusty inkwell and wrote in the book. Once, while he was doing that, he listened again, the pen held trembling in his dirty fingers.

Then he examined the ring once more. After that he finished writing and tore a pawn ticket out of the book and pushed it, with a fifty-cent piece and a quarter, toward Crab. Just as Crab reached for the money there came a crash from the back room. That was a spooky place for me, and when that crash came I yipped. It was so quiet, then so noisy, and all done so quick. The way that old bird had kept listening, too, showed he expected something.

Quick as scat he grabbed the money back behind the cage and snatched off his glasses. Then he swore terrible and told us to wait a minute. He ran along back of the counter, and at the rear end of it raised a flat gate and dodged out of sight. We could hear him rummaging around back there and then we heard a door creak as it opened.

I looked at Crab and Crab looked at me, then at the seventy-five cents inside the cage. It would have taken a whole lot right then to drive us away from that breakfast money. I think we were both scared a little, but we stuck it out.

Finally I heard the rasping voice of the old man swearing at somebody else. It seemed like the voices came from some place quite far off—the cellar maybe. A kind of hot argument was going on. Crab and me listened, but I caught only a few sentences when anger pitched men's voices.

Once the old bird said: "I've told yuh before. When yuh come here like this, come quiet. Next time I'll give yuh somethin' tuh think about!"

"What'll you do?" another man asked. "You dirty old counter rat, what'll you do? Say much more an' I'll knock you flat! To hear you talk you'd think the whole joint was yours!"

"I'll tell Bill, that's what I'll do!" the old man burred. "You know what he'll do!"

After that the talk stopped, or dropped so low that we could not hear it. Crab and me stood there waiting, and I kept thinking about the whole works. It all seemed strange and queer, and over that shop hung a bad kind of feeling. I was scared.

Finally the old bird hobbled back. When he saw us, it seemed to remind him that we were still there, and he came back to the cage again and stood there and went through all the same old business while he checked up the ring, the ticket, and finally started again to hand us the money.

"You boys is pretty young," he said, his dirty old claw clinking the coins together and his beady eyes looking us over very close. "Where does your mother live?"

"What's that got to do with this business?" Crab asked.

"Might have a lot!" the old man snapped. But he gave us the money and we started for the door. Just as we got near it he called to us, "You two want tuh earn a mite of money?"

I stopped short. I had been looking for a job for three weeks and just the idea that I might get one and support myself sounded mighty good. But I guess Crab was kind of artistic.

"I'm goin' to be an actor," he said.

"I want a job, mister," I told the old guy. "I sure do. What kind of work have you got for me?"

Crab did not interfere with me, and the old man walked toward us, though he stayed behind the counter.

"I got work," he said. "Not too easy an' not too hard. But it's gotta be steady done an' no monkeyshines."

"I'll try it," I said. "Honest, I need a job bad."

"I'm goin' to be an actor. I don't want no job," Crab said.

"You go git your breakfast, boy," the old guy said to me, "an' then come back here. Mebbe I kin help you along."

"Sure," I agreed, "I'll be back in half an hour."

Then Crab and me went out, and when we were at a little joint that smelled like grease and looked like free lunch on the piers, Crab said to me:

"That old guy is a queer one. I did not like his place much."

"Me neither, but I gotta work. I'd like to eat reg'lar, Crab, and get a place to sleep in every night."

"I'd hate to sleep in that guy's place," he grunted.

"So would I, but ——"

"He can't be much," Crab went along. "I heard him say he was goin' to tell a guy named Bill if them other fellers kept on makin' noises when they came around. Bill must be the boss of the joint."

"I wonder why he kicks on noise?" I asked.

"I think he's a crook, that's what I think," Crab said, and for once his face was all serious and thoughtful. "From the looks of that dump, anything could happen in it."

After that we did not say much more. We had some hot coffee and some big curled rolls with sugar on them and drank a lot of water.

When we were outside, Crab said, "Are you goin' back to that dump?"

"Yes; I want a job. Anything to start on, Crab," I told him.

"I think that's a crooked place," Crab answered.

"Even if it is," I said, "I'm goin' back there an' try to earn me some money."

Crab thought that over for a long time, then he dug in his pocket and got the change from the seventy-five cents and divided with me. He acted just like each of us had owned half the ring, and it all seemed right to me.

"I wouldn't go there," he muttered kind of half to himself. "Actors is in the public eye. They has to be careful."

I took the money and started off for the little shop. Crab caught my arm and said: "Listen here, you'll be back in the little park tonight, huh? I'll keep this money an' we'll meet there about six o'clock an' pack in some eats together."

"Sure," I told him. "You bet, six o'clock."

As I walked back to the shop I was glad that me and Crab were not going to separate.

The old guy met me and told me that he ran a little wagon picking up junk around the piers and warehouses, and he needed a boy to help the driver with that work. He said he would pay me eight dollars a week to do that and give me a room over the shop for nothing.

I took the job, because it looked like about what I needed until I could get a little money ahead. Anyway, it gave me food and a place to sleep, and right then that was a lot.

When I said I would go to work right away, the scaly old bird led me back of the partition and into that rear room. What a clutter! Everything on earth was there and all of it was dusty and thrown helter-skelter about the place.

We went through there and came to an alley at the rear of the store. There stood a wagon with a tired-looking horse hitched to it. The poor old nag was standing with his head and ears down and his front knees bent. On the side of the wagon there was a

We Tried 129 Times

Then came the formula for this amazing shaving cream, the fastest selling in America. Try it 10 days at our expense before you buy

Gentlemen: When we announced our new shaving cream to the world, thousands of men instantly bought and tried it on our reputation.

Since then, hundreds of thousands have made our free test and proved the claims we make for it, on their own faces—in their own bathrooms. And this is the greatest practical laboratory in the world.

Yet few who know the morning delight Palmolive Shaving Cream brings, know the story that stands behind this remarkable success. In asking that you, too, try this outstanding product, we want you to know how it came to be. Mail the coupon for a free test at our expense.

We first asked 1000 men

They told us where present-day shaving preparations failed. They told us the four things they had sought in one. Then we set to work to give them these things in a new preparation.

Our great laboratory, for 65 years a world leader in soap making, went at the difficult problem offered them. Time and again—129 in all—they made a shaving cream that excelled in many respects, yet failed in one.

Then came success—and an added feature that has delighted all users. Now when a man sends the coupon for his trial offer, we know the chances are that he will *continue* using Palmolive Shaving Cream. For most men, we find, never return to former shaving methods.

These 5 important features

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Now mail the coupon

We take the risk—not you. We undertake to please you . . . to win you in ten shaves. Will you give us the opportunity to prove our case? The coupon is for your convenience—to prevent your forgetting. Won't you use it, please?

Palmolive Radio Hour

Broadcast every Friday night—from 10 to 11 p. m., eastern standard time; 9 to 10 p. m., central standard time over station WEAF and 31 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company

3975

35c

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man. Please let us prove them to you. Mail the coupon.

10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1549, Palmolive, 3702 Iron St., Chicago, Ill. Residents of Wisconsin should address Palmolive, Milwaukee, Wis

(Please print your name and address)

A Dependable Watch for $1.50

A Dependable Clock for $1.50

The Ingersoll Watch at $1.50, the famous Yankee, is in a class by itself—the most popular watch in the world

Dependability, sturdiness, good looks, the guarantee and the service department back of it put it there.

And so when the Ingersoll Watch Company goes into the alarm clock business, you'd expect them to do the same thing in the clock field that they have already done in the watch industry:

—*make a timepiece that is strikingly good-looking, really dependable, able to stand the gaff of everyday use;*

—*guarantee it;*

—*put back of it a service department where repairs, if needed, are made promptly and at nominal cost;*

—*and sell it at $1.50*

That, of course, is exactly what Ingersoll has done in the Ingersoll TYPE-T Alarm Clock. You will find it at stores everywhere—along with Ingersoll Watches and the other Ingersoll Alarm Clocks priced up to $4.50.

INGERSOLL WATCH CO., Inc.
New York · Chicago · San Francisco
Service Department, Waterbury, Conn.

Ingersoll

little tin license nailed, and it was for dealing in junk, and was numbered.

The old man pointed at this outfit and then turned back into the store and called through a hatch that must have led to the cellar.

"Red!" he rasped through his greasy beard. "Oh, Red, I got yuh a helper!"

I heard a grunt and somebody coming up wooden stairs. Then a big brawny man walked out into the street and stood there looking me over and sneering a little as he did it. He had the biggest shoulders I ever saw and his hair was kind of a reddish color. He needed a shave and the bristles on his chin matched the red hair that covered his arms. He looked pretty tough, standing there without a coat on and his shirt sleeves rolled up and three or four bent and dirty papers sticking out of his vest pocket.

"He's kind of a dumb-lookin' kid," he mumbled so that I could hear him, "but I'll try him out. Bill seen him?"

"Bill don't have tuh see him!" the old guy snarled. "Yuh been hollerin' fer a helper—there he is!"

"You're goin' to git your dirty mug bashed in some day," the red-haired man said. "Honest, you're just coaxin' fer it an' it's sure to come. I won't be sorry, either."

Then he took out the dirty papers from his vest and wet his thumb and ran over them. I watched him. He selected a paper, then waved his big hand and told me to climb onto the wagon. I did, and he followed me and caught up the lines and spoke to the crow-bait horse. The wagon creaked, lurched ahead and we bumped over the cobbles. His big arm with the red hair kept crowding me over.

"We're goin' fer a load of junk," he said.

"Yes, sir."

"That old guy is a panic," he went on, jerking his head backward to indicate the pawnbroker. I did not answer. "He ain't got a friend on earth, that guy," the big man said.

In about two hours I began to believe that the driver knew what he was talking about, because in that time we had loaded up our wagon at different places and returned to the pawnshop. We drove into the alley and pulled up behind the place.

As we did so two or three men stepped out and looked us over, and finally one of them said, "Come inside, Red. We gotta have a talk." Just the way he spoke, I was afraid of him. He talked like a cop and he looked mad. All of a sudden he looked at me and asked, "Who're you, kid?"

"I—I—I work here," I said, like a fool. "I'm his helper."

"Good! We'll have a talk with you too."

"What's the big idea?" the driver asked, but his voice was not quite so rough as it had been when he spoke to me.

"Big enough!" the other man answered sharply. "Plenty big! Somebody has bumped off the old geezer that runs this joint."

"Bumped him off!" Red gasped.

"Notwithstandin' an' none the less!" the cop sneered back at him. "Come on, git movin'; we don't want a crowd around here."

We were pushed inside the dirty and cluttered little back room, and I looked at the driver and asked, "What does he mean—bumped off?"

"Killed, you jackass!" Red hissed at me. "Somebody has killed the old fool! Just like I said they would, too! An' if you open your bloody mouth to these dicks, you'll be stretched out with him!"

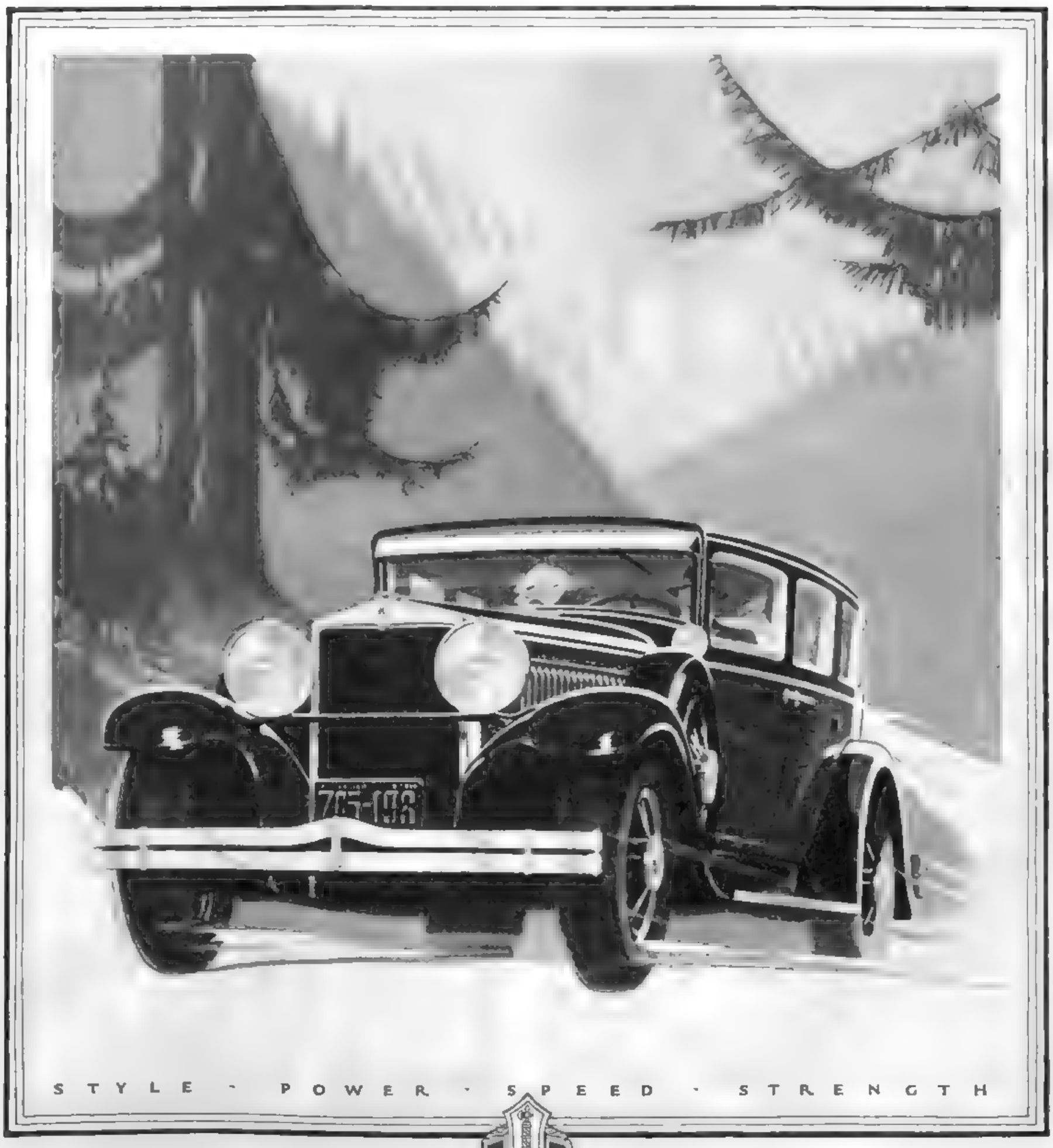
I was scared to death—could not have talked if I wanted to. But it just about finished me when that hard cop came up to Red and shouldered him around a bit and asked:

"Who done it? Kick in, Red. What do you know—you an' this kid? What do you know about that?"

As he spoke he waved his hand toward some packing cases at the side of the room, and there I saw, sprawled like I never want to see anything else sprawled, all that was left of the old pawnbroker. I knew at a glance that he was dead, and at a second glance I saw enough of his old skullcap to know that he had been murdered—and just how it had been done.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Monterey Peninsula's Coast Line, as Seen From a Home in Pebble Beach, Not Far From Carmel, California



PERFORMANCE as new and captivating as the beauty of the Six of the Century quickly tells the buyer how wisely he has chosen. He may have bought mainly for the vivid style which this Six brought to motordom, as thousands are actually doing. But, in any case, he soon learns that its performance is not only up to Hupmobile's famous older standards, but far ahead of them. The marvelous smoothness and power of Hupmobile's perfected high compression, the faster getaway and acceleration, the superior quickness and certainty of the new braking system, the free steering and handling ease—all go to make up a new kind of motoring. Even one short demonstration will convince you of the future satisfaction which is packed away beneath the fascinating exterior of the Six of the Century. ¶Twenty-four body and equipment combinations, standard and custom, $1345 to $1625 f. o. b. Detroit.

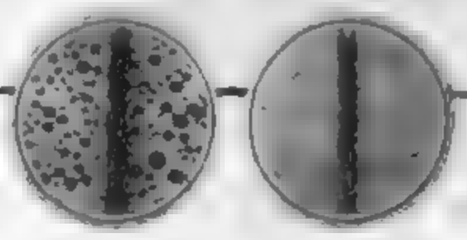
HUPMOBILE
The SIX
of the Century

GONE ...*all* Razor Pull *and* Discomfort

When Beards are Softened Small-Bubble Way

Millions wanted these new shaving results

A faster, smoother shave . . . that's what this offers you. A quick, easy way to get your whiskers off. Without razor-pull, sting or smart. There's a difference in this shaving cream, men, that you can prove by test. See coupon below.



ORDINARY LATHER

Photomicrograph of lather of an ordinary shaving cream surrounding single hair. Large dark spots are air—white areas are water. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard.

COLGATE LATHER

Photomicrograph prepared under identical conditions shows the closely knit texture of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream lather. Note how the small bubbles hold water instead of air close against the beard.

GOOD news is printed here, for every man who shaves himself.

It's the story of a scientific shaving discovery . . . a startling new principle in beard-softening.

The results will surprise you . . . shaving has been made delightfully comfortable. Just think . . . no more razor-pull. No more sting or smart. You get a quick, smooth shave . . . every time. Without discomfort or drudgery.

These are results which a test will clearly prove. Don't fail to clip the coupon if you seek an improvement in modern shaving methods.

Already, it has shown over one million men a new, quick way to shave.

New-type lather . . . that's the reason

No other shaving cream is like Colgate's. No other type of lather can offer you such unique results.

It is, we believe, the ultimate attainment in the science of beard-softening. A shaving cream based on the now proven principle that water, and not soap, is the real softener of your beard.

Thus Colgate lather is designed to absorb more water . . . to scientifically drench your beard with moisture right at the whisker base, where the razor work is done.

It's a "small-bubble" lather. For small bubbles hold more water. They carry it closer to the base of your beard.

A glance at the photographs in the circles proves this better than words.

Good-by, Razor-pull

That's the principle. Now here's what it does for you:

The minute you lather up with Colgate's, two important things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair . . . floats it quickly away.

2. Then billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water. Instantly your beard gets moist and pliable . . . limp and lifeless . . . scientifically softened right down at the base.

Thus your whiskers come off clean and smooth. You've never had a shave like this before. You've never known such comfort in all your shaving days.

Here's a shave with a smile. Just try this new small-bubble lather—you'll see the difference

My, but that's smooth! Your wife will notice the difference the very first time you try it

Where shall we send your free seven-day tube?

Now that we've told you the Colgate "Small-Bubble" story, we urge you to make a test. Let us send you a free tube today. As an extra dividend you'll get a trial bottle of Colgate's "After Shave" . . a new lotion that's making friends every day.

Mail the coupon now. But remember, *send no money.* Colgate & Co., 595 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

COLGATE & COMPANY
Dept. 502-J, 595 Fifth Ave., New York

FREE OFFER, MEN!

Please send me FREE sample of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream. Also sample Colgate's "After Shave."

Name _____

Address _____

TOWARD CONQUEST OF POWER

(Continued from Page 7)

an atmosphere of understanding, to give to the Italian people a source of life and harmony between religious faith and civil life.

The Fascisti, as intelligent people worthy of the epoch in which they were living, followed me in the new conception about religious policy.

When Bonomi fell, the King consulted with many minds. I, too, was called twice to the Quirinal, his official palace, where conferences are held. Obvious reasons of reserve forbid me to make known what I said to the sovereign. This political crisis took on abnormal aspects. We groped in the dark. The number of men in the political field who were fit to fill a minority was quite restricted. They looked toward Orlando, then toward De Nicola, but nobody wanted to accept the responsibility of forming a ministry under the prevailing conditions. They were obliged to go back to Bonomi, who fell for the second time on the *via crucis* when he presented himself again at the chamber.

New consultations and new suggestions were made. Always the same names were given—Orlando, De Nicola, Bonomi. The picture presented was of the same helplessness which has afflicted so many democracies and has made many countries able to vie with one another in the humiliating and derisible boast that they have had more governments and ministries than years of existence. The same requirements were asked of leadership—to be able to compromise principles and sometimes even integrity, to barter and negotiate with palavering artistry and to seek at least the making of a new shaky structure which would perpetuate the whole depressing system. This system might appear dear to the heart of doctrinaires. It was quite another affair in practice.

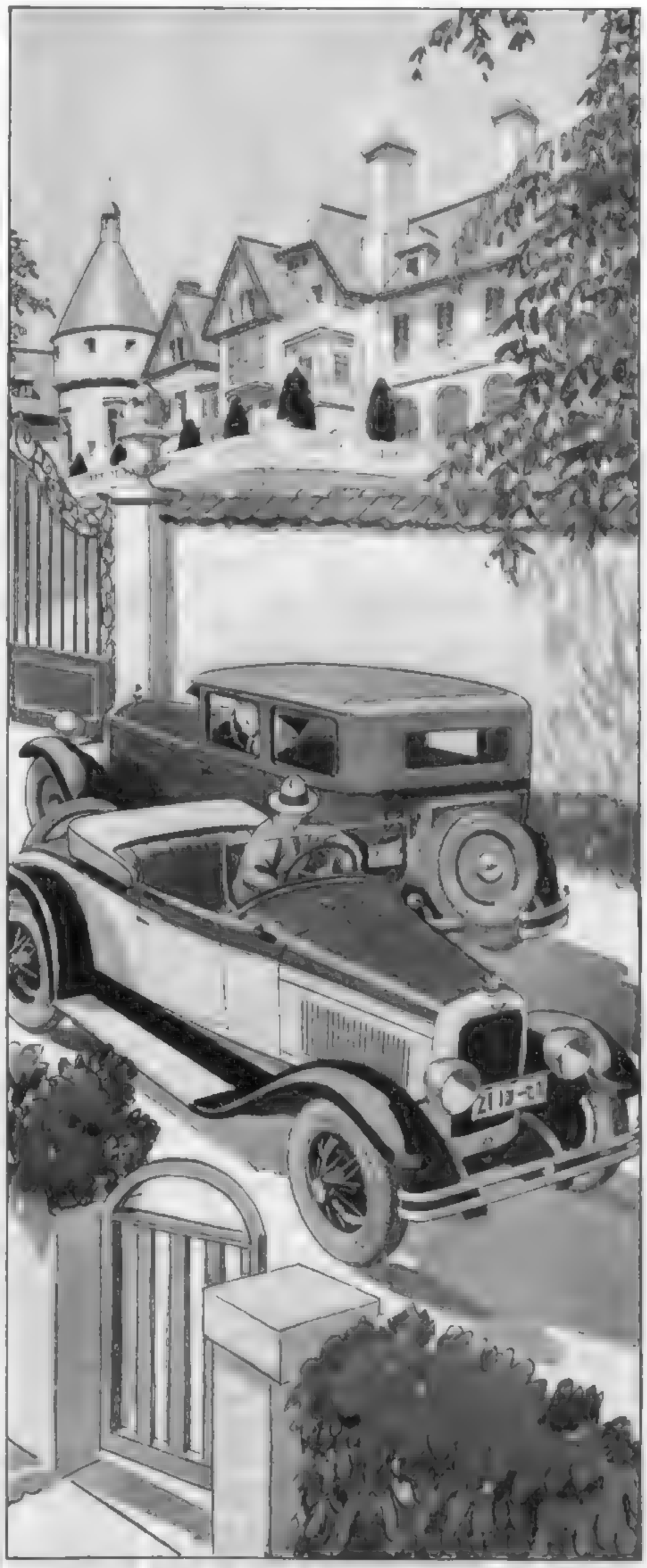
The Popular Party, following its bad political instinct which caused it to be ultra conservative under cover and revolutionary in the street and in parliament, vetoed any return of Giolitti. The posture of the Popolari was quite unique. Unfortunately, they controlled a strong group in the chamber While they refused to accept the responsibility of power, they blue-penciled Giolitti, denied support to Bonomi. They rendered the composition of any ministry well-nigh impossible even as a makeshift.

In spite of consultations, the same names always came to the surface. It was a stagnation which comes finally to weak democracies It was tearing to pieces political logic, common sense, and, unfortunately, also Italy herself.

At last there was formed the Facta ministry. This mediocre selection of a member of parliament, closely bound to Giolitti, was made as the only anchor of safety in an absurd extravaganza. Every day we went down one step on the stairs of dignity. Nevertheless, under these conditions, and because Facta undertook a burden that nobody else wanted, I did not hesitate to declare in my paper that the new cabinet, colorless as it was, might function for something or other. I was prepared to say that it would represent, if nothing else, a will to go on—at least in the affairs of ordinary routine administration. It is bad enough to suffer a government which creates nothing; it is even worse to suffer a system of politics which cannot even create an administration of itself.

Facta was a veteran of parliament and I feel sure he was a gentleman stamped out by the old die. Respectful toward the third-rate political morals of the men of his age, he has had only one devotion—that was for his teacher, Giolitti. Facta had been a discreet Minister of the Treasury in other times. He had not, as even his friends said, the strength and authority needed to draw up a ministry in a serious moment. He had to face the gas and smoke

Translation: The Most Recent Snapshot of Our Editor and His Captain Taken in a Point of the Extreme Lines on the Carso



"Hello, Dick—glad to see you! I see you've had the old bus repainted —and Kellys all around, too! That's fine."

"I can thank you for the Kelly-Springfields, Bob. I always thought they were as much out of my reach as that estate in there, until you told me they didn't cost any more than the ones I was using."

On the steering column—in easy reach—locking both ignition and steering—on well known cars in all price classes.
"You'll always be glad you bought this car!"
WHEN you buy your next car . . . watch for this . . . the men who show you cars equipped with the genuine Hershey Coincidental Lock will talk frankly about car thievery.
Car dealers are enthusiastic about the truly theft-proof Hershey Lock for good reasons . . . They do not have to apologize for high insurance rates . . . They need not ask you to take Hershey protection on faith . . . They can let you prove this protection yourself—before you buy.
Turn the key in your Hershey Lock—then tug on the wheel. You will find this lock not only locks the ignition, but the steering as well . . . with a hardened steel bolt. You will quickly understand why there are almost 3,000,000 Hershey Locks now in use—why more than half of all cars now built carry the genuine Hershey Lock as standard factory equipment.
HERSHEY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
4644-4660 West Fulton Street
Chicago, Illinois
HERSHEY
THEFT-PROOF AUTOMOBILE LOCKS

of the struggle between parties, of the pretensions of the Popolari, of the growing strength of Fascism, and, finally, a delicate international situation abroad.

It was in just such ways that the old liberal Italy, with its petty dealing with problems, its little parliamentary pea shooting, its unworthy plots in corridor and cloakrooms, anterooms and sidewalk cafés for puny personal power, its recurring crises, its journalistic blitherings, was breaking Italy. Italy, with its struggling cooperatives, its inadequate rural banks, its mean and superficial measures of economy, its incapable and improvident charity. Italy, with its position of humble servant, with a napkin on arm to wipe others' mouths at international conferences. Italy, prolific and powerful. Italy, like a mother able to supply, even for foreign ingratitude, laborious sons able to make fruitful other soils, other climates, other cities and other peoples! Such was her leadership, such was her plight!

Facta was the man who fully represented that old world. Facta was the first to be surprised that he had found suddenly so many admirers. He often said that he failed to understand why he should be at the head of the Italian Government. This timid member of parliament forgot that all these people around him, who gave him by their mouthings a sensation of strength and influence, were only the survivors of an old liberal democratic world, incapable of living, outdated, clinging, shipwrecked, to the last liberal planks of compromising for safety.

But the powerful machine of Fascism was already in motion. Nobody could step into its path to stop it, for it had one aim—it was to give a government to Italy.

In those days there were some attempts at Fascist secession and schism. I removed them with a few strokes of a pen and a few measures taken within. I was troubled less by mistaken disaffections than by a single grave incident in Fiume. There an Italian nursed and nourished an ignoble anti-Italian plot. The Fascisti imposed banishment upon him. This representative of the autonomists and of the Jugo-Slavs was obliged to leave the unhappy city which without Italy would never have been able to put its lips to the cup of peace.

A Strike Begins and Ends

At this time Charles of Hapsburg died, after having tried vainly twice to seize again the crown of Saint Stephen. The Nemesis of history completed its work and took away from the Hapsburg line the last possibility of coming back. In Italian history this reigning house had represented always a most unfortunate influence. It had been eternally adverse to our solidarity.

Without attracting deep attention or intelligent public interest, living this way and that, up and down by alternate hopes and crises, optimisms and weary despair, came the conference of Genoa.

On the first of that May was celebrated the so-called Festival of Labor. The only distinctions given this festival were unfortunately an increased outburst of Socialist and Communist attacks and ambushes. Even the anniversary of the declaration of war, May twenty-fourth, was saddened by blood. Solemn celebrations were held throughout Italy, but in Rome the Communists dared to fire at the parade which was doing honor to Enrico Toti, the Roman who, besides his life, had hurled against the fugitive enemy also his crutches. One person fell dead and there were twenty-four wounded.

As if that was not enough, the Alliance of Labor, a hybrid coalition of all the anti-Fascist groups, proclaimed a general strike.

It was too much! There was no sign of any act of energy from the government. Without hesitation, I ordered a general mobilization of the Fascisti. I affirmed on my word of honor that we would break the back of the attempt of the red rabble:

"We are sure to smash—we say crush—this bad beast once for all."

Considering the timid behavior of the middle classes and of the government, only this virile decision, taken with full analysis, full determination and full responsibility, served as a cold douche for the Socialists and the reds. The Fascist mobilization came like lightning.

On the same day the strike ended.

While the public streets, squares and fields were put in order by the energetic intervention of the Fascisti, in the parliament at Montecitorio the usual intrigues went on. There was an oscillation of plans and programs. These ranged from proposals of a dictatorship to collaboration with the reds. In the general marasmus, there came on July twelfth a statement from the Minister of the Treasury, Peano, which marked for me the maximum of our anxiety.

A Gesture of Modesty

The budget of the nation had a deficit of six milliards and a half! It was a terrific figure for Italy. It was a situation impossible for our economic structure to bear. To errors in foreign and domestic policy was added financial chaos. Minister Facta, in record-breaking speed, had demonstrated in every way his incapacity. I made in parliament on July 19, 1922, a speech in which I specifically and flatly withdrew from the ministry the votes of the Fascist group. After having demonstrated the equivocal position of the Socialists, who wanted to collaborate with the government so that they might blackmail it better, and of the Popolari, who wrongly considered themselves supreme rulers of the situation, I said these clear and sharp words to the Premier himself:

"Honorable Facta, I tell you that your ministry cannot live because it is unbecoming from every point of view. Your ministry cannot live—I might better say vegetate—or drag its life along, thanks to the charity of all those who sustain you. The traditional rope in the same manner sustains the not less traditional hanged. After all, your makers are there to testify to the character of your ministry; you have been the first to be surprised into the presidency of the council."

I went on then to examine the disheartening mistakes of the Facta policies and I concluded by asserting that Fascism, by getting away from the parliamentary majority, had accomplished a gesture of high political and moral modesty.

"It is impossible to be part of the majority," I added, "and at the same time act outside, as Fascism is now forced to act."

These words excited a brisk stir of mumbles, exclamations and comments, which went to a higher pitch when I added:

"Fascism will make its own decisions. Probably it will soon say if it wants to become a legitimate party, for that means a government party, or if it will instead be a party of an insurrection. In the latter case it will not be able any more to be part of any governmental majority. Consequently it will not be obliged to sit in this chamber."

I gave in that way, not only to the dying Facta ministry but also to any other new government, an energetic and unmistakable warning. I had put up the signboard of my intentions and declared in the open where I stood.

On that day the Facta ministry fell. And immediately they began to grope in the dark again, trying to find a successor. Orlando, Bonomi, Facta, Giolitti—again these were the names mouthed about.

By the process of deduction and exclusion, the name finally hit upon was Meda. He was the Popular Party deputy from Milan, and the chief of the Popolari deputies who kept under their power any ministry with their secret tactics. Meda, who had already been a minister, made his gesture of refusal and renunciation because of fear. That was our paradox—nobody in Italy, amid this so-called strength of the constituted order, wanted or was able to assume responsibility of power. Whatever

(Continued on Page 125)

Enjoy summer comfort *shut out stifling heat!*

IS your home *livable* during the scorching months of summer . . . is it cool and enjoyable . . . does it keep your family healthy and in good spirits?

Or is your home at the mercy of relentless sun's rays, pouring through the walls and all but suffocating your family with sweltering heat?

Now, you can *stop* this suffering from stifling sun heat. For scientists have discovered a new way for *all* families to enjoy summer comfort in their homes.

Long tough fibres of cane make this new comfort possible. Down on the sugar plantations of the South these cane fibres have grown for centuries. No one dreamed they contained such wonderful qualities for building and insulating homes.

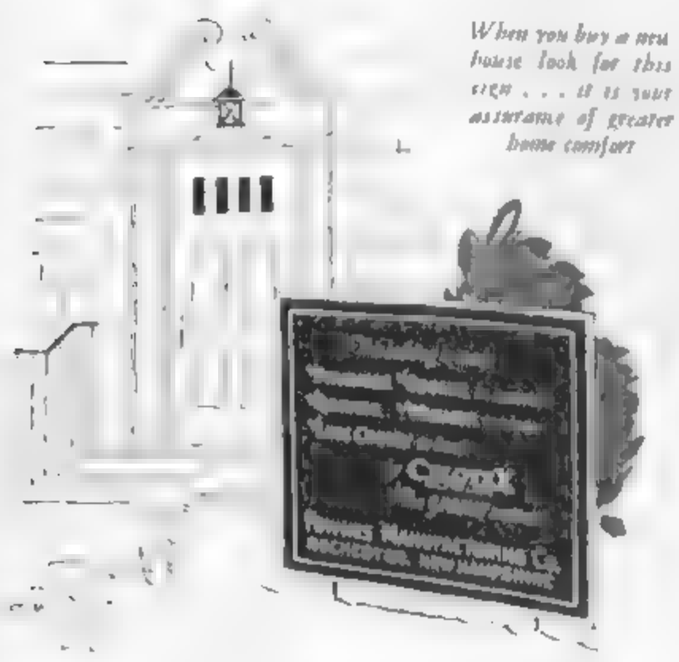
Scientists were attracted to these fibres by their very stubbornness. For their strength, length and toughness were remarkable. And laboratory tests revealed that they contained millions of tiny sealed air cells—just what is needed for efficient insulation!

Today these fibres are interlaced into strong, durable boards of Celotex, that stop heat, cold and dampness; that build as well as insulate; that make homes *quiet*, for Celotex deadens sound . . . *strong*, for Celotex reinforces walls , *economical*, for Celotex replaces other materials and reduces fuel bills.

Celotex Building Board is used everywhere for sheathing; for lining basements, attics, roofs and garages. Celotex Lath is especially designed to eliminate plaster cracks and lath marks

Celotex Roof Insulation Board is used in industrial buildings throughout the world. Acousti-Celotex quiets sound in offices, hospitals and schools , corrects acoustical problems in auditoriums and churches. Celotex insulates thousands of refrigerator cars and household refrigerators.

All reliable lumber dealers can supply Celotex Building Board and Celotex Lath. Progressive builders and contractors have used these products in more than 250,000 homes. The Celotex Company, Chicago, Ill. In Canada: Alexander Murray & Co., Ltd., Montreal.



CELOTEX
BRAND
INSULATING CANE BOARD

CELOTEX IS THE ONLY INSULATION MADE FROM THE LONG TOUGH FIBRES OF CANE

For car or home good judgment dictates CA-VEL

Velvet, above any other fabric, reflects that enduring beauty so desired by discriminating women in the motor car and in the home. And for the great majority, velvet means CA-VEL. It beautifies fine car interiors and in doing so achieves with unquestioned taste the atmosphere of the smart living room. How rich is its glowing color, that gleams with light and becomes richly mellow with shadow! How varied that loveliness which never fades and which outlasts the life of the car!

Such qualities explain the popularity of CA-VEL—more yards of which are used for automobile upholstery than any other fabric. Women love the rich and finished background it lends to the motor car. And they ask more and more frequently "Has this car CA-VEL Upholstery?" when repurchase time comes round again. Collins & Aikman Corporation, Established 1845, New York City.

C A-V E L

VELVETS OF ENDURING BEAUTY

(Continued from Page 122)

liberalism and democracy had claimed for power, at least now nobody would touch the treasure.

The Socialists in this situation cheerfully blackmailed the nation, while the Fascisti were silently preparing the yeast and the bread, the will and the weapons, for an insurrection of national dignity.

While the conferences to find ways out of the crisis went on slowly at the moment of inability to constitute a government, there came about in Italy an almost inconceivable situation. All the strength of the Left party—not only those openly subversive but also the organization of the Labor Confederation, the socialist parliamentary group, the democratic groups and the republicans—staged a general strike all over Italy. Its character was typically and solely anti-Fascist. Its pretense was to save the liberty of the people—threatened by Fascism!

This galaxy of political elements, more despicable than riffraff, these inert, wasteful, hopeless forces which in the past had massacred every liberty and trampled in every way open to the imagination our morals, our peace, our efficiency and our order, could not have done a more illogical, a more unjust, a more offensive and provocative act toward Fascism and the Italian people.

These days marked by these sinister forces were days in which I made irrevocable decisions. Our development began by degrees a political and a military reserve strength which was to bring us in the end to the march on Rome and the conquest of power.

As an answer to the anti-Fascist provocation, I ordered another general mobilization of the Fascisti. The council of the Fasci Italiani di Combattimento was ordered to sit permanently. The Fascist technicians were to be brought together to continue the work in the public services. The *squadristi* were to disperse subversive organizations. The Fascisti of Milan assaulted the Avanti, which was considered the lair of our opponents. They burned the offices. They occupied the street-car barns. They began to make the public services active in spite of the declared strike.

To crush the strike, the government was powerless, but a new strength had been substituted for the government! The Fascisti, well armed, occupied the electric stations to prevent acts of sabotage. It was necessary to destroy forever all the nerve centers of disorder. The Fascisti did it.

Not to be Ignored

In Milan alone three young Black Shirts lost their lives. Of these, two were university students. We had many wounded boys.

The trial of strength, however, was successful. The enemies of Italy were taken with convulsions. They tossed responsibilities back and forth in foolish oratorical and literary battles. The life of the people had come back to normal rhythm. Fascism had revealed a strength capacious and able to dominate our Italy of tomorrow, not only in the sense of mere force but in determination, fundamental wisdom, character and unselfish patriotism.

Our antagonists were defeated, confused and humiliated. One of those who called themselves interpreters of the literal idea recognized—how generous!—that Fascism was now a power which could not be neglected. The Corriere della Sera, the serious and in some ways admirable Milan newspaper—which had always used its circulation to become the speaking trumpet for the spirit of moribund middle-class mediocrity—had given in the past a sort of halo to Filippo Turati, the Socialist leader. Now it felt that it was necessary to give a bit of space to recognize the right of Fascism to participation in the government. The unsettled crisis went lumbering along. I was again called by the king. I had some interviews with Orlando. One after the other, all the prospected combinations fell apart and were put aside like old rejected castings. So, wearily, they came back to Facta. He sent one of his emissaries to me and asked me under what conditions the Fascisti would accept places in the new government. I sent back word by the messenger that Fascism would ask for the most important offices.

I was urged to take a position in the cabinet, but how absurd! Naturally, I had to stay out of the coalition so that I could maintain my freedom to criticize and if need be to take action. My claims, however, for Fascist representation were judged immoderate. The ill-starred Facta ministry was launched without us, but as the ship took the water it was greeted solely by a nation which muttered its contempt and its indifference.

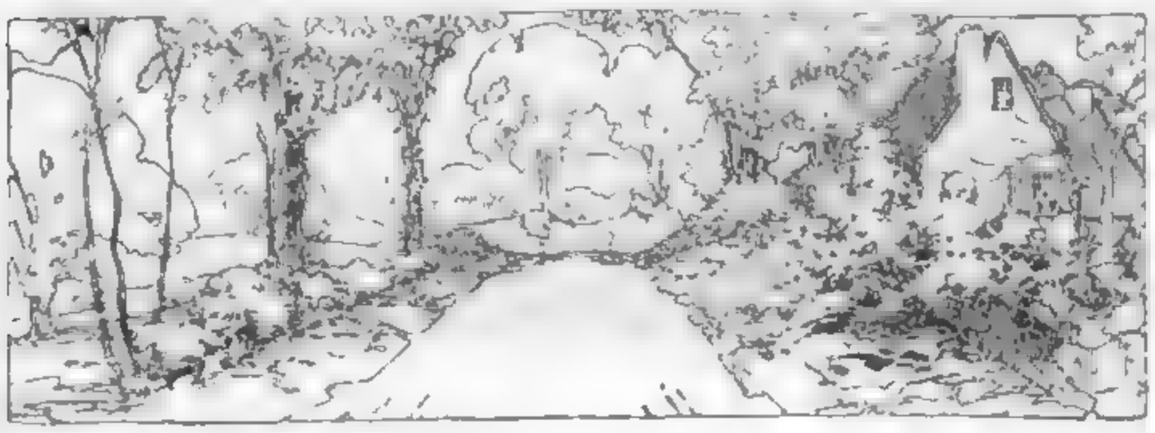
Friends and enemies both looked only toward Fascism. It was the one element that sparked interest in the life of the Italian people.

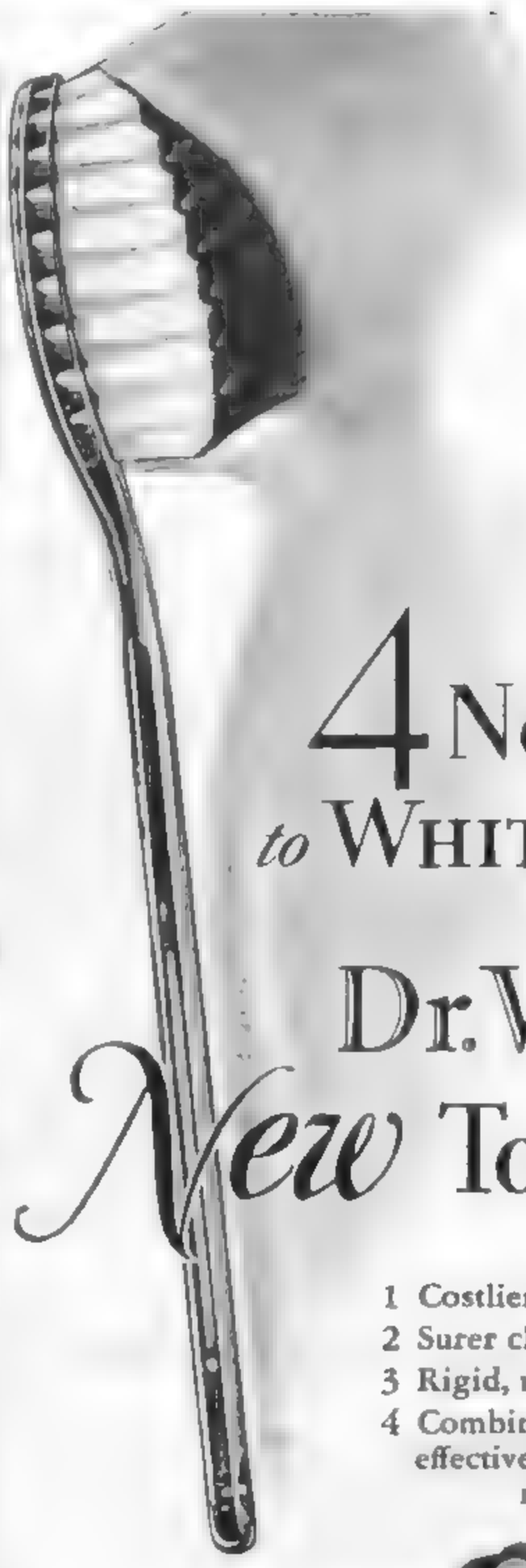
Mapping the Campaign

I had made up my mind to lead the Black Shirts myself. I already had crystallized my determination to march on Rome. The situation admitted no other solution.

I called to Milan on October sixteenth a general who had specialized fitness and was saturated by real Fascist faith. I made a scheme of military and political organization on the model of the old Roman legions. The Fascisti were divided by me into *principi* and *triari*. We created, after conferring with the high leaders, a slogan, a uniform and a watchword. I knew perfectly the Fascist and anti-Fascist situation in every region of Italy. I could march on Rome along the Tyrrhenian Sea, deviating toward Umbria. From the south the compact formations of Puglia and Naples could join me. The only obstacle was a hostile zone which centered in Ancona. I called Arpinati and other lieutenants of Fascism and ordered them to free Ancona from Socialist-Communist domination. The town, which was known to be in the hands of the anarchists, was conquered by maneuvers carried out in perfect military fashion. There were some dead and wounded. Too bad! But now the remnants of the anti-Fascist forces were destroyed. Anti-Fascism was now concentrated in Rome; it was driven back to its barrack, on Montecitorio, where parliament sat.

A new sunshine broke over the multitudes of our provinces. We could all breathe with full lungs. The brave effort of Fascism was now rising with the flood tide of its full efficiency. Critics of reputation, historians of world-wide fame, studious people from every part of the earth, were beginning to regard with quickening interest the movement I had created and dominated and was leading toward victory.





In six beautiful new colors

4 New Aids *to* WHITER TEETH *in* Dr. West's *New* Toothbrush

1 Costlier bristles, long unavailable
2 Surer cleansing of all crevices
3 Rigid, unbreakable handle
4 Combined advances double the effectiveness of DR. WEST'S correct original design

Could you pass the SMILE TEST—*right now?*

THIS new brush makes your daily brushing of teeth not only easier, but more effective. Teeth, better cleansed, will grow whiter.

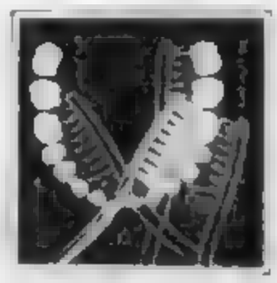
Proved correct 7 years ago, the basic principles of DR. WEST'S original design have never been improved upon. Now they give you still better results, through the supremely fine materials used.

Bristles, for instance, are of the highest quality the world's markets afford. In use they remain always erect—polishing teeth, as well as cleansing. These bristles are available only in new DR. WEST'S.

Today all druggists have new DR. WEST'S for you: adult's size, 50c; youth's, 35c; child's, 25c; soft, medium, and hard. For your protection each brush is sterilized and sealed inside a new carton. And each is fully guaranteed.

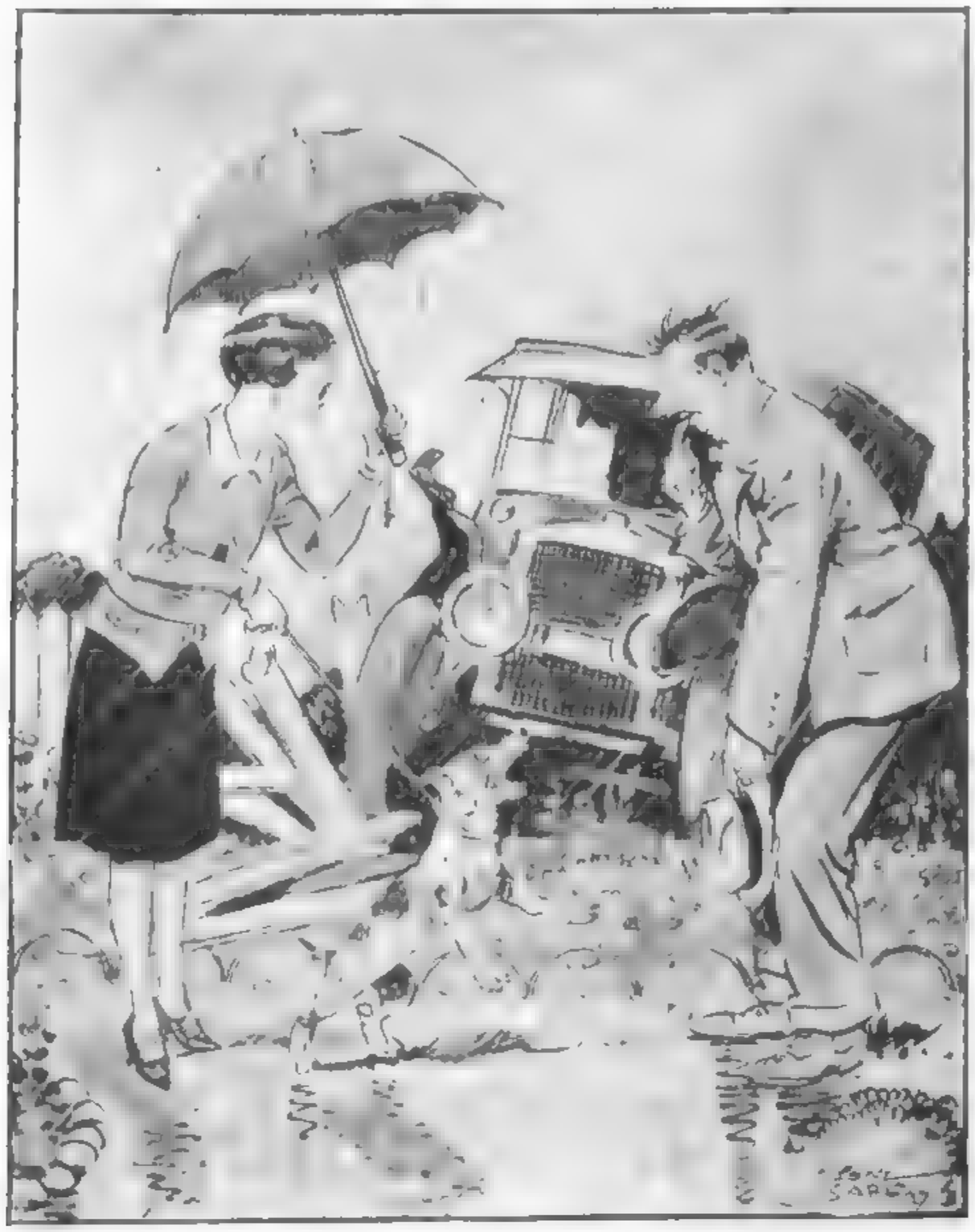
Today replace all your family's old brushes with new DR. WEST'S. See that they're used regularly. Quickly, gratifying results will be apparent: whiter, cleaner teeth!

THIS DIAGRAM SHOWS:



How DR WEST'S new brush really polishes teeth. See how all crevices are penetrated, swept clean, by the special bristles. Note how all teeth—far back and inside as well as in front—are cleansed

© 1928 W B M Co.



While I was penning some editorials against a representative of the skeptics, I wrote, "Fascism is today in the first stage of its life the one of Christ. Don't be in a hurry, the one of Saint Paul will come."

I was preparing then every minute the details of the conquest of Rome and of power. I was certainly not moved by any mirage of personal power, nor by any other allurement, nor by a desire for egotistical political domination

I have always had a vision of life which was altruistic. I have groped in the dark of theories, but I groped not to relieve myself but to bring something to others. I have fought, but not for my advantage, indirect or immediate. I have aimed for the supreme advantage of my nation. I wanted finally that Fascism should rule Italy for her glory and her good fortune

I cannot, for obvious reasons, discuss all the measures, even some of the most simple, that I took in this period. Some are of political and secret character about which my reserve is absolutely necessary. The Popolo d'Italia, my paper, without attracting too much attention from outsiders and my enemies, had become the headquarters of the spiritual and material preparation for the march on Rome. It was the hub of our thought and action.

The military and the political forces both obeyed my command. I weighed all the plans and proposals. Having made my own at last, I gave the necessary orders. Then there began extensive preparatory maneuvers, such as the occupation of Trento, of Ancona and of Bolzano—places which might threaten our strategy.

I wanted to inform myself about the state of mind of the Fascisti—about their efficiency and their determination. Accordingly I went to make four important speeches in different parts of Italy. In those speeches I set forth the policies of tomorrow. I defined the ultimate goal of Fascism; it was candidly stated. It was the conquest of power. I didn't want to ingratiate myself with the masses. I have always spoken with naked candor and even with brutality to the multitudes That is a distinct contrast to the contemptible courtship made for their favor by the political parties of every time and every land.

Fascisti meetings which I attended were held in Udine, in Northern Italy, in Cremona, in the valley of the Po, in industrial Milan and in Naples, the center of Southern Italy. I wanted to be personally acquainted with the spirit of those districts, each with a nobility of its own. I was acclaimed as a conqueror and a savior. This flattered me, but be sure that it did not make me proud. I felt stronger, and yet realized the more that I faced mountains of responsibility. In those four cities, so different and far one from the other, I saw the same light. I had with me the honest, the good, the pure, the sincere soul of the Italian people!

I assembled the central committee of the Fasci Italiani di Combattimento—the Bundles of Fight—and we came to an accord on the outlines of the movement which was to lead the Black Shirts triumphantly along the sacred roads to Rome.

Speaking in those days at the Circolo Sciesa of Milan, I said to my trusted men that we finally had come to the "sad sunset of liberalism and to the Fascist dawn of a new Italy."

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of reminiscences by Premier Mussolini. The next will appear in an early issue

"You see it was this way, Madam!"

"IT was my purpose—or, rather my intention to—that is to say my—" Stow the crippled alibi, stranger! The intelligent lady knows that you would not have entered her grounds without invitation if you had RUSCO Lining on your brakes.

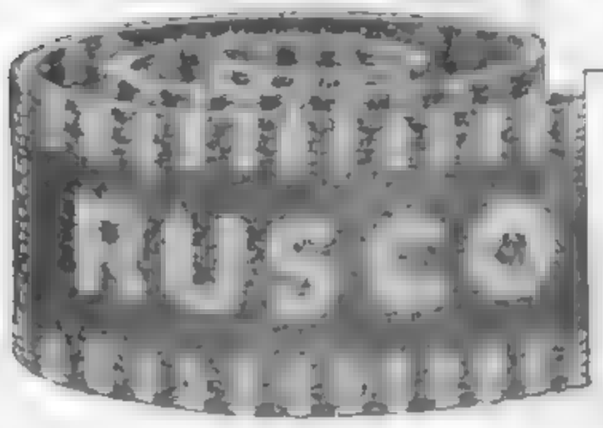
Holds in WET Weather as Well as in Dry

Rusco Brake Lining is treated with a special, RUSCO secret compound, so that water has no effect on its efficiency.

Rusco repair men pay more for RUSCO than for ordinary lining, but they do not charge you any more. They use special mechanical equipment that insures expert adjustment and application of RUSCO. Have your brakes inspected, adjusted or relined today at the nearest Rusco Brake Service Station. Send for free booklet. The Russell Mfg. Co., Middletown, Conn.

Garagemen: Send today for famous Rusco proposition to the trade

RUSCO BRAKE LINING



Other RUSCO *Products*

Rusco-Ace Brake Lining
Durak Brakeshoe Liners
Bull Dog Brake Lining
Transmission Linings for Fords
Clutch Facings *for all cars*
Hood Lacing
Fan Belts *for all cars*
Tire Straps and Towing Lines
Belting for Power Transmission, Elevating and Conveying
Tractor Belts

This Label on a Suit of Clothes tells its own story

THERE are labels and labels. Some give you trick names. Others show the single word—*Imported.* The *imported* label means that the garment or the cloth may have been made by some unknown maker in some unknown foreign land. It means that you actually have to pay *higher* prices for fabrics that are often inferior in quality.

The Ram's Head label is *different.* It is a *written guarantee* of high quality signed by the largest producer of woolen and worsted fabrics in the world. It tells you what you want to know about cloth when you buy ready-to-wear clothing. It tells you that every yard is made in America by American workers—representing the highest per-dollar values that the world has to offer. It gives you *tangible evidence* of high quality that you can see and understand *before you buy the suit.* For lasting good looks, demand Ram's Head fabrics in ready-to-wear clothing for men and women. Look for the label on the garment—and the trade-mark on the cloth.

For Women's Wear: Ram's Head fabrics for women's outdoor wear are guaranteed all-wool of high quality. Smart garments fashioned from Ram's Head *Venise, Suede, Velva-Suede, Chinchillas, Kersey,* and *Broadcloth* are now displayed at the better shops. Every garment made from the genuine Ram's Head fabric carries the Ram's Head label. The guarantee is on the label.

Samples sent on request—State colors wanted . . . and give clothier's name

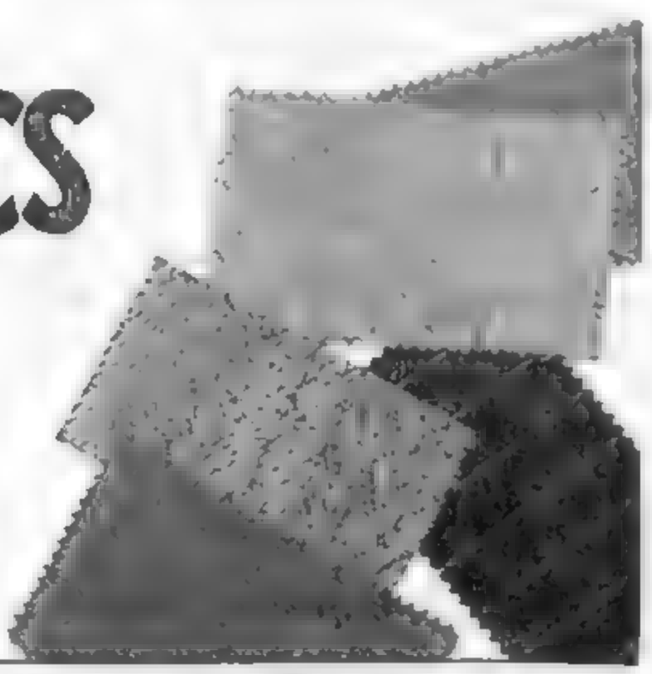
"This is the little label that sold me . . ."

"I don't know much about fabrics, but I can read a guarantee—and when it is backed by a reliable manufacturer, I know it means all it says.

"So, when I saw the Ram's Head guarantee of the American Woolen Company in this suit, I knew that I was getting unusual cloth value.

"Of course you can pay different prices for ready-to-wear clothes—all according to the degree of tailoring, lining and extras. But no matter what you pay, the Ram's Head trade-mark on a piece of cloth insures you the value of the cloth itself."

RAM'S HEAD FABRICS



American Woolen Company

Selling Agency: American Woolen Company of New York
Dept. H, 225 Fourth Ave., New York City

Styles of Colorful Beauty for Men and Women

This letter from a Lincoln, Nebraska, golfer is the GREATEST GOLF BALL ADVERTISEMENT *ever written*

Mr. Charles A. Deklotz and a single Spalding Kro-Flite Ball break last year's record of 504 holes with a new record of 666 holes!

Lincoln, Nebraska, April 12, 1928

A. G. Spalding & Bros.
New York: – 105 Nassau Street

Gentlemen:

After seeing your ad in the Golfers Magazine, – wherein you guaranteed the Spalding KRO-FLITE for 72 holes – I invested 75c and it was surely the best investment I have ever made in a Golf Ball.

You may wonder why I am bothering you about this particular ball. Well here is the story: I have played 666 holes – 37 rounds – of 18 holes with this particular Ball – my old stand-by as I always call it when playing with the Gang. There is not a cut on this ball. It is true that I have re-painted it several times, as you might know it was bound to lose its whiteness. I made up my mind that I was going to play with this ball until I either cut or lost it. I kept a card in my golf bag pocket and kept track of the number of holes played with it, and the above 666 holes is absolutely correct.

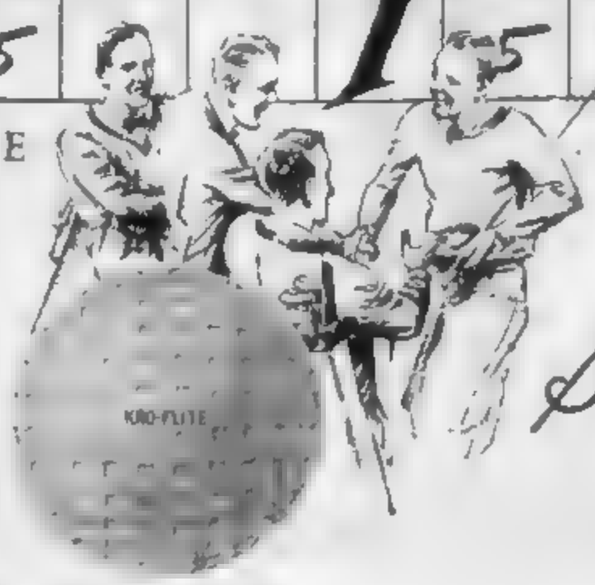
HERE IS THE CROWNING GLORY of the above Ball. This P.M. as the enclosed card will show – which is signed by the other three of the foursome, myself and the Treasurer of the Club – this particular ball pulled the trick of a HOLE in ONE! So I will not be able to tell you or any one else how many more holes that the ball might have gone without cutting – as I am placing this ball on a pension. I am mounting it in a round glass paper weight to use on my desk. No doubt that I may have to answer a lot of questions why the Golf Ball on my desk – but will gladly do so when not too busy. I thought that it would be of interest to you to know the number of holes played with one of your balls.

Very truly yours,

Chas A. Deklotz

649th HOLE	650th HOLE	651st HOLE	652nd HOLE	653rd HOLE	654th HOLE	655th HOLE	656th HOLE	657th HOLE	658th HOLE	659th HOLE	660th HOLE	661st HOLE	662nd HOLE	663rd HOLE	664th HOLE	665th HOLE	666th HOLE
NO. 1	NO. 2	NO. 3	NO. 4	NO. 5	NO. 6	NO. 7	NO. 8	NO. 9	NO. 10	NO. 11	NO. 12	NO. 13	NO. 14	NO. 15	NO. 16	NO. 17	NO. 18
6	2	5	4	4	5	5			1	5	4	5	4	4	4	5	5

AND THE 658TH HOLE WAS A HOLE-IN-ONE!



Spalding KRO-FLITE each 75 cents

NOTE All golf professionals, all sports dealers, all Spalding stores sell Kro-Flite.

© 1928, A. G. S. & B

A NIGHT AT THE FAIR

(Continued from Page 9)

His emotion was such that the vision of his demise began actually to disturb his mother.

"Now stop that silly talk and come and eat your breakfast. You can go down and buy some at Barton Leigh's this morning."

Mollified, but still torn by the urgency of his desire, Basil strode up and down the room

"A boy is simply helpless without them," he declared vehemently. The phrase pleased him and he amplified it. "A boy is simply and utterly helpless without them. I'd rather be dead than go away to school —— "

"Basil, stop talking like that. Somebody has been teasing you about it."

"Nobody's been teasing me," he denied indignantly—"nobody at all."

After breakfast, the maid called him to the phone.

"This is Riply," said a tentative voice. Basil acknowledged the fact coldly. "You're not sore about last night, are you?" Riply asked.

"Me? No. Who said I was sore?"

"Nobody. Well, listen, you know about us going to the fireworks together tonight."

"Yes." Basil's voice was still cold.

"Well, one of those girls—the one Elwood had—has got a sister that's even nicer than she is, and she can come out tonight and you could have her. And we thought we could meet about eight, because the fireworks don't start till nine."

"What do?"

"Well, we could go on the Old Mill again. We went around three times more last night."

There was a moment's silence. Basil looked to see if his mother's door was closed.

"Did you kiss yours?" he demanded into the transmitter.

"Sure I did!" Over the wire came the ghost of a silly laugh. "Listen, El thinks he can get his auto. We could call for you at seven."

"All right," agreed Basil gruffly, and he added, "I'm going down and get some long pants this morning."

"Are you?" Again Basil detected ghostly laughter. "Well, you be ready at seven tonight."

Basil's uncle met him at Barton Leigh's clothing store at ten, and Basil felt a touch of guilt at having put his family to all this trouble and expense. On his uncle's advice, he decided finally on two suits—a heavy chocolate brown for every day and a dark blue for formal wear. There were certain alterations to be made but it was agreed that one of the suits was to be delivered without fail that afternoon.

His momentary contriteness at having been so expensive made him save car fare by walking home from downtown. Passing along Crest Avenue, he paused speculatively to vault the high hydrant in front of the Van Schellinger house, wondering if one did such things in long trousers and if he would ever do it again. He was impelled to leap it two or three times as a sort of ceremonial farewell, and was so engaged when the Van Schellinger limousine turned into the drive and stopped at the front door.

"Oh, Basil," a voice called.

A fresh delicate face, half buried under a mass of almost white curls, was turned toward him from the granite portico of the city's second largest mansion.

"Hello, Gladys."

"Come here a minute, Basil "

He obeyed. Gladys Van Schellinger was a year younger than Basil—a tranquil, carefully nurtured girl who, so local tradition had it, was being brought up to marry in the East. She had a governess and always played with a certain few girls at her house or theirs, and was not allowed the casual freedom of children in a Midwestern city. She was never present at such rendezvous as the Whartons' yard, where the others played games in the afternoons.

"Basil, I wanted to ask you something—are you going to the State Fair tonight?"

"Why, yes, I am."

"Well, wouldn't you like to come and sit in our box and watch the fireworks?"

Momentarily he considered the matter. He wanted to accept, but he was mysteriously impelled to refuse—to forgo a pleasure in order to pursue a quest that in cold logic did not interest him at all.

"I can't. I'm awfully sorry."

A shadow of discontent crossed Gladys' face. "Oh? Well, come and see me sometime soon, Basil. In a few weeks I'm going East to school."

He walked on up the street in a state of dissatisfaction. Gladys Van Schellinger had never been his girl, nor indeed anyone's girl, but the fact that they were starting away to school at the same time gave him a feeling of kinship for her—as if they had been selected for the glamorous adventure of the East, chosen together for a high destiny that transcended the fact that she was rich and he was only comfortable. He was sorry that he could not sit with her in her box tonight.

By three o'clock, Basil, reading the Crimson Sweater up in his room, began giving attentive ear to every ring at the bell. He would go to the head of the stairs, lean over and call, "Hilda, was that a package for me?" And at four, dissatisfied with her indifference, her lack of feeling for important things, her slowness in going to and returning from the door, he moved downstairs and began attending to it himself. But nothing came. He phoned Barton Leigh's and was told by a busy clerk: "You'll get that suit. I'll guarantee that you'll get that suit." But he did not believe in the clerk's honor and he moved out on the porch and watched for Barton Leigh's delivery wagon.

His mother came home at five. "There were probably more alterations than they thought," she suggested helpfully. "You'll probaly get it tomorrow morning."

"Tomorrow morning!" he exclaimed incredulously. "I've got to have that suit tonight "

"Well, I wouldn't be too disappointed if I were you, Basil. The stores all close at half-past five."

Basil took one agitated look up and down Holly Avenue. Then he got his cap and started on a run for the street car at the corner. A moment later a cautious afterthought caused him to retrace his steps with equal rapidity.

"If they get here, keep them for me," he instructed his mother—a man who thought of everything.

"All right," she promised dryly, "I will."

It was later than he thought. He had to wait for a trolley, and when he reached Barton Leigh's he saw with horror that the doors were locked and the blinds drawn. He intercepted a last clerk coming out and explained vehemently that he had to have his suit tonight. The clerk knew nothing about the matter. . . . Was Basil Mr. Schwartze?

No, Basil was not Mr. Schwartze. After a vague argument wherein he tried to convince the clerk that whoever promised him the suit should be fired, Basil went dispiritedly home.

He would not go to the fair without his suit—he would not go at all. He would sit at home and luckier boys would go adventuring along its Great White Way. Mysterious girls, young and reckless, would glide with them through the enchanted darkness of the Old Mill, but because of the stupidity, selfishness and dishonesty of a clerk in a clothing store he would not be there. In a day or so the fair would be over—forever—those girls, of all living girls the most intangible, the most desirable, that sister, said to be nicest of all would be lost out of his life. They would ride off in Blatz Wildcats into the moonlight without Basil having kissed them. No, all his

MONROE
HYDRAULIC
SHOCK ELIMINATORS

$25 to $40

SET OF FOUR. *West of Rocky Mountains, $5 additional. In Canada, slightly higher. All prices quoted exclusive of installation*

Big, Sturdy Instruments to control your car!

MONROE Hydraulics are recognized today as the simplest, sturdiest form of hydraulic spring control.

The instruments themselves are big and strong, with generous oil capacity. A springless relief valve governs the escape of oil from piston chamber smoothly and easily—so that severest shocks are gently cushioned. A one-piece actuating arm and cam eliminates troublesome moving parts.

Control your car with a set of Monroe Hydraulics. Do away with bouncing and galloping, rocking and sidesway. With Monroe Hydraulic Shock Eliminators you enjoy new driving ease and riding comfort at minimum cost. Install them at once and "ride on cushions of oil".

MONROE AUTO EQUIPMENT COMPANY
MONROE, MICHIGAN

Mail Coupon today!

Monroe Auto Equipment Co.
1400 E. First St., Monroe, Mich.
Please send me your booklet describing Monroe Hydraulic Shock Eliminators and their benefits.
Name
Address
City State

Distributors

Fred J. Ryan Inc. 100 W. 66th St., New York City
Simplex Automotive Distributors, Inc. 2239 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago
George W. Reinbold Co. 1506 N. Broad St., Philadelphia
The Frumpton Company 4537 Delmar Blvd., St. Louis
The Lathan Co. 1454 Pine St., San Francisco
J. J. Dougherty, Inc. 803 Wisconsin Ave., Milwaukee
Bund Piston Ring Co. 1122 Harmon Place, Minneapolis
Lindgren Sales & Service Co. 2000 Cherry St., Kansas City, Mo.
Holmes Motor Co. Portland, Maine

Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Company, Ltd. Exclusive Distributor for Canada

You'll like
FLORSHEIM SHOES

Not merely because they're fashionable, or comfortable, or smart, or economical, or longer wearing . . . but really because they're all of those things . . . combined.

THE CLINTON—Style M 295

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · Manufacturers · CHICAGO

START A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN

Do you want to increase your income? Are you dissatisfied with your present occupation? Would you like to be your own boss? If so, we'll help you to build up a well-paying business for yourself, in either your spare hours or full time.

No Capital Needed

We'll furnish, without charge, all the equipment you'll need to get started right away, and you can carry on the business from your own home, if you wish.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
682 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

How may I start a business of my own?

Name _____ (Please Print)

Street _____

City _____ State _____

P. R. Coniglio, of Nebraska, has developed a full time business that pays him generous profits, year after year. He has earned as high as $4.00 for just one hour of his time.

Without Experience

You furnish as much or as little time as you please. If you prefer to start on a spare time basis, you should earn, as do so many of our subscription representatives, up to $1.50 or more an hour; $50.00 or more a week for full time.

Get Full Details

Mail the coupon *today*, for full details of our offer. There is no obligation. You have nothing to lose—much to gain!

life—though he would lose the clerk his position: "You see now what your act did to me"—he would look back with infinite regret upon that irretrievable hour. Like most of us, he was unable to perceive that he would have any desires in the future equivalent to those that possessed him now.

He reached home; the package had not arrived. He moped dismally about the house, consenting at half-past six to sit silently at dinner with his mother, his elbows on the table.

"Haven't you any appetite, Basil?"

"No, thanks," he said absently, under the impression he had been offered something.

"You're not going away to school for two more weeks. Why should it matter——"

"Oh, that isn't the reason I can't eat. I had a sort of headache all afternoon."

Toward the end of the meal his eye focused abstractedly on some slices of angel cake; with the air of a somnambulist, he ate three.

At seven he heard the sounds that should have ushered in a night of romantic excitement.

The Leaming car stopped outside, and a moment later Riply Buckner rang the bell. Basil rose gloomily.

"I'll go," he said to Hilda. And then to his mother, with vague impersonal reproach, "Excuse me a minute. I just want to tell them I can't go to the fair tonight."

"But of course you can go, Basil. Don't be silly. Just because——"

He scarcely heard her. Opening the door, he faced Riply on the steps. Beyond was the Leaming limousine, an old high car, quivering in silhouette against the harvest moon.

Clop-clop-clop! Up the street came the Barton Leigh delivery wagon. Clop-clop! A man jumped out, dumped an iron anchor to the pavement, hurried along the street, turned away, turned back again, came toward them with a long square box in his hand.

"You'll have to wait a minute," Basil was calling wildly. "It can't make any difference. I'll dress in the library. Look here, if you're a friend of mine, you'll wait a minute." He stepped out on the porch. "Hey, El, I've just got my—got to change my clothes. You can wait a minute, can't you?"

The spark of a cigarette flushed in the darkness as El spoke to the chauffeur; the quivering car came to rest with a sigh and the skies filled suddenly with stars.

III

ONCE again the fair—but differing from the fair of the afternoon as a girl in the daytime differs from her radiant presentation of herself at night. The substance of the cardboard booths and plaster palaces was gone, the forms remained. Outlined in lights, these forms suggested things more mysterious and entrancing than themselves, and the people strolling along the network of little Broadways shared this quality, as their pale faces singly and in clusters broke the half darkness.

The boys hurried to their rendezvous, finding the girls in the deep shadow of the Temple of Wheat. Their forms had scarcely merged into a group when Basil became aware that something was wrong. In growing apprehension, he glanced from face to face and, as the introductions were made, he realized the appalling truth—the younger sister was, in point of fact, a fright, squat and dingy, with a bad complexion brooding behind a mask of cheap pink powder and a shapeless mouth that tried ceaselessly to torture itself into the mold of charm.

In a daze he heard Riply's girl say, "I don't know whether I ought to go with you. I had a sort of date with another fellow I met this afternoon."

Fidgeting, she looked up and down the street, while Riply, in astonishment and dismay, tried to take her arm.

"Come on," he urged. "Didn't I have a date with you first?"

"But I didn't know whether you'd come or not," she said perversely.

Elwood and the two sisters added their entreaties.

"Maybe I could go on the Ferris wheel," she said grudgingly, "but not the Old Mill. This fellow would be sore."

Riply's confidence reeled with the blow; his mouth fell ajar, his hand desperately pawed her arm. Basil stood glancing now with agonized politeness at his own girl, now at the others, with an expression of infinite reproach. Elwood alone was successful and content.

"Let's go on the Ferris wheel," he said impatiently. "We can't stand here all night."

At the ticket booth the recalcitrant Olive hesitated once more, frowning and glancing about as if she still hoped Riply's rival would appear.

But when the swooping cars came to rest she let herself be persuaded in, and the three couples, with their troubles, were hoisted slowly into the air.

As the car rose, following the imagined curve of the sky, it occurred to Basil how much he would have enjoyed it in other company, or even alone, the fair twinkling beneath him with new variety, the velvet quality of the darkness that is on the edge of light and is barely permeated by its last attenuations. But he was unable to hurt anyone whom he thought of as an inferior. After a minute he turned to the girl beside him.

"Do you live in St. Paul or Minneapolis?" he inquired formally.

"St. Paul. I go to Number 7 School." Suddenly she moved closer. "I bet you're not so slow," she encouraged him.

He put his arm around her shoulder and found it warm. Again they reached the top of the wheel and the sky stretched out overhead, again they lapsed down through gusts of music from remote calliopes. Keeping his eyes turned carefully away, Basil pressed her to him, and as they rose again into darkness, leaned and kissed her cheek.

The significance of the contact stirred him, but out of the corner of his eye he saw her face—he was thankful when a gong struck below and the machine settled slowly to rest.

The three couples were scarcely reunited outside when Olive uttered a yelp of excitement.

"There he is!" she cried. "That Bill Jones I met this afternoon—that I had the date with."

A youth of their own age was approaching, stepping like a circus pony and twirling, with the deftness of a drum major, a small rattan cane. Under the cautious alias, the three boys recognized a friend and contemporary—none other than the fascinating Hubert Blair.

He came nearer. He greeted them all with a friendly chuckle. He took off his cap, spun it, dropped it, caught it, set it jauntily on the side of his head.

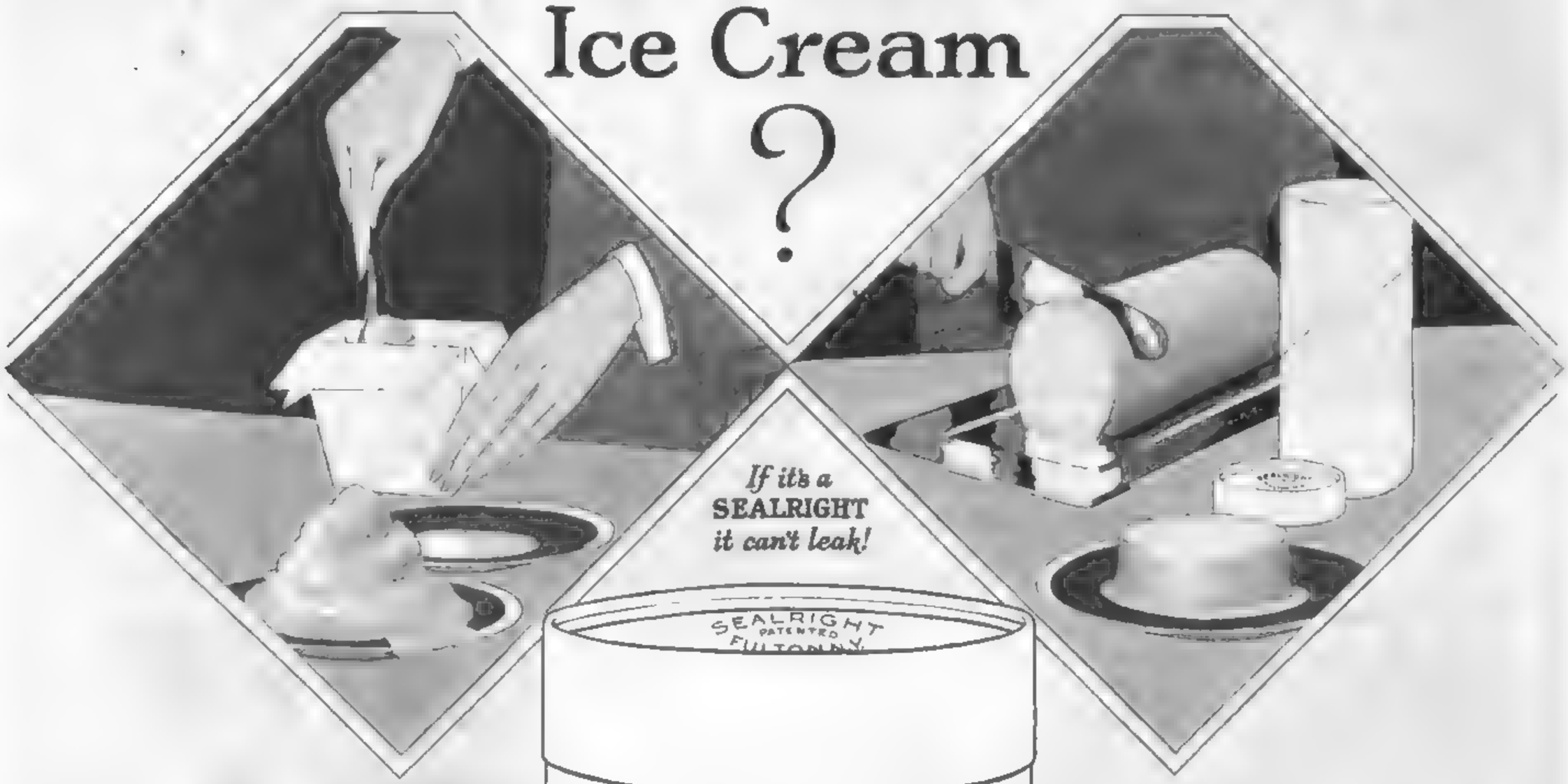
"You're a nice one," he said to Olive. "I waited here fifteen minutes this evening."

He pretended to belabor her with the cane; she giggled with delight. Hubert Blair possessed the exact tone that all girls of fourteen, and a somewhat cruder type of grown women, find irresistible. He was a gymnastic virtuoso and his figure was in constant graceful motion; he had a jaunty piquant nose, a disarming laugh and a shrewd talent for flattery. When he took a piece of toffee from his pocket, placed it on his forehead, shook it off and caught it in his mouth, it was obvious to any disinterested observer that Riply was destined to see no more of Olive that night.

So fascinated were the group that they failed to see Basil's eyes brighten with a ray of hope, his feet take four quick steps backward with all the guile of a gentleman burglar, his torso writhe through the parting of a tent wall into the deserted premises of the Harvester and Tractor Show. Once safe, Basil's tensity relaxed, and as he considered Riply's unconsciousness of the responsibilities presently to devolve upon

(Continued on Page 133)

Which Way Would You Prefer Ice Cream ?



HALF-MELTED and sloppily dipped from an old-fashioned paper pail . . . or, firm and attractively served in tempting round slices from a Sealright—the modern paper container?

You need no longer put up with the bother and embarrassment of serving ice cream from flimsy paper pails that allow it to become soft and slushy. Just make it a point always to buy ice cream from stores that use Sealrights and your troubles will end.

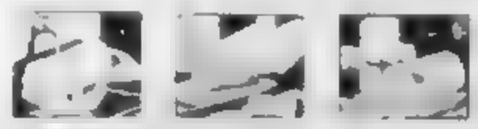
For Sealrights, being sturdy, strong and practically air-tight, keep ice cream firm longer, and—an exclusive Sealright feature enables you to serve ice cream the popular modern way. See the three little drawings at the right. Sealrights are used by modern stores everywhere.

TAKE THIS PRECAUTION

All round paper containers are not genuine Sealrights and do not have the advantages of their patented construction. To be sure of accurate measure and dependable protection for the ice cream you buy, look for the name SEALRIGHT stamped on the top or bottom of the container.

SEALRIGHT CO., Inc., FULTON, N.Y.
Dept. A-7
IN CANADA—Canadian Sealright Co., Ltd.
Peterborough, Ontario

See below how easily and attractively ice cream may be served from a Sealright



Hold container under cold water an instant | Remove cover and press on bottom with thumbs | Cut in attractive round slices and serve

Two More Famous SEALRIGHT PRODUCTS

The Sealright Liftright Milk Bottle Cap never requires an opener. Just lift tab, pull—and cap's out in a jiffy! A patented groove at the tip of the tab makes it always easy to lift and pull. No bother, no spilled milk, no risk from using an unsanitary opener—your milk is kept pure.

Or, if you prefer—the Sealright Pouring Pull Cap has, in addition to the groove, an opening under the lifted tab, for sanitary pouring or for inserting straws. Ideal in schools, restaurants, etc. Eliminates spilling, glass washing and is 100% sanitary.

Modern dairies everywhere use Sealright Caps

SEALRIGHT
Liquid Tight Paper Containers

800 shots a minute ..on the head of each VALVE

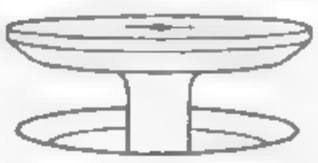
WHEN you're breezing along at an easy thirty-five, cushions of air and springs of steel protect you against jolts and jars—

But in the flaming inferno of your engine's combustion chambers every valve is hammering like a riveter—and being hammered—800 times or more a minute against the cylinder block.

Speed—power—get-away—smoothness, *all* depend upon the ability of your valves to stand terrific heat, battering punishment—and yet to close the valve port with a gas-tight seal at every stroke.

A modern engine should still be a good engine at 50,000 miles, but just regrinding the old valves will not keep it so. *Replace them with Thompson Valves,* the valves the makers of tractors, trucks, motorcycles, airplanes choose to withstand the machine-gun fire of high-speed, high-pressure, high-temperature engine operation. A set of Thompson Valves will renew your engine's youth—will keep it young.

Engine power depends on perfect sealing of this VALVE



in this HOLE

If the valves do not seal perfectly, you will not get proper compression before the spark, and will lose part of the *force of the explosion* when the spark ignites the mixture.

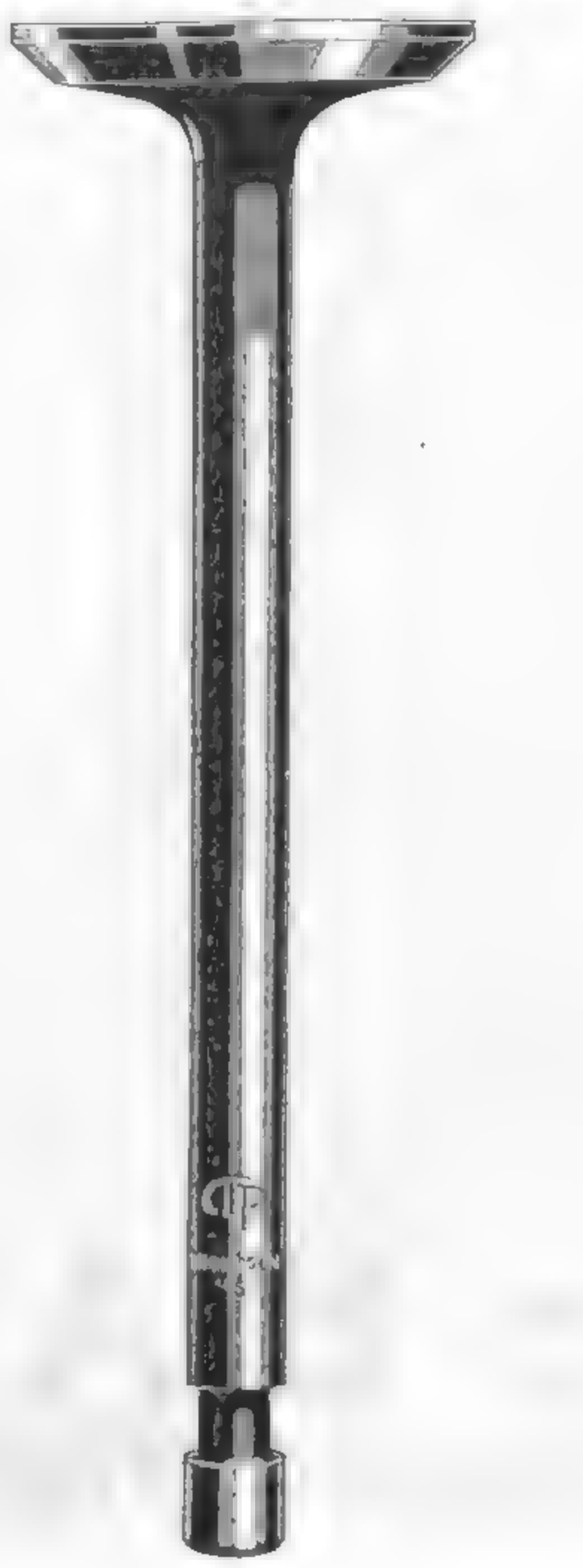
Thompson Valves endure the fierce heat and high speed of modern engines and continue to seal perfectly without frequent regrinding and early replacement.

LEAKY VALVES MEAN LOST POWER

Fully explained in our booklet, *The Valves at the Heart of Your Motor.* Write for it.

THOMPSON PRODUCTS, INC.
CLEVELAND and DETROIT

Thompson Valves, King, Shackle and Tie-Rod Bolts, Tappets, Drag Links, Tie Rods, Starting Cranks, and Brake-Rod Assemblies.



Thompson Valves

This Thompson Products trade-mark identifies Thompson Valves, Bolts and Starting Cranks.

These products are sold for replacement by jobbers and garages. Ask your repairman.

(Continued from Page 130)

him, he bent double with hilarious laughter in the darkness.

IV

TEN minutes later, in a remote part of the fairgrounds, a youth made his way briskly and cautiously toward the fireworks exhibit, swinging as he walked a recently purchased rattan cane. Several girls eyed him with interest, but he passed them haughtily; he was weary of people for a brief moment a moment which he had almost mislaid in the bustle of life -he was enjoying his long pants.

He bought a bleacher seat and followed the crowd around the race track, seeking his section. A few Union troops were moving cannon about in preparation for the Battle of Gettysburg, and, stopping to watch them, he was hailed by Gladys Van Schellinger from the box behind.

"Oh, Basil, don't you want to come and sit with us?"

He turned about and was absorbed. Basil exchanged courtesies with Mr. and Mrs Van Schellinger and he was affably introduced to several other people as "Alice Riley's boy," and a chair was placed for him beside Gladys in front.

"Oh, Basil," she whispered, glowing at him, "isn't this fun?"

Distinctly, it was. He felt a vast wave of virtue surge through him. How anyone could have preferred the society of those common girls was at this moment incomprehensible.

"Basil, won't it be fun to go East? Maybe we'll be on the same train."

"I can hardly wait," he agreed gravely. "I've got on long pants. I had to have them to go away to school."

One of the ladies in the box leaned toward him. "I know your mother very well," she said. "And I know another friend of yours. I'm Riply Buckner's aunt."

"Oh, yes!"

"Riply's such a nice boy," beamed Mrs. Van Schellinger.

And then, as if the mention of his name had evoked him, Riply Buckner came suddenly into sight. Along the now empty and brightly illuminated race track came a short but monstrous procession, a sort of Lilliputian burlesque of the wild gay life. At its head marched Hubert Blair and Olive, Hubert prancing and twirling his cane like a drum major to the accompaniment of her appreciative screams of laughter. Next followed Elwood Leaming and his young lady, leaning so close together that they walked with difficulty, apparently wrapped in each other's arms. And bringing up the rear without glory were Riply Buckner and Basil's late companion, rivaling Olive in exhibitionistic sound.

Fascinated, Basil stared at Riply, the expression of whose face was curiously mixed. At moments he would join in the general tone of the parade with silly guffaw, at others a pained expression would flit across his face, as if he doubted that, after all, the evening was a success.

The procession was attracting considerable notice—so much that not even Riply was aware of the particular attention focused upon him from this box, though he passed by it four feet away. He was out of hearing when a curious rustling sigh passed over its inhabitants and a series of discreet whispers began.

"What funny girls," Gladys said. "Was that first boy Hubert Blair?"

"Yes." Basil was listening to a fragment of conversation behind:

"His mother will certainly hear of this in the morning."

As long as Riply had been in sight, Basil had been in an agony of shame for him, but now a new wave of virtue, even stronger than the first, swept over him. His memory of the incident would have reached actual happiness, save for the fact that Riply's mother might not let him go away to school. And a few minutes later, even that seemed endurable. Yet Basil was not a mean boy. The natural cruelty of his species toward the doomed was not yet disguised by hypocrisy—that was all.

In a burst of glory, to the alternate strains of Dixie and The Star-Spangled Banner, the Battle of Gettysburg ended. Outside by the waiting cars, Basil, on a sudden impulse, went up to Riply's aunt.

"I think it would be sort of a—a mistake to tell Riply's mother. He didn't do any harm. He ——"

Annoyed by the event of the evening, she turned on him cool, patronizing eyes.

"I shall do as I think best," she said briefly.

He frowned. Then he turned and got into the Van Schellinger limousine.

Sitting beside Gladys in the little seats, he loved her suddenly. His hand swung gently against hers from time to time and he felt the warm bond that they were both going away to school tightened around them and pulling them together.

"Can't you come and see me tomorrow?" she urged him. "Mother's going to be away and she says I can have anybody I like."

"All right."

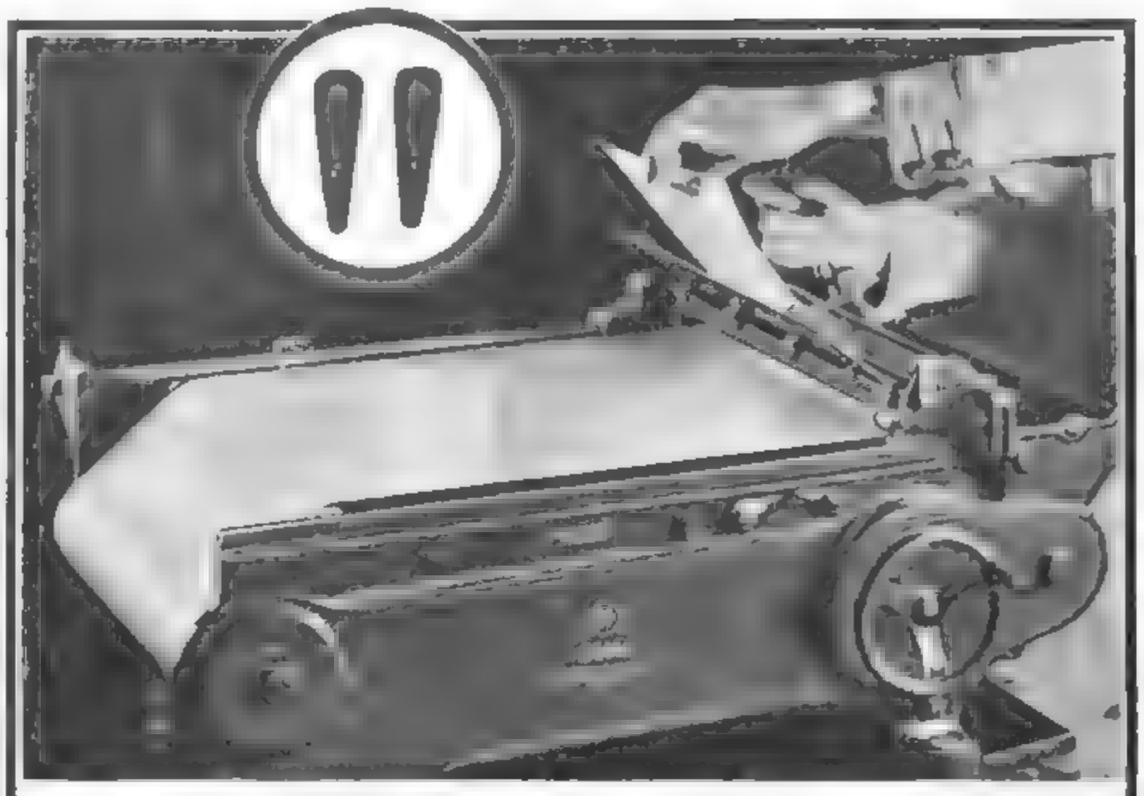
As the car slowed up for Basil's house, she leaned toward him swiftly. "Basil ——"

He waited. Her breath was warm on his cheek. He wanted her to hurry, or, when the engine stopped, her parents, dozing in back, might hear what she said. She seemed beautiful to him then; that vague unexciting quality about her was more than compensated for by her exquisite delicacy, the fine luxury of her life.

"Basil—Basil, when you come tomorrow, will you bring that Hubert Blair?"

The chauffeur opened the door and Mr. and Mrs. Van Schellinger woke up with a start. When the car had driven off, Basil stood looking after it thoughtfully until it turned the corner of the street.

A Modern Mother: "Now Don't Forget to Do Your Homework. Home Duty Helps Build Character. If You Want Me I'll be Out at the Club All Day. Bye-Bye, Dears"



Ditto makes copies right from your original writing, typing, or drawing; no stencil, type, or carbon.

Many money-saving uses for Ditto *are interestingly described in our booklet "Cutting Costs with Copies". Write for a copy—no obligation.*

Ditto makes copies on paper and cards—any size, and weight, several colors in one operation.

Ditto, Incorporated

Manufacturers of Duplicating Machines and Supplies

2249 West Harrison Street, Chicago, Ill.

after smoking-

Black Jack

soothes the throat

If you're one of those pioneer smokers and smoke a cigarette because you like it—fear not the raspy throat! After smoking, chew Black Jack! It soothes the throat and freshens the mouth. Licorice is a famous throat-ease, and in Black Jack gum it's *really good.* Try Black Jack, the world's most popular licorice-flavored gum.

It's the licorice

cash!

WHAT a glorious feeling it is to know that you have plenty of *cash!* There's nothing like it to give a fellow that straight-from-the-shoulder feeling of success. Cash is something we all want. What's better, it is something you can always earn by looking after the subscription interests in your locality for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

In Your Spare Time

You know that the two things which, more than anything else, induce people to buy are high quality and low price. That's why so many of our representatives easily earn $5.00, $10.00, $25.00 a week *extra*.

As little as an odd hour each day devoted to this work should put a goodly number of extra dollars in your pocket every week.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
683 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Please tell me about your cash plan.

Name

(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Street

Town *State*

ACT NOW!

To make more cash—from the very start—and in increasing quantities as time goes on, send today, the coupon above

Ends continuous wiping. RUBBER takes off dirt, FELT puts on chemical that keeps vision area clear for hours, in rain, fog, mist or snow. Christen's Safety Windshield Wiper Blade, fits any windshield wiper. Adds to comfort and safety. Anywhere auto accessories are sold

35¢

V. H. Christen Mfg. Co.
319 Orleans St., Detroit, Mich.

3 Drafting Lessons *actually* FREE!

to prove you can get ready for a well-paid Drafting Job—at home, in spare time!

I want a better job and a bigger pay check and higher future prestige. Tell me how you will help me. Send me your free booklet and a sketching stand to use while learning. Also tell me how I can get your 3 Drafting lessons free and guaranteed job and raise offer.

AMERICAN SCHOOL Dept DB-87 Drexel Ave. and 58th St. Chicago

SHE LIKES *THEIR SOFTNESS*

Her mother likes them because Boott Towels are so reasonable in price, sold in convenient packages of six or singly, and because they wear and wear and wear.

For sample of toweling and illustrations, write Priscilla Boott, Lowell, Mass.

BOOTT MILLS LOWELL, MASS. U.S.A.
ABSORBENT TOWELS
WIPE DRY

Orange Ice on a Stick—7 Other *Delicious Flavors*
World's largest-selling frozen confection.

Made by lead ng ice cream manufacturers everywhere under license of Popsicle Corporation, 1841 Broadway, New York City, Patentees

SOME ATTIC ADVENTURES

(Continued from Page 39)

In a settlement about 150 miles north of Winnipeg, there is living a small family which owes its existence to amateur radio. There are not enough people to justify the continuous presence of a physician in the community, but the ground there contains mineral deposits, where, in darkness, the men of the place spend their days detaching quantities sufficient to provide a livelihood for the families they maintain on the surface. A chance to live at all keeps them there under conditions which compel them to risk, in a curious paradox, that which they are there to preserve—their lives.

Four winters ago one of the young wives was anticipating the birth of her first child. Infrequent trains and a single line of telegraph wire, when the weather is favorable, attach this outpost of humanity to the rest of us, so that she felt safe until heavy snows shut down the branch-line railroad service, and then a glaze storm completed the isolation of the settlement by breaking, under a heavy load of ice, the single strand of telegraph wire. The young wife was of more tender fiber than most of the miners' wives, and the old women of the place said she would die unless a doctor could be brought to attend her. The men of the place said no doctor could be reached.

There was in the community a young man whose avocation was radio telegraphy. His apparatus was regarded there with the same disinterest with which people who buy their fish in markets view the elaborately delicate machinery of the angler. The villagers possessed several radio receiving sets, but he alone possessed a transmitter and the ability to use it. When the sick woman's husband asked the amateur to perform a miracle and span with his magic the waste of snow and ice between the settlement and Winnipeg, he promised to do his best. His instrument for sending was not so well devised as the kinds that are commonly possessed by most amateurs on this continent. Besides, there was present the mysterious force which made itself visible by night as the flashing iridescence of the aurora borealis.

Commonplace Experiences

For two successive nights he remained constantly at his key, striving with prayer and science to reach some other ears with the feeble electric impulses of his spark transmitter. But all through that Northwest region the crashing roars of the natural emanations blanketed, in the head-telephone receivers of other amateurs, the signals from the isolated community. Finally an amateur at Fargo, North Dakota, distinguished the faint electric whispers through the roar of static, acknowledged the call and wrote down the frantic words. Relayed to Winnipeg by other amateurs, the message was delivered to the offices of the mining company, the company doctor started out and, after an Odyssey of his own, reached the stricken woman in time. The mother lived, and so did the baby.

This kind of achievement is a commonplace one in the experiences of these D'Artagnans who prefer to distinguish themselves from the professional—that is to say, the commercial operators of radio telegraph—by the designation of "radio hams."

One of these persons who lives in New York State was yawning with satisfaction in front of his apparatus late one night some months ago, having "worked" several European stations, when a signal sounding in his head phones drove from his mind all thought of bed, though it was near midnight. The newspapers of the day had contained dispatches from New England States, telling of menacing flood conditions in the streams of Vermont, Connecticut and Massachusetts; and during the evening he had become aware that signals from New England had been unaccountably lacking.

Feeling about, with the dials of his short-wave receiver, in the channels reserved for the amateurs by government regulation, he fished for recognizable signals from the silent region. Static crashed in his ears with the roar of a heavy surf pounding on a beach, and there were, now and again, squeals and whistles of the undeciphered waves carrying entertainment from a dozen local broadcasting stations. The important signal he heard finally was a dar, dit, dar, dit, dar-dar, dit, dar—a CQ, the general call to all stations—and in the staccato buzz the listener recognized the cadence of anxiety.

An amateur in a small Vermont town was reaching out, with the aid of puny electric impulses, to inform the rest of the country about the need for relief of thousands of persons in the flood-stricken region. Swollen streams had put out of service telephone and telegraph lines—the two commercial forms of land communication. Trains were idle.

Instantly the New York amateur flashed back answering signals that were as promptly acknowledged. At least one valley of the flooded region was linked once more with the outside. It was through this channel of information that officials of the War Department, which exercises guardianship over the navigable streams of the nation, learned of the distress caused by its unruly wards; and it was the War Department which organized and dispatched some of the tents, cots, blankets and food that were rushed to the relief of the homeless.

Other links had been established. From a Montpelier amateur came the first news of the results of the twenty-eight hours of heavy rainfall in that region. From scores of small towns, villages and crossroad settlements, through other amateur radio operators, came the only news of that distressed area.

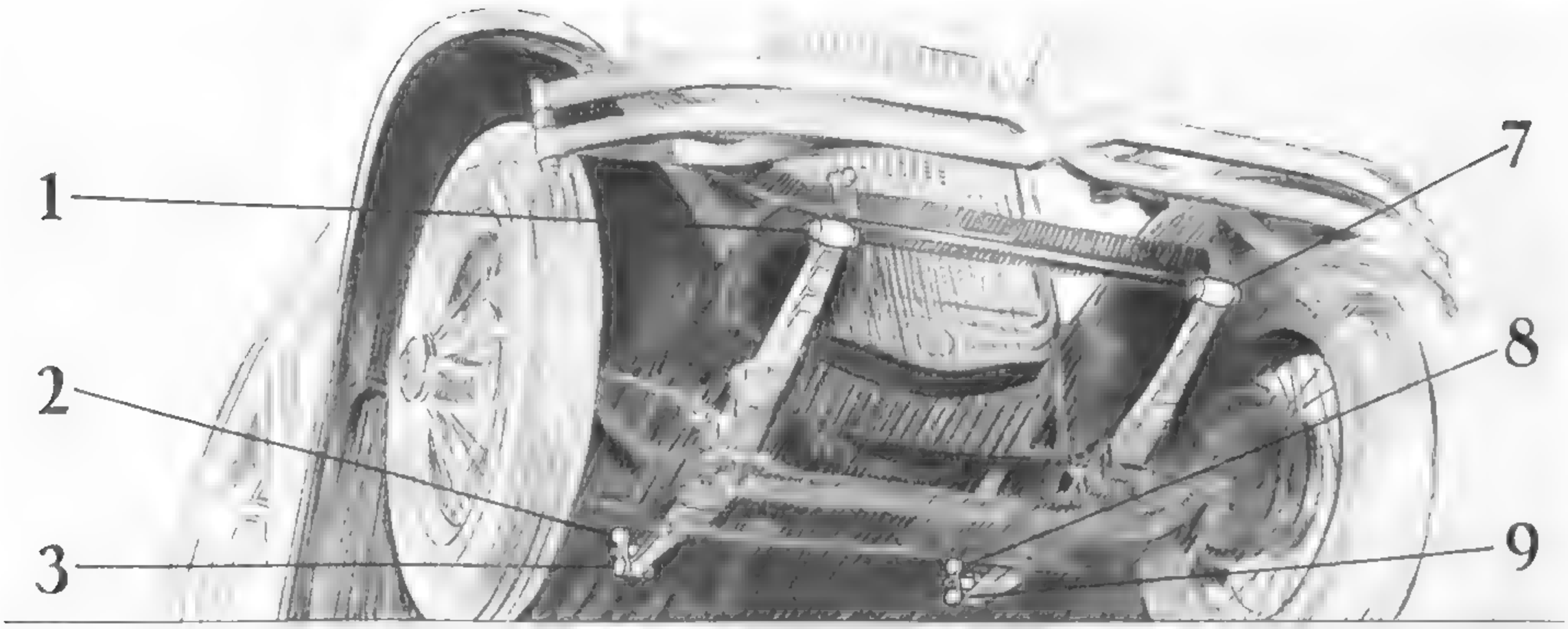
Any Port in a Storm

Many of those wireless operators, themselves refugees, used their technical skill to improvise emergency apparatus on higher ground, where they would not a second time be routed by the rising water. One reported that he was using a spark coil from an old flivver; another, before his signal failed, said, "Power off, electric-light plant under water; so using doorbell batteries," and then was silent. One of the stations in Hartford was finally silenced when the water rose over the top of the table, after which the operator rowed in a small boat nearly a mile across a submerged field.

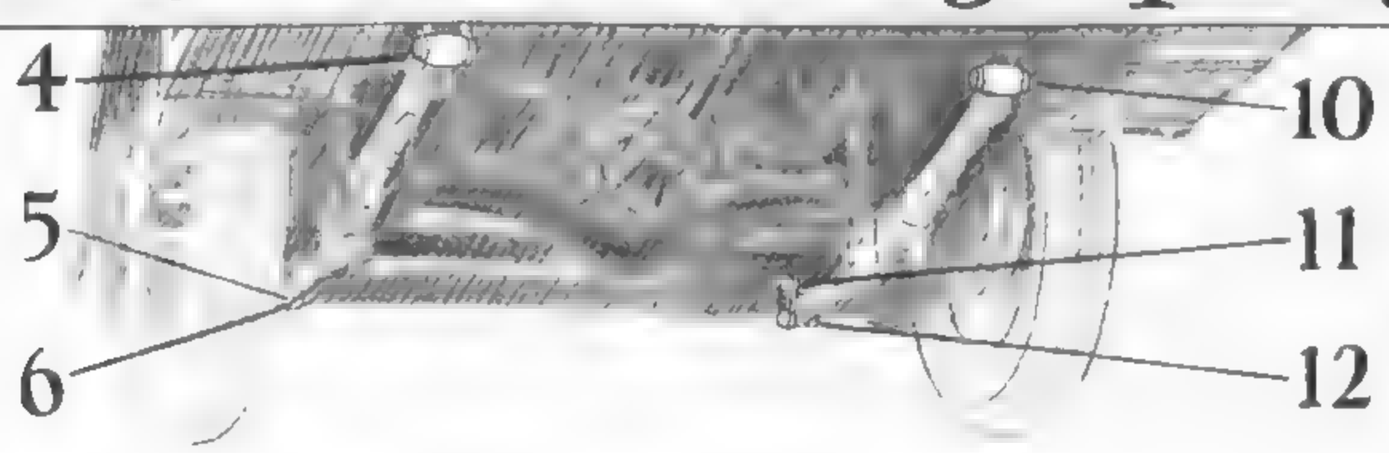
This is not the first time it has happened that American amateur radio operators were the only possible means of communication between a distressed community and the rest of us. When the Mississippi rose out of its accustomed channels the wireless amateurs served nobly and well. When wire communication was crippled by the Florida hurricane amateurs in the afflicted regions soon established contact with their fellows in the North. Again, when the St. Francis dam in the Santa Clara River Valley of California broke recently relief work was hastened by the amateurs of the stricken valley who remained at their keys.

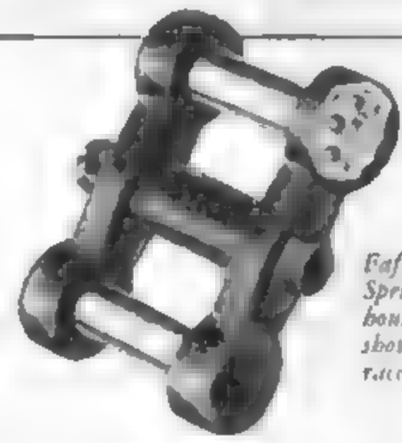
Agents of one of the largest railroad systems in the United States are each supplied with lists of amateur radio operators, whom they may call on whenever wire communication fails, as it sometimes does in glaze storms. In repeated tests the amateurs of this auxiliary system of communication have achieved absolute accuracy with a monotonous regularity. The wire chiefs of the railroad, stationed in Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and Chicago, at intervals, start messages at half a dozen points in each division. More than eighty amateurs participated in a recent test that lasted for ten weeks. Messages sent from Philadelphia were relayed to Chicago and answers relayed back within two hours after the tests started. Other railroads are undertaking the development of similar amateur chains

(Continued on Page 138)



12 trouble breeders eliminated 12 greasing jobs wiped out... *by Ball Bearing Spring Shackles*





Fafnir Ball Bearing Spring Shackle, with housing cut away to show balls and ball race

SPRING shackle connections support 80% of the weight of a car—are the only links between this 80% and the running gear. When a car is on the road, spring shackles are always in motion—are never still. Every ripple in the road—every slight sway of the car body, means movement in the shackles.

With old-style shackles and bolts it was grease—grease—grease, or they would squeak—squeak—squeak. Greasing is a dirty, messy job. Shackle bolts always wear, and continued wear means more and more greasing.

Ball Bearing Spring Shackles Wipe Out 12 Dirty Greasing Jobs

There are three greasing points to each spring—twelve on every car. Fafnir Ball Bearing Spring Shackles eliminate the need for greasing at all twelve points. The Ball Bearings are sealed within a dust-proof housing. Grit cannot get in to grind and cut the bearings. They show no wear after tens of thousands of miles. No need to grease them—ever.

Free Flexing Springs—always

It is the movement of the shackles that permits the springs to flex, or bend. Tighten worn shackle bolts and flexing is retarded—broken springs often result.

Leave the bolts loose and they rattle and squeak. The freely rotating balls of Fafnir Ball Bearing Spring Shackles assure the full, smooth, unretarded flexing of the springs for the life of a car.

Uniform Shock-Absorber Action

Shock-absorbers always work best on new cars—because unworn shackles permit uniform shock-absorber action. With the uneven wear inseparable from shackle bolts, shock-absorbers become less and less efficient. With non-wearing Fafnir Ball Bearing Spring Shackles, new car shock-absorber efficiency is retained permanently.

Ball Bearings Are Astonishingly Strong

There are seven 5/16 inch steel balls in each Fafnir Shackle Bearing. These are made of alloy steel and are unbelievably strong. Each ball will sustain more than the weight of two heavy closed cars. The margin of strength far exceeds any load or shock which they will receive in service.

Road-tested for Four Years

Cars and trucks equipped with Fafnir Ball Bearing Spring Shackles have been pounding over all sorts of roads—good and bad—for four years. They stood up under treatment more brutal than you will ever give them. They are made by a company which, during the past fourteen years, has supplied many millions of ball bearings to a number of the largest automobile builders.

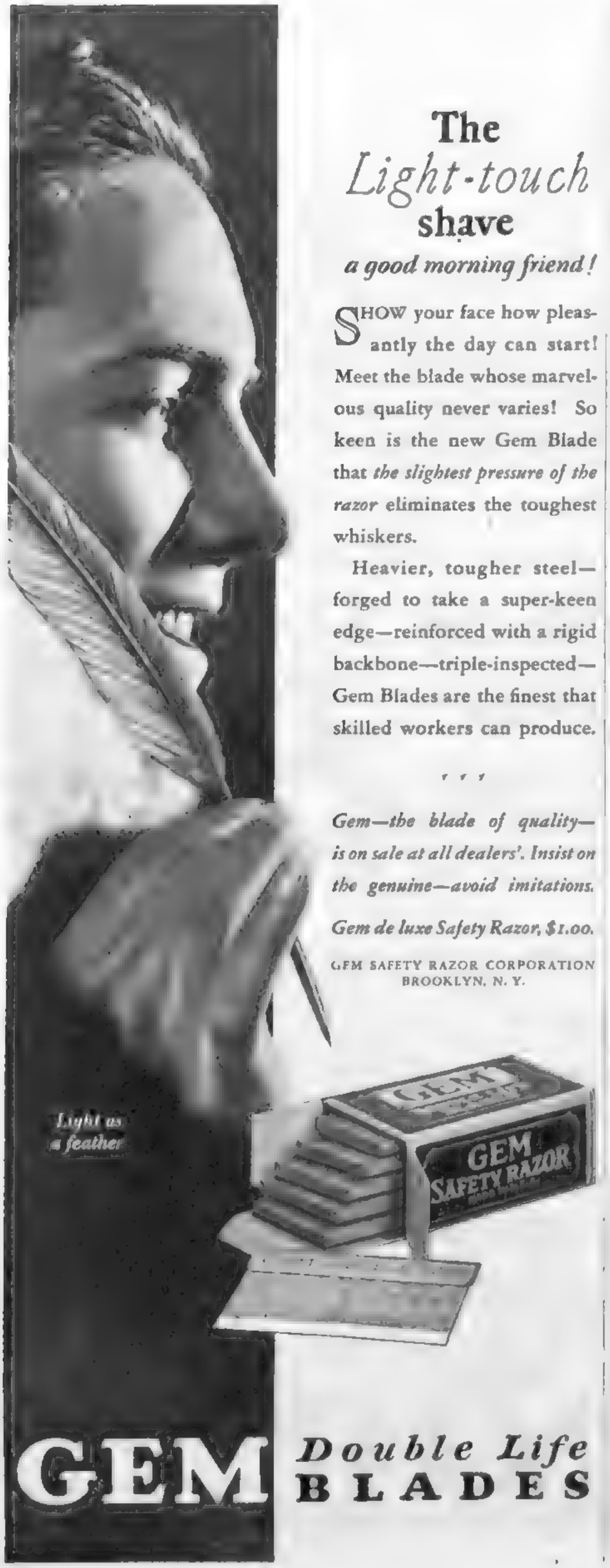
NEXT WEEK WE WILL ANNOUNCE SIXES AND EIGHTS

Equipped with

FAFNIR

BALL BEARING SPRING SHACKLES

The Fafnir Bearing Co.
Shackle Division
New Britain, Conn.



The *Light-touch* shave

a good morning friend!

SHOW your face how pleasantly the day can start! Meet the blade whose marvelous quality never varies! So keen is the new Gem Blade that *the slightest pressure of the razor* eliminates the toughest whiskers.

Heavier, tougher steel—forged to take a super-keen edge—reinforced with a rigid backbone—triple-inspected—Gem Blades are the finest that skilled workers can produce.

* * *

Gem—the blade of quality—is on sale at all dealers'. Insist on the genuine—avoid imitations.

Gem de luxe Safety Razor, $1.00.

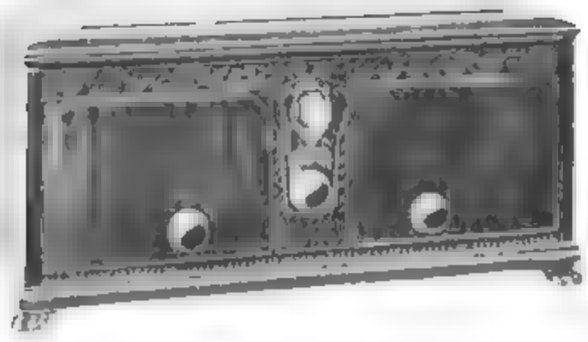
GEM SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Index of Advertisers

July 21, 1928

	PAGE
American Chicle Company	133
American Pulley Company, The	115
American Safety Razor Corp.	136
American School	134
American Thermos Bottle Company, The	96
American Woolen Company	127
Bassick Manufacturing Company, The	44
Benjamin Franklin, The	55
Blackstone Institute	108
Bohn Aluminum & Brass Corporation	82, 83
Boott Mills	134
Brown & Co., George C.	93
Burke Golf Co., The	64
B. V. D. Company, Inc., The	66
Campbell Soup Company	25
Cannon Mills, Inc.	139
Celotex Company, The	123
Central Alloy Steel Corporation	140
Chamberlin Metal Weather Strip Co., Inc.	112
Cheek-Neal Coffee Company	65
Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Pacific	103
Christen Mfg. Co., V. H.	134
Chrysler Sales Corporation	29, 100, 101
Cities Service Company	104
Clark Lighter Co., Inc.	46
Coleman, Watson E.	96
Colgate & Company	120
Collins & Aikman Corporation	124
Commercial Investment Trust Corporation	85
Congoleum-Nairn Inc.	30
Creo-Dipt Company, Inc.	87
Cyclone Fence Company	113
De Soto Motor Corporation (Division of Chrysler Corp.)	41
Detroit Belt Lacer Co.	105
Ditto, Incorporated	133
Edison Electric Appliance Co., Inc.	49
Elcar Motor Company	106
Electric Vacuum Cleaner Co., Inc.	89
Elgin National Watch Company	116
Enna Jettick Shoes	96
Fafnir Bearing Co., The	135
Federal Rubber Company	81
Finnell System, Inc.	62
Florsheim Shoe Company, The	130
General Electric Company	107
General Weatherstrip Co.	95
Gets-It, Inc.	102
Goodrich Rubber Company, The B. F.	58, 59
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc., The	38
Guth Company, Edwin F.	102
Hart Schaffner & Marx	2
Hershey Manufacturing Company	122
Holeproof Hosiery Company	1
Hoover Company, The	111
Hupp Motor Car Corp.	119
Ingersoll Watch Co., Inc.	118
Insurance Company of North America	57
Invincible Vacuum Cleaner Co.	108
Jantzen Swimming Association	110
Kelly-Springfield Tire Company	121
Klein & Sons, Mathias	53
Kolster Radio Corporation	137
Lambert Pharmacal Co.	67
LaSalle Extension University	108
Lee Tire & Rubber Company	75
Marmon Motor Car Company	47
Miller Rubber Company, The	84
Monroe Auto Equipment Company	129
National Carbon Co., Inc.	43
North Bros. Mfg. Co.	77
Norwich Pharmacal Company, The	74
Oakland Motor Car Co.	54
Packard Motor Car Co.	32
Palmolive-Peet Company, The	117
Parke, Davis & Co.	35
Pennsylvania Rubber Co. of America, Inc.	90, 91
Perfect Circle Company, The	92
Pioneer Tailoring Co.	108
Plumbing and Heating Industries Bureau	63
Polk Miller Products Corp.	72
Popsicle Corporation	134
Pratt & Lambert-Inc.	60
Process Engraving Co., Inc., The	105
Quaker Oats Co., The	II Cover
Quaker State Oil Refining Co.	98
Red Book Magazine	102
Reid, Murdoch & Company	94
Reo Motor Car Company	52
Rogers Bros. 1847	III Cover
Rosen & Co., A. W.	108
Russell Mfg. Co., The	126
Scripps Howard Newspapers	68
Sealright Co., Inc.	131
Spalding & Bros., A. G.	128
Strand Tailoring Co., Inc.	105
Swift & Company	27
Texas Company, The	50, 51
Thompson Products, Inc	132
Trico Products Corporation	138
United States Radiator Corporation	109
United States Rubber Co.	114
Universal Pictures	45
Upson Company, The	97
U. S. Hoffman Machinery Corporation	73
Vacuum Oil Company	37
Valentine & Company	76
Van Cleef Bros.	79
Victor Talking Machine Company	IV Cover
Western Co	125
Willys-Overland, Inc.	70, 71
Wilson Brothers	78
Yawman & Erbe Mfg. Co.	86

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index



The Champion!

Back of the brawn and bone of a really great fighter is Science. Every motion of every ligament works on a plan to win. It is the same with the marvels and delights of radio reception. You cannot get them by simply lunging out into the air with a set that falls even a little short of the championship qualities that are scientifically built into Kolster Radio. Experience for yourself the superb confidence and satisfaction of faultless reception. Demonstrations are proceeding every evening in homes in thousands of communities . . . why not schedule yours for tonight? . . . Every Kolster dealer regards demonstration as a privilege because he knows that success, pleasure, and good-will immediately follow . . .

"The Winner"

KOLSTER RADIO

TORONTO, CANADA — NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

"DRAWN FROM THE CRUCIBLE OF SCIENCE"

© 1928, Kolster Radio Corporation

(Continued from Page 134)

to serve as an emergency system of communication. The Signal Corps of the United States Army also has seen important possibilities in the technical skill and enthusiasm of the amateurs.

Two years ago 150 of the more proficient amateurs were organized as the Army Amateur Net to serve as an auxiliary of the Signal Corps. According to Captain Treest, signal officer at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, more than 15,000 messages were handled by this chain during the first year of its existence. Now there are more than 500 amateurs and the plan calls for 3000.

The Navy has organized a group, each member of which is invited annually to take a cruise in order that he may discover how wireless works at sea on the wave lengths that Uncle Sam has reserved for himself.

Some months ago a tornado swept across Illinois and smote the small town of Murphysboro like an angry Titan's hand, turning houses into flat piles of wreckage, from which arose ghastly cries and wails. Arrangements were made by the uninjured for the dispatch of a relief train from another town on the same railroad, but there was an extraordinary need of physicians, nurses, bandages, antiseptics, riggers and rescue equipment. One amateur of the community owned a station equipped for radio telephony. Up into the forbidden wave channels of the broadcasting stations he tuned his wave. Then, into every loud-speaker within a radius of scores of miles, he uttered a call for help, asking all doctors or nurses who heard, to meet and board the relief train on its way to Murphysboro. My Blue Heaven, as broadcast inevitably from Chicago and St. Louis stations that night, had a new meaning in its overworked measures. The broadcast listeners in hundreds of sheltered Illinois homes became volunteers in an army that had as the object of its campaign the relief of Murphysboro.

Even a thing as fine as that does not explain the sacrificing enthusiasm of radio amateurs, their intense study, their hard work and the often thankless task they perform. You can explain it easily, perhaps, if you understand what inner force drove Columbus across the Atlantic; what it is that drives Edison to experiment day after day; why Lindbergh flew from New York to Paris. Recently one of the amateurs propounded an illuminating question to his fellows.

"Who wants to say," he asked, "that one of us amateurs is not going to achieve honors in ultra-short-wave work that will place his name beside those of Maxwell, Hertz and Marconi? It can easily be that one of us will wake up some morning and find we are another Charlie Lindbergh, with the whole world striving to do us honor."

Still, even if that never happens to any of them, they are having a lot of fun, these attic adventurers.

See how the water runs straight down off the end of each blade! No water can collect on the glass to blur your vision. The whole windshield is crystal clear.

Two VERTICAL blades *that drain as they wipe*

THE VISIONALL is the only windshield wiper that works on these three correct mechanical principles.

1 These blades wipe directly *sideways*, allowing the water to run continually downward off the end of each blade. *The water is not lifted.* Result—the whole windshield is clean—never blurred with streams of water.

2 Each blade has five plies of rubber—a patented principle. The five-ply blade wipes five times as clean.

3 The Visionall does not depend upon electrical connections, but is run by a patented motor which uses surplus suction from the powerful engine of your car.

You need this super-wiper for safety. Any garage or service station can put it on today. Two models—$8.50 and $12.50—fit all cars.

TRICO

VISIONALL

Twin-Blade Automatic Cleaner

PATENTED U. S. A. AND PRINCIPAL FOREIGN COUNTRIES

TRICO PRODUCTS CORPORATION, BUFFALO, N. Y.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

Table of Contents

July 21, 1928

Cover Design by Norman Rockwell

SHORT STORIES

		PAGE
A Night at the Fair—*F. Scott Fitzgerald*	*Illustrated by Henrietta McCaig Starrett*	8
A Tame Story—*Rob Wagner*	*Illustrated by Henry Raleigh*	10
"Le Coup du Sot"—*James Warner Bellah*	*Illustrated by William Liepse*	14
May Corn—*Maximilian Foster*	*Illustrated by Orison MacPherson*	16
The Desert's Dusty Face—*Dorothy Black*	*Illustrated by F. R. Gruger*	20

ARTICLES

Lindbergh, the Man—*Donald E. Keyhoe*	*Photographs*	5
Toward Conquest of Power—*Benito Mussolini*	*Photographs*	6
Grand Cayman—*George Allan England*	*Photographs*	12
Glasshouses for Style—*William M. O. Edwards*	*Photographs*	18
A Super-American Credo—*Gilbert Seldes*	*Cartoon by Nate Collier*	23
Some Attic Adventures—*Bayden Sparkes*	*Photographs*	36
How to Instruct the Little Tots in Antiques—*Kenneth L. Roberts* . . .		40

SERIALS

Swag (In six parts)—*Charles Francis Coe* . . .	*Illustrated by Saul Tepper*	3
The Sandalwood Fan (Fifth part)—*Thomas McMorrow*	*Illustrated by Arthur William Brown*	26
The Dark Sector (Conclusion)—*Henry C. Rowland*	*Illustrated by Robert W. Stewart*	33

MISCELLANY

Editorials	22
Short Turns and Encores	24
Getting On in the World	86

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1.00 the year (U. S. and Canada), and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request

Not for a minute but for all day long

Cannon Bath

Trade-mark label that identifies Cannon towels.

Above—Cannon Seagull turkish towel in pink, blue, gold or lavender. About $1.50.

Cannon turkish towel in pink, blue, gold or green. About 60 cents.

Cannon dobby border turkish towel, border in pink, blue, gold or green. About 30 cents.

Cannon turkish towel in pink, blue or gold. About 70 cents.

Cannon Dolphin turkish towel in pink, blue, gold, lavender or green. About $2.

MAKE the effects of your morning bath last all day—take a Cannon bath. In summer it is best to use more warm water than cold. First, water just warm enough to be comfortable, and plenty of soap. For perspiration during warm weather carries a lot of waste matter out of the pores, leaving it on the surface of the skin. That's why on hot days you feel "sticky"; there's a thick layer of moisture and organic matter on your skin. Worst of all, that material is decomposing! Wash it off. Then some cool water, just barely cool enough to be refreshing. Not cool enough to make you gasp. To end the summer morning bath, rub briskly with a fresh Cannon turkish towel, and watch your skin take on the rosy glow of perfect health and comfort.

It's especially important in summer to have plenty of fresh towels—and it is easy and economical too, for Cannon towels come in so many sizes, styles and prices. You can buy them by the dozen; many homes have a dozen for each person. That's the economical way, for towels last longer then. Hotels and hospitals, athletic and country clubs, and other institutions almost always buy Cannon towels because of their luxury combined with long life. The same towels you admire so much in luxurious hotels can be enjoyed in your own home. There are Cannon towels in all weights and textures. Some with colored borders, in stripes or interesting designs. All colors in all Cannon towels are guaranteed absolutely fast. Also Cannon wash cloths, huck towels, bath mats and bath sheets. Sold by dry goods and department stores everywhere. Prices range from 25 cents to $3.50 each. Cannon Mills, Inc., New York City.

Warm water to cool you off

Strange thing about bathing—it always gives you a reaction that is exactly opposite to the temperature of the water! When you come out of a short warm bath, you feel cool. When you take a cold bath, the after effect is a feeling of warmth! So, in summer-time cold water usually is not advisable. You'll be cooler in warm water! Just warm, not hot, of course. The best kind of morning bath right now is neutral—temperature about the same as that of the body, so it feels neither hot nor cold. About 92 to 97 degrees, if you have one of those handy and useful things, a bath thermometer. Rub dry with a fresh clean Cannon turkish towel and you'll feel cool and comfortable.

All colors in all Cannon towels guaranteed absolutely fast.

CANNON TOWELS

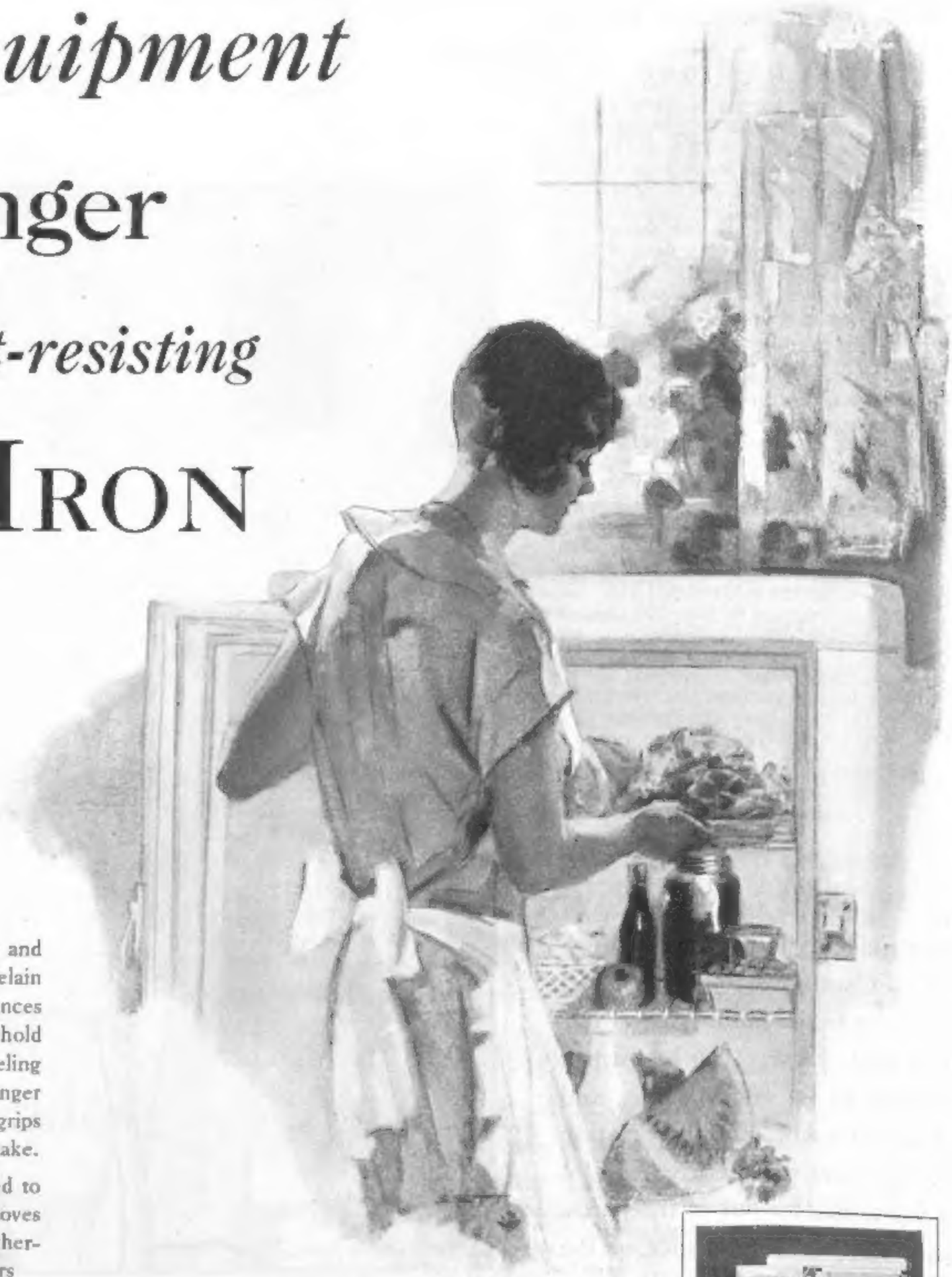
Enameled Equipment

Lasts Longer

when made of rust-resisting

TONCAN IRON

The enamel does not chip or flake. Rust gets no foothold. Both beauty and utility are preserved.

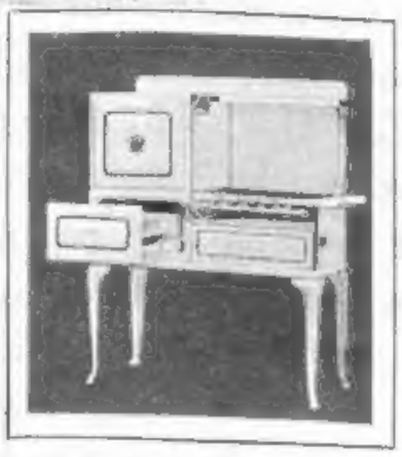


WOMEN everywhere are demanding modern kitchen and laundry equipment finished in white or colored porcelain enamel. They not only insist upon beauty in these appliances but durability as well. Prominent manufacturers of household equipment are meeting this demand by using Toncan Enameling Iron. This super-iron resists rust and corrosion many times longer than comparable metals. Toncan Enameling Iron actually grips the porcelain enamel and holds it fast. It will not chip or flake.

In other home equipment Toncan Iron also is widely used to combat rust and corrosion. It is used for oven lining of stoves by scores of manufacturers, for furnaces, water heaters—wherever moisture meets metal. Architects and sheet metal workers specify it for all sheet metal work such as gutters, downspouting, ventilators, cornices, metal lath, window frames, skylights, ventilating ducts. They do so to assure you longer life with less upkeep expense.

Insist on Toncan Iron whether you buy household equipment or build a home or a skyscraper. It means less trouble and increased economy. Send for the Toncan book, "The Path to Permanence," for complete information.

Constant exposure to moisture in refrigerators fails to rust or corrode Toncan Iron. Insist on refrigerators built with this super-iron.



Toncan Enameling Iron and Toncan Oven Lining are used in hundreds of makes of stoves to give you greater satisfaction.

Metal kitchen cabinets save time and energy and last a life-time when built of rust-resisting Toncan Iron.

Wherever you travel by rail or motor you pass over corrugated culverts built of Toncan Iron. This super-iron lasts many times longer than comparable metals when constantly exposed to water and chemicals.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

TONCAN

COPPER

Mo-lyb-den-um

IRON

ACATHON STEELS

The famous family of steel products under the Agathon trade-mark includes Alloy Steels, Special Finish Sheets as well as all standard finishes, Electrical Sheets, Hot Rolled Strip, Galvannealed Sheets and Enduro Stainless Iron. Write for information on any product. It is gladly furnished.

CENTRAL ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION, Massillon, Ohio

MILLS: CANTON AND MASSILLON, OHIO

Cleveland Detroit Chicago New York Philadelphia Tulsa Los Angeles Seattle Syracuse St. Louis San Francisco Cincinnati

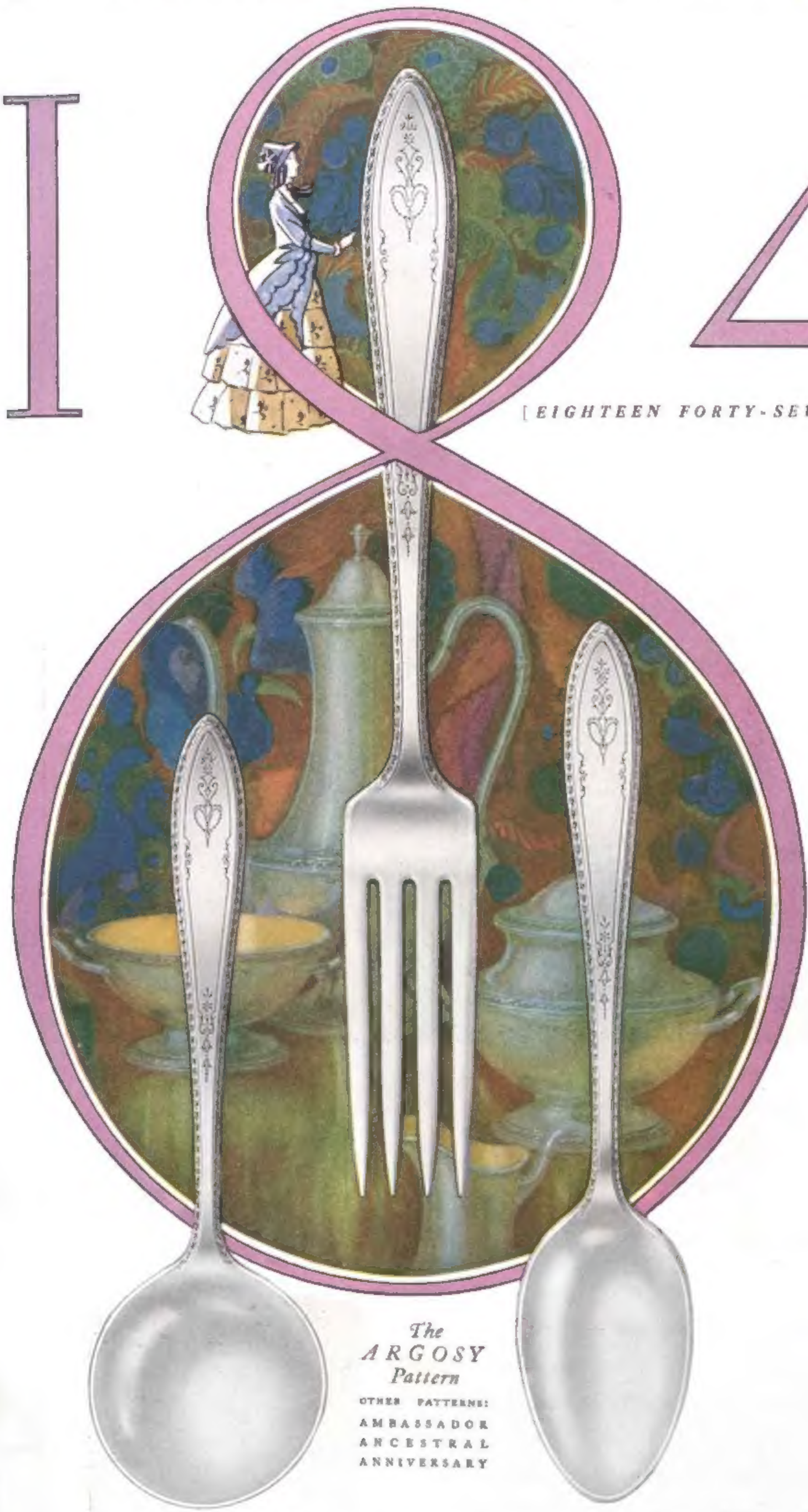
Toncan is fabricated in Canada by The Pedlar People, Ltd., Oshawa, Ontario

WORLD'S LARGEST AND MOST HIGHLY SPECIALIZED ALLOY STEEL PRODUCERS

ON THE TABLES OF AMERICA'S FIRST FAMILIES SINCE

1847

[EIGHTEEN FORTY-SEVEN]



The ARGOSY Pattern

OTHER PATTERNS:
AMBASSADOR
ANCESTRAL
ANNIVERSARY

The 80-Year Plate

How long should your silverplate endure . . . in its beauty and its usefulness?

Glimmer and gleam are but surface deep. Only time can prove the character beneath.

1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate has been tested by four generations of social America, and is today the outstanding leader in the field of fine silverplate because time has proven it worthy of leadership. The family plate for 80 years, it is guaranteed to serve without time-limit. Sold by leading silverware merchants everywhere.

. . .

Begin your service in 1847 ROGERS BROS. with THE PIECES OF 8 . . . covers for eight in knives, forks and spoons at $43.75. *Next*, add THE PIECES OF CHARM, the fancy pieces in flatware, such as bouillon spoons, oyster forks, tomato servers, berry spoons . . . at prices surprisingly moderate . . . Select, *next*, the appropriate hollowware, in the pattern matching your flatware; dinner sets, coffee services, urns and candelabra . . . And the *pièce de résistance* for your service should be a formal dinner set in PLATE D'OR, the new and gorgeous gold finish in 1847 ROGERS BROS. ware. *(All prices slightly higher in Canada.)*

MAY WE SEND YOU THE FASCINATING BUDGET BOOK?

. . . telling of a new and delightful way to acquire an all-embracing service in silverplate . . . with pleasing speed and painless thrift . . . Write for Booklet U-90 to International Silver Company . . . Department E . . . Meriden, Connecticut.

·1847 ROGERS BROS·

SILVERPLATE

·INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.·

SALESROOMS:
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO

CANADA: INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED
HAMILTON, ONTARIO

A HUNDRED TRAINED VOICES... BLENDED AS THE RAINBOW

The New Orthophonic
Victrola

A MIGHTY pæan swelling from a hundred throats . . . a velvet tapestry of tone that fairly lifts you out of your chair . . . now soothing, now stirring, as the melody changes from *pianissimo* to *fortissimo* in a kaleidoscope of color. You are thrilling to an operatic chorus—*in your own home!* ‧ ‧ ‧ So flawless is reproduction through the Orthophonic Victrola playing Victor Records, you can pick out the tenors and the baritones and the sopranos and the contraltos as distinctly as a weaver can separate the strands of a Gobelin tapestry. Each voice is there, and yet it is the *design* you feel and not the single threads. ‧ ‧ ‧ Whatever you like most in music, this great instrument will bring it to you in all its glory. See your Victor dealer at once and arrange for a demonstration *in your home*.

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE COMPANY, CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.

Model Eight-thirty-five. The newest Orthophonic Victrola. A wonderful musical instrument and a splendid example of the modern trend in furniture design. List price, $300. With electric motor, $335 extra. There's a type to meet every taste and purse, from $75 to $1550, list price.